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HOUSE AND GARDEN

A monthly magazine devoted to
Architecture, Gardens, Decoration,
Civic and Outdoor Art

EDITED BY
CHARLES FRANCIS OSBORNE

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House and Garden

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CLAYDON HOUSE (THE WEST FRONT) AND THE CHURCH

House and Garden

Vol. VII

January, 1905

No. 1



Steeple Claydon Village

HOUSES WITH A HISTORY

THE HOME OF THE VERNEYS

By A. R. GODDARD

IN studying the remains which have come down to us from other days, as, for instance, the great monoliths of Stonehenge, we are forever foiled by the limitations of the visible. Bound by these and what do we get beyond a bare specification of shape, material and color. So many uprights of brown silicious sandstone, roughly squared; so many lintels of the like laid across; so many smaller stones of an igneous nature standing within the others; so many feet-run of rampart and ditch enclosing the whole. All this may be fully set forth, and even drawn with every added

charm of desolate foreground and weirdness of shadowing and sky effects, without suggesting the least clue to the haunting mysteries of life and meaning and origin wrapped up in the great creation.

The same thing holds good of our old English villages and country-houses. Beautiful though they

often are, their chief allurements are, their chief allurements is that they are the expression and memorial of another England than the one in which we live and move. Manor-house, church and village—that oft-repeated trinity of our rural lands—enshrine for us everywhere vivid realities of earlier ex-



A COTTAGE AT STEEPLE CLAYDON



THE CHURCH AND MANOR

MIDDLE CLAYDON

perience, which do not appear in the small-scale narrations of our general histories. Therefore the research of today strives to recover the detail, as far as may be, life size, that the things of the past may stand before our eyes more nearly on a like plane with those of our own times. To this process of recovery the local annals of manor-house, church and village, as gleaned from many an ancient charter, will and record, have largely contributed.

The Buckinghamshire villages of *Steppell* Claydon, *Est*, and *Botyl* Claydon, and *Middel* Claydon, as they are called in old deeds, are typical examples of rustic sites with vivid stories. They are situated in the heart of the county, on a breezy down, which has been associated for four hundred and fifty years with the fortunes of the Verney family. None of the prefixes of the village names appear in Domesday. The Norman record calls them simply *Claindone* or *Claidone*. At that time the old vills were already long-established and flourishing settlements. Their population in 1086 cannot have been far short of 600 souls, even after the reduction caused by the cal-

amities just overpast. The census of 1901 gives them 1,288 inhabitants. Their Domesday assessment is 50 hides, or round-about 6,000 acres,¹ with also some 1,500 acres of wood. Their total area at present is a little over 8,000 acres, so that the difference is comparatively slight. These facts prove the strong continuity of the village life from Anglo-Saxon times, and even earlier, for in 1620 a pot was found near the pond of Steeple Claydon full of Roman coins of brass, chiefly of Allectus and Carausius.² Hidden money tells its own tale of people on the spot who found it necessary to hide it.

In later Anglo-Saxon days these vills were communities of a distinctly manorial type, with the thegn's headquarters firmly set down within his earthen ramparts and moats, and with his church close by for the service of his own household and his *geburs*, or half-free laborers. At three of the villages the later church stands now, as then, hard by the early manorial center, and at Steeple and

¹ Mr. J. H. Round and others have practically proved that the hide, whilst a term of assessment rather than of measurement, is usually equal to 4 virgate of 30 acres each.

² 287 to 296 A. D.



THE PARK

MIDDLE CLAYDON

East Claydon banks and moats still remain, which may very well mark, as in other places, the site of the Saxon manorstead. It is therefore interesting to remember that Sir Edmund Verney, the present lord of all four manors, is the successor of Alwyn the Confessor's thegn, and of Ansgar, his staller, or horse master. Nearly a thousand years divides them, but from century to century the homes of lord and laborer have continued on very much the same plots of ground.

So tenacious is the life of a people when once it takes root in the soil, and tends ever towards freedom. As the illustrations show, these villages, with their homes of wattle and daub, timber and thatch, have all the Old World picturesqueness that befits their long descent, and no specifications of material or artist's sketches can convey what they stand for to the reflective English mind.

The onetime manor of Alwyn, at Middle Claydon, unlike so many large English estates, came into the hands of the Verneys, not by confiscation but by purchase. Ralph Verney, of Fleetmarston, Alderman and Lord Mayor of London in 1465, was the purchaser. He was an ardent Yorkist in the Wars of the Roses, and when Edward IV. rode through London streets after the victory of Tewkesbury, was knighted,



THE DRAWING-ROOM OF CLAYDON HOUSE
(*Van Dyck's King Charles over the mantel*)

with eleven other prominent citizens, whilst the dead body of the defeated King Henry was being shown to the people in the Tower. Sir Ralph's son John married the daughter and heiress of Sir Robert Mortimer, who lost his life and lands in the cause of Lancaster. When it was desired to recover his estates for his daughter and her husband, it was thus possible to lay claim to them on the strength of services rendered to either side, according to the end of the seesaw

which happened to be uppermost. The Verneys by this time had built a fine house at Middle Claydon, in place of an older one, which had been the home of the Cantelupes. The new house, with the manor, was let to the Giffards of Hillesdon, on two long leases, so that the Verneys did not come into occupation again until more than a century later. Much of the core of that house still remains. An old pencil sketch shows it with the stepped gables of Flemish flavor, and with certain Renaissance detail about the windows which probably belonged to the sixteenth century additions. So near are church and manor-house that, if the house windows are open to the south, an invalid might follow the service from one of the neighboring rooms. The nave of the church dates from the fourteenth century, but the chancel was



A VIEW IN THE CHALONER LIBRARY

built by Roger Giffard in 1519, whose brass still remains on its north wall.

Soon after her marriage in 1858, the late Lady Verney began to explore a treasure trove of great historical value which had long lain uncared for in a wainscoted gallery under the roof of the oldest part of the house. There, stored in numerous trunks on tressels, she found a hoard of parchments, rent rolls, old "News" sheets, and, above all, a vast number of family letters and papers, stained by age and sometimes rat-eaten. One packet of these letters had not even been opened, and had never been seen by those to whom they were addressed. Scattered about, too, in all sorts of unlikely places, and but little

valued, were many fine historical portraits by the great painters of their day, which now hang in honor on the walls. From these materials both the late and the present Lady Verney have compiled the four volumes of the "Verney Memoirs," illustrated by admirable reproductions of the chief portraits. What the diaries of Pepys and Evelyn have done for the later seventeenth century life of London, the "Verney Memoirs" have done for that of the country gentleman of the period, but commencing somewhat

earlier, so as to portray for us the dislocations caused by the Civil War.

The most notable figure of the family at this time was Sir Edmund Verney, Knight Marshal to Charles I., and, on the outbreak



EAST CLAYDON VILLAGE

of war, his Standard Bearer. After the long tenancy of the Giffards, he had taken up his residence at Claydon House in 1620. In the days of James I., he had been the trusted friend and comrade of the young Prince Henry, the English Marcellus, of whom so much was hoped, but who died untimely in his nineteenth year. His case suggests perhaps the most curious "might-have-been" of history. Had he lived, England might have had no Charles I.,—no Civil War,—no Cromwell,—no Charles II., nor succeeding James,—no William III.,—no resort to Hanover for a collateral branch,—therefore no George III.,—and, who can tell, no American War.

After Prince Henry's death, Sir Edmund Verney accompanied Prince Charles, now heir to the throne, on his wife-hunting Spanish journey, unwilling wooer to a lady unwilling to be wooed. Every member of the Prince's suite was as heartily sick of the



COTTAGES AT EAST CLAYDON

venture as was the Prince himself, and Sir Edmund's stout Protestantism entangled him in a broil with a certain priest who came dangling after one of the English pages. Little wonder that no matrimony resulted.

Fine portraits of both Sir Edmund and of his son and successor, Ralph, look down from the walls, and reappear in the "Memoirs." Both sat in the Long Parliament. Of some of its most stirring scenes, we have

the vivid jottings of an eye-witness in Ralph's pencil diary, recovered from one of the trunks in the attic. Both father and son were strong upholders of parliamentary liberty against royal encroachment. When the crisis came, Sir Edmund found that he could not fight against the King, and Ralph, that he could not fight against the Parliament. With heavy hearts they parted at the dividing of the ways. Sir Edmund came back no more to Claydon, and lies in an unknown grave on Edgehill field. Though for a time separated



THE "WHITE HOUSE," EAST CLAYDON



DOORS IN THE DRAWING-ROOM OF CLAYDON HOUSE

thus in life and death, father and son are united in the fine Renaissance monument in Middle Claydon Church. Van Dyck's portrait of King Charles, and the ring with the royal miniature, which he gave to

his Standard Bearer, recovered from the severed hand after Edgehill, are now among the most valued heirlooms of the family.

Claydon House was fortunate in escaping spoliation either from one side or the other.

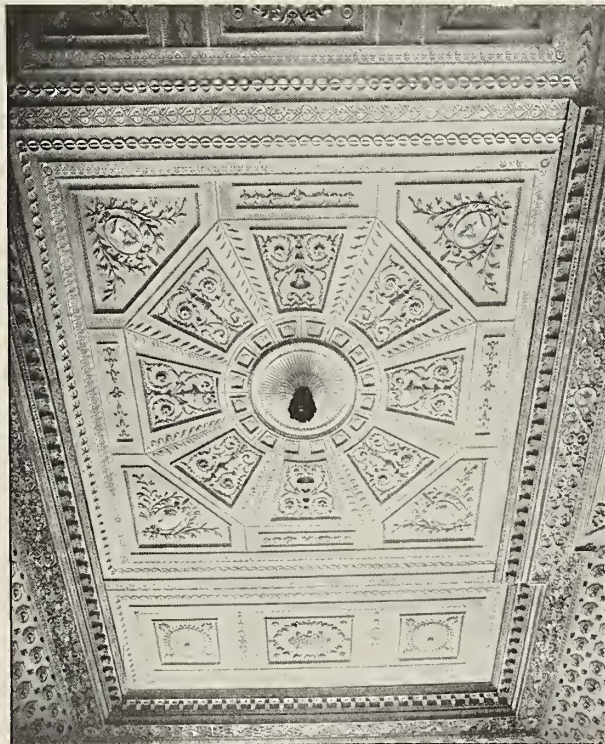
It was otherwise with the early home of Sir Ralph's mother, Hillesdon House, only some three miles distant, where her brother, Sir Alexander Denton, then lived. There was an anxious day for the household at Claydon in March of 1644. Noise of battle was heard over at Hillesdon. Ralph's brother Tom, and two sisters were at the time staying there with the Dentons. Soon the sky was red with the glare of the burning house. Sir Alexander had fortified it as a royal outpost, and that vigorous parliamentary colonel of growing reputation, Oliver Cromwell, had come out to attack it. He lay with his forces for a night roundabout the Church of Steeple Claydon, and next day carried the outworks of Hillesdon, and then the house, which was given to the flames. Many of its defenders were slain, and forty taken prisoners, including Sir Alexander himself, and Tom Verney. For the master of Hillesdon House the even tenor of country life had come to a sudden end. A few months earlier he had been bereaved both of his wife, a cousin of John Hampden's, and his mother. Now his home had disappeared in this spasm of blood and fire. A few months

later his eldest son, John, was killed fighting bravely in battle, and not long afterwards the broken gentleman himself followed him to the grave. Even amidst such scenes as these, love intrudes, and his sister, Susan Denton, was wooed and wed, all in three days, by an officer of the attacking force. Their tomb is among those of the Denton's in Hillesdon Church. Thus did the Civil War write history across the English shires.

Both before and after these times of trouble, various sons of the family had found the home boundaries and interests too narrow for them. The roving spirit of Saxon and Viking forefathers moved men of the race then, as it does still on both sides of the Atlantic. Thus, Sir Francis, a fine figure of a man to look at, and brother of the Standard Bearer, selling out all his available estates, took to a life of piracy with the Moors of the Mediterranean, and, after two years of slavery at the oar in Sicilian galleys, died miserably at Messina. Sir Edmund's second son, Tom, whose visit to Hillesdon House ended so unpleasantly, was a very typical scapegrace. He, too, wanders unfruitfully abroad; now in Virginia, now in Barbadoes,



The Library



The Drawing-Room

PLASTER CEILINGS IN CLAYDON HOUSE



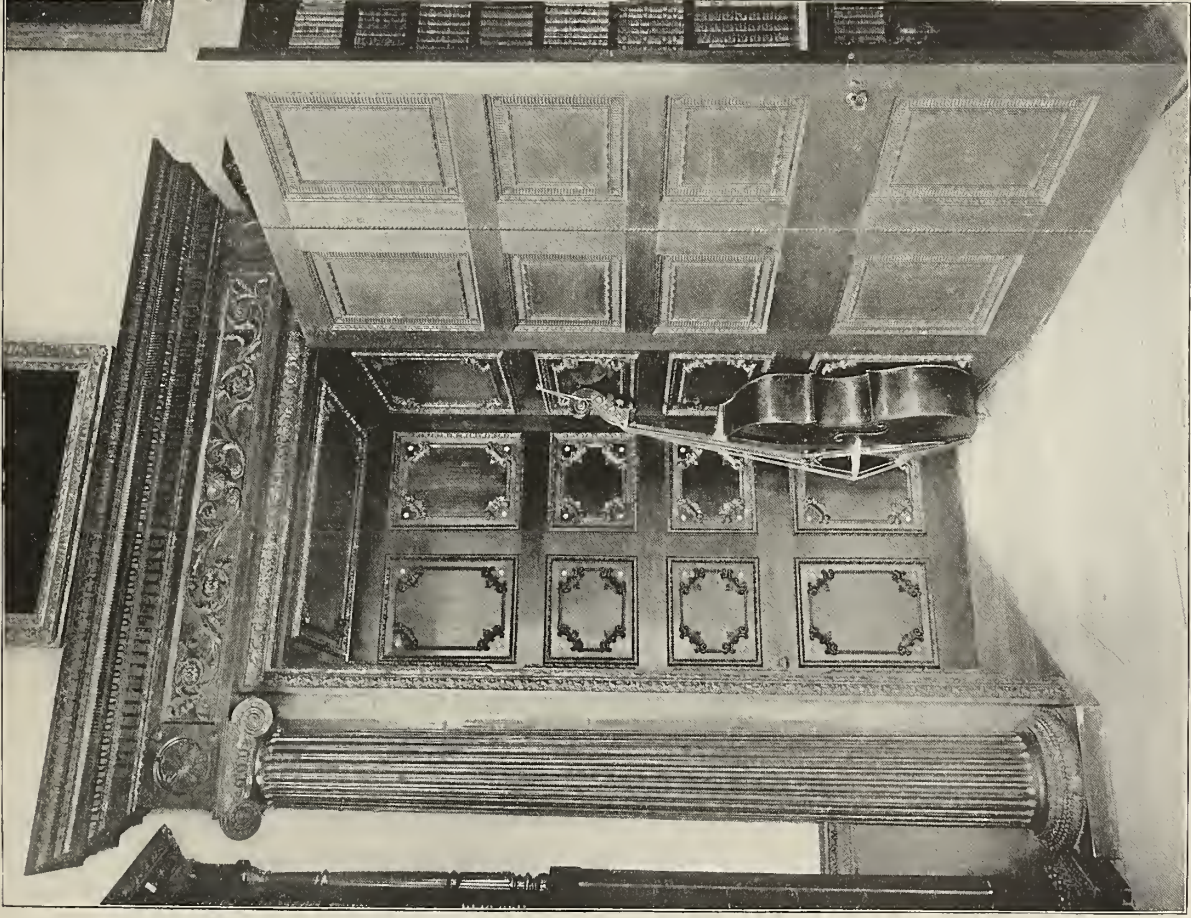
GENERAL VIEW OF THE DRAWING-ROOM

CLAYDON HOUSE

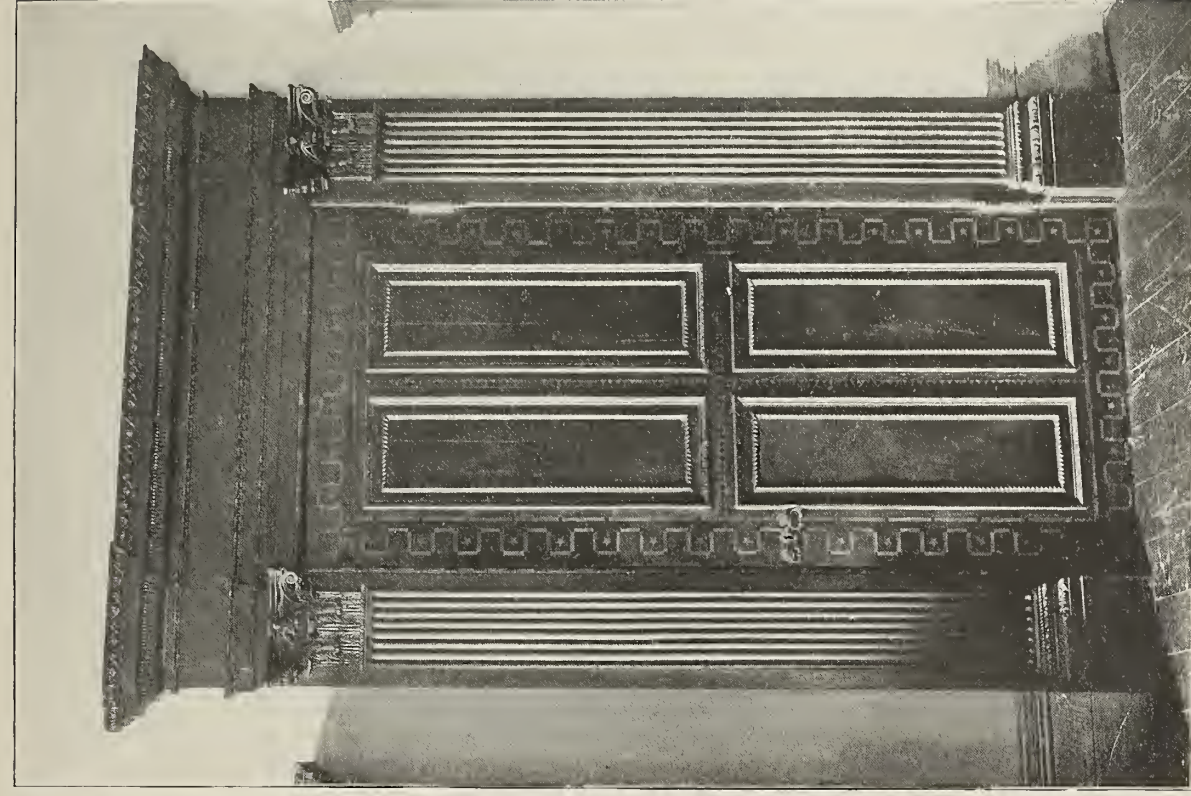
now in Sweden ; but ever and anon turning up with an empty purse and a complaining tongue. His younger brother, Edmund, a captain in the royalist forces in Ireland, was one of the slaughtered at Drogheda in 1649. A cousin, hapless Dick Hals, was a gentleman of the highway, who, after many breathless escapes, died, not without dignity, at the hands of the hangman. Whilst his eldest brother, "Mun," was living a quiet country life at the "White House" in East Claydon, a second son of Sir Ralph, John, also sought his fortunes abroad. When at last he comes home to marry and settle down, it is to succeed his father, Sir Ralph, who had outlived his eldest son, and who died at Claydon House in revered old age in 1696.

Sir Ralph had received a baronetcy after the Restoration, and in 1703 Sir John was

made a peer as Baron Belturbet and Viscount Fermanagh. These were years of expansion. Lord Fermanagh bought Steeple Claydon of the Chaloners in 1705. Forty-five years before, Thomas Chaloner, who had been one of King Charles's judges, had fled the country at the Restoration to escape a barbarous death. He was a man of parts and capacity. His alum works at Guisbro', near Whitby, founded in 1600, were the first of the kind in England, and his descendants still carry on the industry there. The quaint old school was built and endowed by him in 1656, and is now incorporated in a thriving village institute and library, with a fine lecture hall, established by the present baronet, Sir Edmund Verney. Old and new are happily conjoined in the building, and thus the aim of the founder finds fruition three and a half centuries after his time.



DOORWAYS TO THE LIBRARY



CLAYDON HOUSE



THE GREAT DINING-ROOM

CLAYDON HOUSE

In 1726 Lord Fermanagh purchased the property of East and Botolph Claydon, which had already been in the family for a time, when his brother "Mun" married a daughter of the "White House," and had oc-

cupied it until his death. Within a stone's throw stands the church. The fine Norman and thirteenth century detail still to be seen in it, and the mounded lines of the enclosing moats near the manor-house point to the



WINDOW IN THE ENTRANCE HALL

CLAYDON HOUSE

fact that both hold to their primitive sites.

In spite of Lord Fermanagh's new purchases, the old house at Middle Claydon still remained the family seat. In that all their memories centered. To it the sons of the house brought their new-made brides. Amongst its pleasant gardens played successive generations of the Verney children. Under its kindly roof-tree gathered friends and kinsfolk, who never ceased to think of

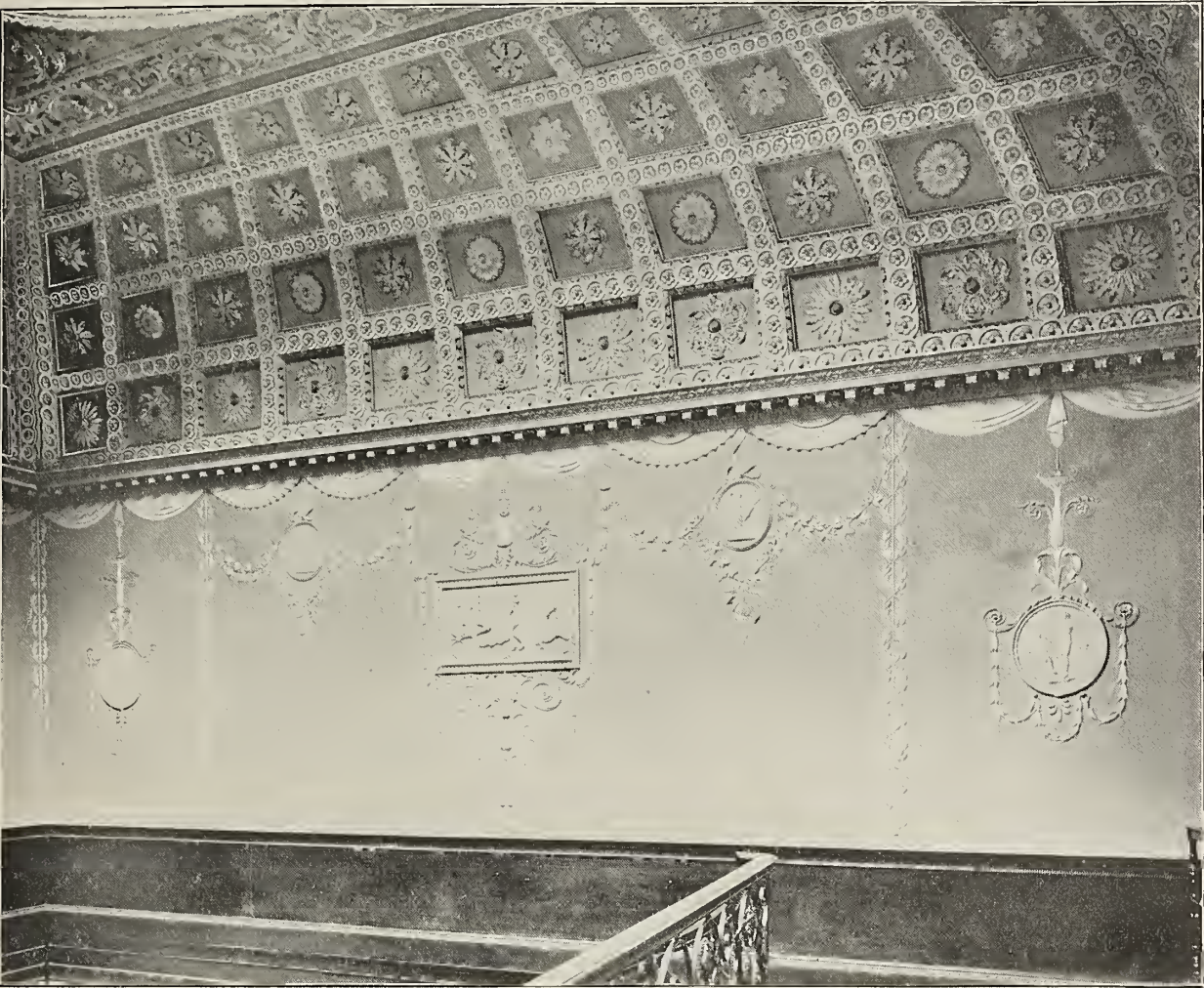
the Claydon hospitality as men think of the fire in winter. There, too, dependent relatives found a home full of affection, and void of any shadow of patronage. Such was Doll Leake, a poor cousin of Sir Ralph's, a good maid and a merry. There, too, fell on the family the solemnities of death, when the still form laid out on the great state bed with its black hangings, became the center of the household's thoughts. This funereal



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S ROOM AND PORTRAIT

four-poster was a valued possession, and with friendly readiness was loaned round even to houses of some affluence, when visited by bereavement.

The time was now drawing on when the good old house was to be deposed for awhile from its wonted servitude. Lord Fermanagh had passed away. His son Ralph had taken



THE CEILING OVER THE GREAT STAIR

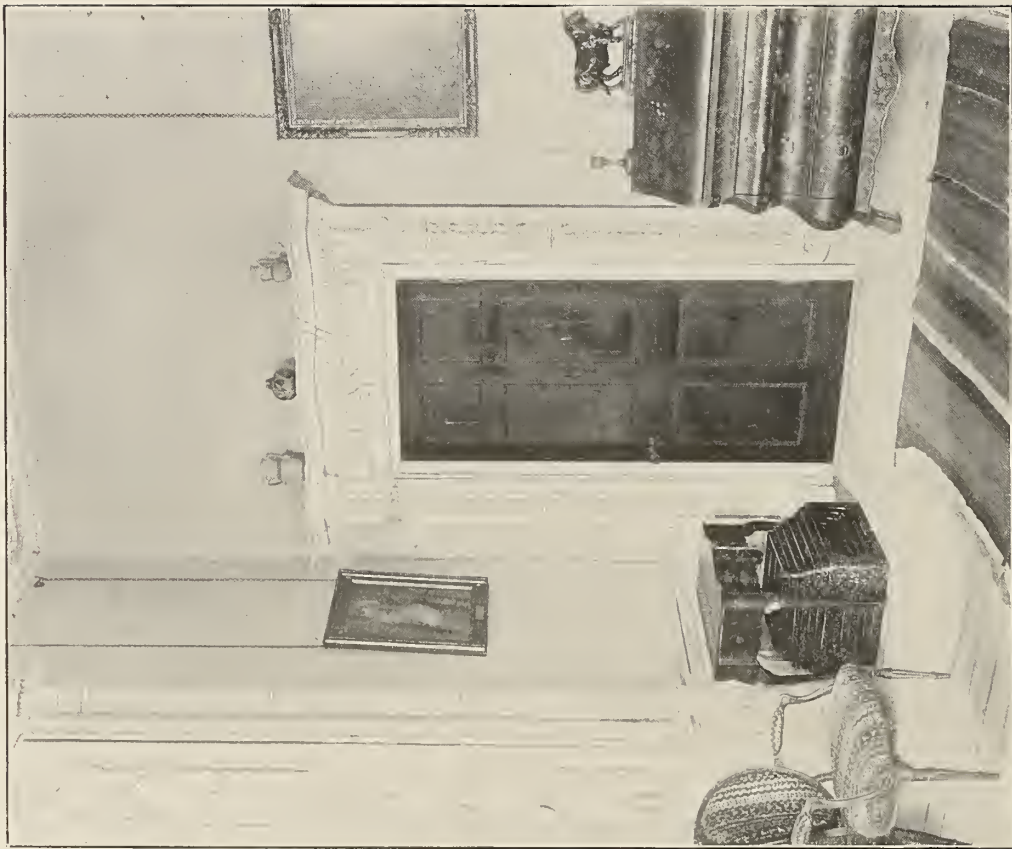
CLAYDON HOUSE

a further step forward in the peerage, and had become Earl Verney. His son, the second Earl, a man of large ideas and extravagant life, had entered into possession. Then followed a series of dramatic transformations. The home of his fathers was no longer meet for the high estate of this childless man. About 1760 he called in the Brothers Adam to design and build for him a new house on a princely scale. The rural peace of Middle Claydon was invaded by an army of workmen, English and foreign. They set up their masons' sheds, and laid stone to stone, rearing a vast mansion of Anglo-Italian character, with the cold but stately frontages of the period. Therein was a great central hall with marble columns, and a ball-room, one hundred and twenty feet in length, with a succession of rooms of size on a like scale. Of these, saloon, library, and dining-hall still

remain, each a sumptuous apartment fifty feet long by twenty-five feet broad, and twenty-five feet high. When the roof was in place there came troops of skilful joiners with great store of cedar, rich old Spanish mahogany, and ebony, satin-wood and ivory for inlays. Under the musical ring of the smith's hammer was evolved a wrought-iron balustrade for the chief staircase, with involute scrolls of foliage and wheat sheaves, linked all into one by floral bosses and festoons. On high scaffolds Italian modelers shaped wondrous things in plaster on ceilings and walls; now in richly moulded ranges of deep panels, now in bold devices of high relief, and now in dainty medallions, after the manner of Wedgwood and Flaxman, united by looped and hanging draperies with pendent urns. Then came the stair-hands and marquetry-layers, who spread over the floors and landings



The Entrance Hall



A Chamber Doorway

VIEWS IN CLAYDON HOUSE

of the great stair, and on every tread and rise of it, a wealth of most intricate inlay. At last came the sculptors to carve the mantels of Carrara marble.

The enterprise was nearing completion. The old house with its manifold memories stood in the background, like a friend, proven and trusty, but now supplanted. Part of it came down to make room for the new palace, and part was allowed to remain as an appendage in the rear. We have learned something of its associations. Were the same kind of family affections to gather about the magnificence of the new house, in time to come, as had hallowed the simplicity of the old? What had Fate in store?

Fate soon answered, and with cruel irony. The earliest guests to enter, before the noise of hammer and chisel had fairly ceased, were a horde of angry creditors, eager to seize whatever they could lay hands on, and carrying off even a sculptured mantel that they found still unfixed. In the midst of the turmoil the Countess Verney died, and her funeral was the sole family pageant that ever issued from the new grand entrance. Her lord, Ralph, was forced to go into hiding to evade his creditors, and it is said that he only escaped arrest by leaving the house in the hearse which had borne his wife to her grave. A little later he crept back to the stripped and desolate house, where he lay a month in hiding, concealed by the loyalty of his dependents, who brought him food to eat and a bed to lie on. In after times old men remembered that, as children, they had seen his face at a window and had answered his beckoning finger when he called for service. In another month he lay dead in his house in

Curzon Street. This was on 31 March, 1791.

The stately new house, as he left it, stood for a few years in empty splendor, nor was it to know any other associations than those of ruin and death. It was never inhabited, and the niece of its builder, who was created Baroness Fermanagh in her own right, caused two-thirds of it to be pulled down, leaving only the end block as it now remains to convey some idea of its original greatness. The Baroness shunned the place shadowed by so much misfortune and lived in London, where in 1810 she died. The epitaph of the house might very well be that of the dead infant,

Since I was so quickly done for,—
I wonder what I was begun for.

The Baroness Fermanagh left the property to Sir Harry Calvert, who took the old family name, and was better known as Sir Harry Verney. When he entered into possession both the remnant of the ancient house and the fine fragment of the later, were knit together, and became once more a home. New memories of the happy olden kind again gathered about it. Amongst these occurs the name of Florence Nightingale, a sister of the late Lady Verney, and a frequent visitor to the house. Her portrait hangs over the mantelpiece of the room she has often occupied, and suggests once more the wideness of the range of English experience. Peaceful Claydon, and the hospital beds of Scutari! Historical musings, how easily they respond to a touch or a name. And who could help musing in Claydon House where the old portraits and heirlooms are cared for so reverently, and which has now again become a worthy embodiment of the spirit of the ancient race whose seat it was.



Laborers' Cottages at Steeple Claydon



THE NEW GYMNASIUM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

Designed by Frank Miles Day & Brother, Architects

THE NEW GYMNASIUM BUILDING

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

DESIGNED BY FRANK MILES DAY & BROTHER, ARCHITECTS

COLLEGE athletics have become a permanent and important feature of American life. By the academic sounding term "physical culture" they are related to the modern college curriculum and by visions of track records, base ball and foot-ball games they are ever present in the public mind. Being a part of the college training, the athletic department must now have a commodious and well-equipped home. As occasions for vast assemblages the public contests must be held in a place and under conditions where the safety of spectators is as well considered as their satisfactory means of seeing. Thus it is that the former playgrounds of our large colleges are now "fields" whose very names recall to loyal students and their partisan fellows the battle-grounds of hard fought victories won by Penn, Fair Harvard, Old Nassau and the rest.

A few years ago the substantial Stadium was built on Soldiers' Field at Cambridge.

The Greek Theatre, Berkeley, California, is another example of permanent facilities being provided for open-air college life. More complete than any of these, however, is the new gymnasium building, field and grand stand which, as one harmonious design and construction, now embraces Franklin Field, the athletic ground of the University of Pennsylvania, in West Philadelphia. This comprehensive group of buildings accommodates both the outdoor and indoor activities of the athletic department of a University that, by its own records, enjoys a distinct importance, and on account of its nearness to other large Eastern cities, has become foremost in the public eye, for it is on Franklin Field that the national Army and Navy foot-ball game is now annually played.

The entire design is the work of Messrs. Frank Miles Day & Brother, Architects. It covers seven acres. Much of this land was



THE GYMNASIUM FROM THE SOUTHWEST

Showing the Thirty-third Street Façade

*Engineering
Laboratory*

Dental Hall

College Hall

University Hospital

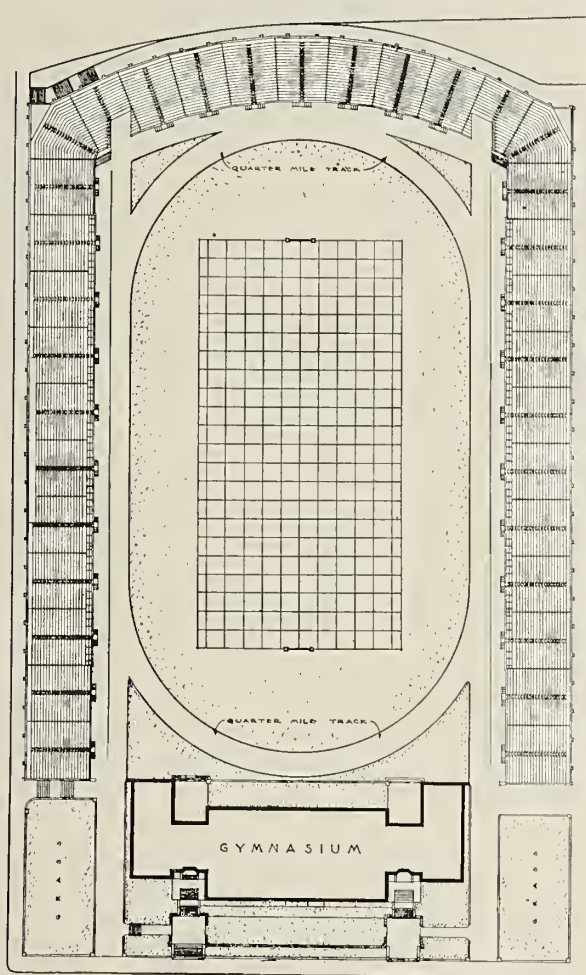
Free Museum of Science and Art



THE NEW GYMNASIUM AND FRANKLIN FIELD

most unsuitable for building purposes, having been long used as a refuse heap, hospitable to the thousand nondescript objects which are the continual outpourings of a city's margin. A portion of the site once served as a potters' field, where a hundred years ago a visitation of yellow fever caused many bodies to be buried here. All of this "made ground," had to be further filled in and levelled, when a committee of the University alumni acquired it about ten years ago for the end which has now been realized. To accommodate all the various college sports at a given figure of cost and within fixed boundaries of space was a task of difficult proportions. The

entire field was surrounded by a brick wall, the foundations of which had to be made so wide as to tax the insufficient earth with no greater load than a thousand pounds per square foot. The space within was provided with an elaborate drainage system and the finished surface of the field was brought to a slight crown, *i. e.*, made about fifteen inches higher in the center than at the sides. Covered with turf, it accommodates the base-ball diamond in summer; in the autumn, the foot-ball gridiron. Surrounding this is a one-quarter mile track on whose south side a 220 yards straightaway dash is possible. The stands enclose the field on three sides and will seat twenty thousand persons. In the center of the north and south sides is a single row of box seats separated from others by railings and entered by means of wickets. At the summit of the



THE NEW FRANKLIN FIELD
The Architects' Block Plan

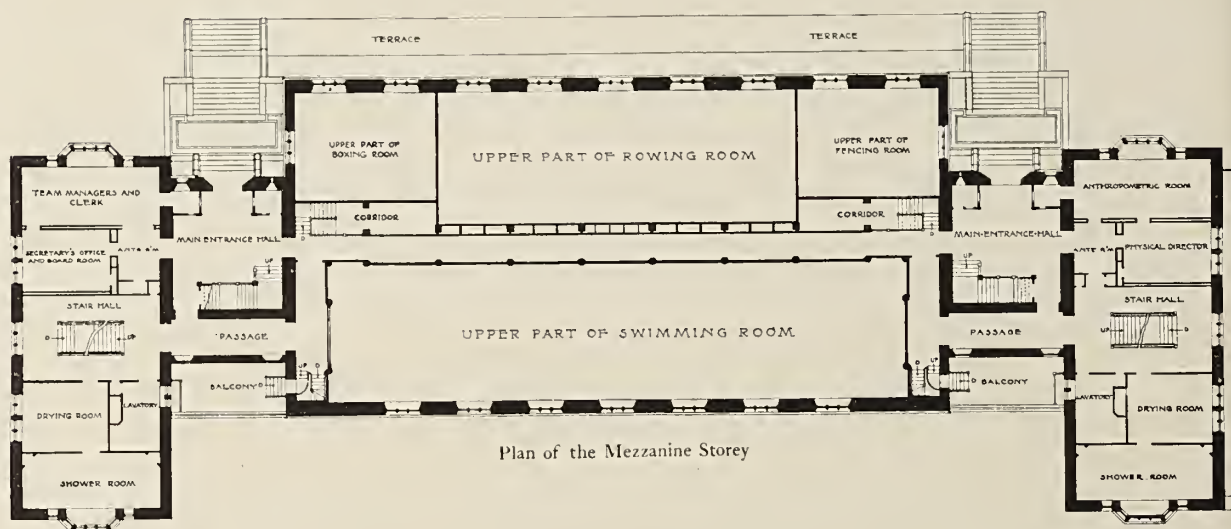
north stand is an enclosure for reporters, and with provision for telegraphic instruments. Underneath are ten squash-courts for students, a running track for use in winter, and lavatories for the public. As many as four broad portals give convenient entrance and egress and enable crowds of spectators to reach or depart from the field by means of six electric car lines. Nor are these the only means of transportation which now make Franklin Field accessible to the public. A block and a half away is the new West Philadelphia Station, already an important focus of travel over the Pennsylvania Railroad; and by reason of its location, destined to become the

chief railway center of Philadelphia. Coming now to the gymnasium building proper, we shall find it to be in a style similar to other structures recently added to the University group. To be precise, it represents the transition from Tudor to Jacobean work, for there are features which bespeak both of these periods of English architecture. Many of the doorways are of a shape characteristic of the former, and yet it is to be observed that Renaissance traditions have guided the design of nearly all the remaining detail, much as they did in the building of James' time. These details are chiefly carried out in terra-cotta, the only stone used being upon the bay-windows. Both stone and terra-cotta unite in a warm gray color which goes well with the rich red and vari-shaded brick of the walls and the greenish slate of the roof.

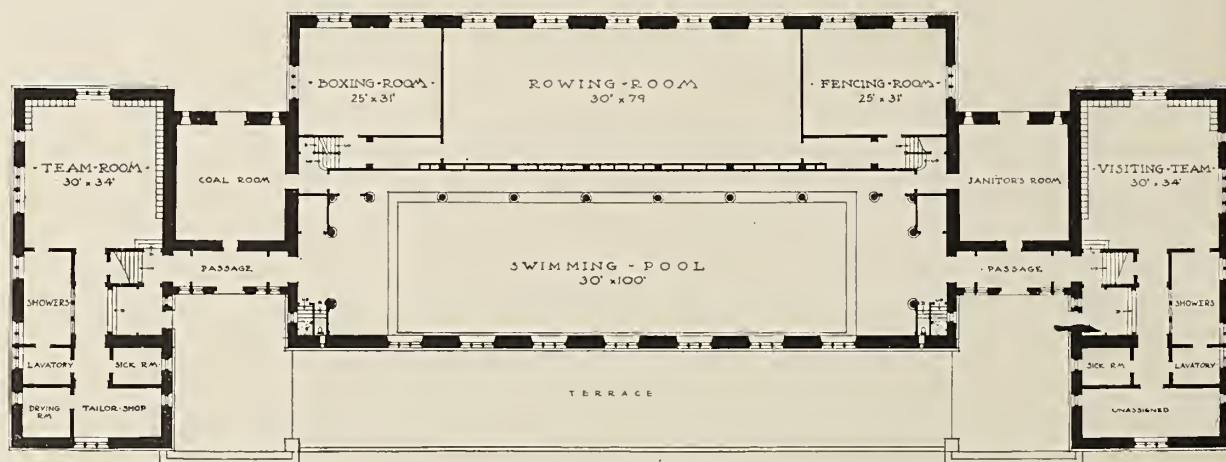
The difficulties of building on such a site



Plan of the Second Storey



Plan of the Mezzanine Storey



Plan of the Basement

THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA'S GYMNASIUM
Frank Miles Day & Brother, Architects



THE GYMNASIUM HALL



THE SWIMMING POOL

as Franklin Field can easily be imagined. The reinforced concrete *système de Vallière* having been selected as the structural scheme, the foundations were also made in concrete. They took the form of piers, over a hundred in number, acting as long legs for the structure and starting upon solid rock, sometimes forty feet below the grade. Upon this substructure the building rests, entirely independent of the earth filling. The floors, too, are of concrete, in which material are also formed the supporting girders, spanning in some cases distances of thirty feet.

In the basement, half of the main building is devoted to the swimming pool. This is 100 feet long, in order to provide for all sorts of aquatic sports, and it has a depth of four feet six inches at one end, at the other nine feet. It is entirely surrounded by marble wainscoting and on three sides by a capacious platform. Overlooking the pool is a gallery whence two hundred spectators can view the water sports amid surroundings which are artistically impressive by virtue of spacious proportions and a superb simplicity. The rowing room is a large apartment capable of being used for many other purposes than that for which it is named, on account of only a few winter months' indoor practice of the crew. Besides the boxing and fencing rooms, the remainder of the basement is devoted to the home and visiting teams, whose comfort is assured by means of showers, lavatories, lockers, drying and hospital rooms.

Ascending the stairways to the mezzanine floor, the visitor reaches the gallery overlooking the pool and the various rooms with special purposes located in the wings. In one of these the physical director of the University makes his headquarters, and, in the room adjoining, measures newly arrived students, recording the data for purposes of noting the effects of the physical training. The spaces under the towers on this floor are in effect the main entrance halls, for two imposing series of steps reach this level after traversing a terrace about fifty feet wide on their way from the public (Thirty-third) street. Privet hedges, clipped lawns and formal effects of planting have been studied

for this terrace or parking with a view to still further enhance this extremely dignified and beautiful façade.

On the second floor the large gymnasium room spans the whole width of the building, and receives a flood of light therefore from windows on both sides, not to mention a vast skylight in the roof. The extreme simplicity of this large hall and its undisguised construction exemplify the efficient meeting of desired ends. The steel work of the roof is uniformly kept at a height of twenty feet six inches above the floor in order that all modern gymnasium appliances such as swinging rings, climbing ladders and trapezes can be used with freedom and convenience.

Upon the same floor as the gymnasium room and in close connection with it are the locker rooms occupying the wings. Served with an effective system of ventilation, fifteen hundred of these lockers are already provided in a single tier of height. By taking advantage of iron galleries and placing another tier above, twice this number may be obtained. Further expansion is offered by the towers. Near the summits of these are located the electric pumps, which are part of the ventilating system. The building is heated by means of steam. Fresh air, purified by passing through sheets of cheesecloth, is taken in at the basement and, after being heated is carried through the building by means of ducts.

A training house is proposed to be built upon the vacant rectangle north of the gymnasium, (upon the left of the block plan shown on page 19). This will connect the squash-courts with the main building by means of an underground tunnel. There is need, however, that such an addition be handled with care; that the space be not over-built upon; that the design of the training-house should be of the same spirit, and, if possible, by the same hand, as the larger building of which it cannot but be by nature a dependance. It should be the interest, indeed, of all friends of the University that no discordant neighbor shall ever mar the beauty or dispute the supremacy of the gymnasium building.



Old Cottage near Nutfield, Surrey

PICTURESQUE ENGLISH COTTAGES AND THEIR DOORWAY GARDENS

BY P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A., F.R.H.S.

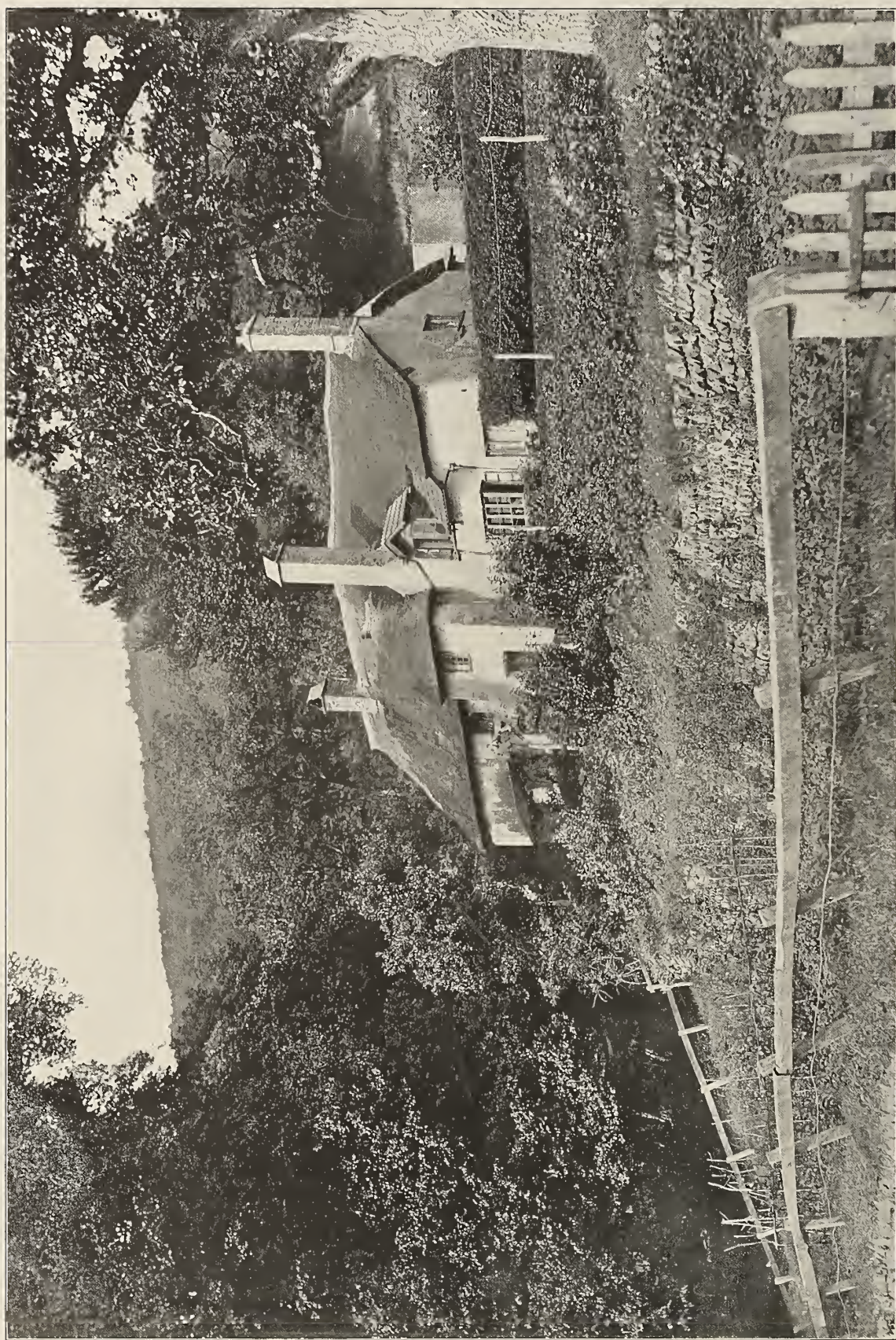
VI.

IT is interesting to note the process of the development of the English dwelling-house, its origin and evolution. The English are a home-loving race, and England is the land of homes. The natural affection with which the nation regard their homes is to a great extent peculiar to the race on both sides of the Atlantic. The Frenchman, the Spaniard, the Italian, do not have the same respect for home. The *villa* of Italy, the *château* of France, the *country-seat* of England, differ from each other in their arrangements, precisely as their occupiers differ in the habits of life; and whether the home be a mansion or a cottage, it is equally dear to those who dwell therein.

The story of the evolution of the cottage can scarcely be traced so far back as the prehistoric cave-dwellings, where, in paleolithic times, a rude race of feral nomads dwelt and fashioned their crude tools of flint and hunted the brown bear, the hyena, the hippopotamus and other strange creatures which England now knows not. The earliest and simplest notion for constructing a dwelling was that of digging holes in the ground and roofing them over with a light thatch. Hence

we have the pit dwellings of our distant forefathers, the neolithic folk, who made polished flint weapons, and were not an uncivilized race. At Hurstbourne, Hants, nine of these early habitations, rudely pitched with flint-stones, have been discovered. Some of these dwellings had passages leading into them. A few flints, together with wood ashes, showed the position of the hearths. The sloping entrance passages are peculiar, and are almost unique in England, though several have been met with in France. A rude ladder was the usual mode of entrance. These abodes had probably cone-shaped roofs made of rafters lashed together at the center, protected by an outside coat of peat, sods of turf or rushes. We can learn something of the nature of the abodes of the living by examining the chambers of the dead neolithic folk, as in most cases the latter were a copy of the former. The Waddon Chambers, Kit's Coty House, near Aylesford; Wayland Smith's Cave, Berkshire, and hundreds of other examples of sepulchral monuments show the resemblance of the earthly house with the grave.

Another form of early cottage was the



A HOUSE NEAR PORLOCK, ON THE ROAD FROM MINEHEAD

pile-dwelling, constructed on piles in lakes or rivers, in order to secure the inhabitants from the sudden attack of their enemies or the ravages of beasts of prey. Switzerland is famous for its lake dwellings, and the settlements at Morges, on the Lake of Geneva; at Sutz, on the Lake of Bienné, and at Marin and Auvernier, on the Lake of Neuchâtel, reveal extraordinary evidences

of early pre-historic civilization. England, too, has its lake dwellings, the most complete examples having been recently discovered at Glastonbury. A platform was found constructed of timber and brushwood, supported by rows of small piles. The walls were

built of upright posts, the crevices being filled with wattle and daub; and the houses were usually circular in shape, though some were rectangular. The floor was made of clay. Communication with the land was effected by means of a canoe, cut out of the stem of an oak, with a pointed prow, which had a hole through which doubtless a rope was passed in order to fasten it to the little harbor of the lake village. The life of the village extended from about 300 B. C. to the advent of the Romans.

When the Celtic folk abandoned their pit-dwellings they still retained the circular form in the construction of their abodes. At the time of the Roman invasion, Cæsar tells us that their houses resembled those in Gaul. Diodorus Siculus calls them wretched cottages, constructed of wood and covered with straw; and Strabo describes those of Gaul as being constructed of poles and wattled work, in the form of a circle, with lofty, tapering or pointed roofs. The Antonine Column gives

representations of the Gaulish houses which accord with the description of Strabo, except that the roofs are domed, and some of the houses are oblong; but the want of skill in the sculptor has made them appear more like large tin canisters than human habitations. The early races in Britain knew how to build with stone, and evidences of their work can be seen in Cornwall and in



WAYLAND SMITH'S CAVE

the remote Caithness. At Chun Castle there are walls built of rough masses of granite, five or six feet long, fitted together and piled up without cement, but presenting a tolerably smooth surface, and my friend Sir Francis Tress Barry has been excavating some brocks on the

northern shore of Scotland, constructed of uncemented stone. These brocks, buried homes of a forgotten race, are very singular and curious buildings. There is a circular tower composed of a dry-built wall, fifteen feet thick, enclosing a court twenty feet in diameter. The wall rises to a height of forty-five feet, and has no opening to the outside except the doorway, which gives access to the court. Opening from the court are a series of chambers on the ground floor, constructed in the thickness of the wall and rudely vaulted with overlapping masonry. Above these are successive ranges of level galleries, also in the thickness of the wall, each going around the tower, and placed so that the roof of the one below always forms the floor of the one above. These galleries are crossed successively by a stair, from which access to them is obtained by facing around in the ascent and stepping across the vacant space forming the well of the stair. The lower three galleries only are lighted, and



REMAINS OF A ROMAN HOUSE AT SILCHESTER

the windows are placed in vertical ranges so close to each other as to be separated only by their upper and lower lintels.¹ The most famous of these prehistoric buildings is the brock on a small island called Mousa, in Shetland, which approaches very closely to that of the Martello towers which stud some parts of the southern shores, and were built when Napoleon threatened to conquer England. This Mousa brock is still thirty-seven feet high, and is referred to in the Orkney Saga as having been abandoned in about the year 900 A. D.

The tradition of the hemispherical neolithic hut was carried on in the Celtic beehive dwellings of Cornwall, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and Gaul; whilst the plan may be regarded as the prototype of the circular fortress, such as Chun Castle, the brocks of Scotland, and indeed much of the military architecture in England.

The bronze-age dwellings, on the other hand, whose forms have been preserved by hut-urns, display a tendency to squareness and angularity, which is chiefly due to the employment of timber in their construction. The influence of the use of metal was shown, even in that early age, in the form of the domestic dwelling. The possession of bronze tools made it possible to work timber into the requisite forms of beams and rafters,

and flat walls and gabled roofs took the place of rounded walls constructed of interwoven branches and wickerwork of the earlier period. Our modern houses may be regarded as the direct descendants, with various modifications, improvements and developments, of the bronze-age hut.² The circular hut is therefore the oldest form of human habitation. There are still some of this type in Africa, and evidences of their existence are found in many lands. The hut of the charcoal burner in England is round, built after the neolithic fashion, and the circular plan has had a vast influence on the architecture of subsequent ages.

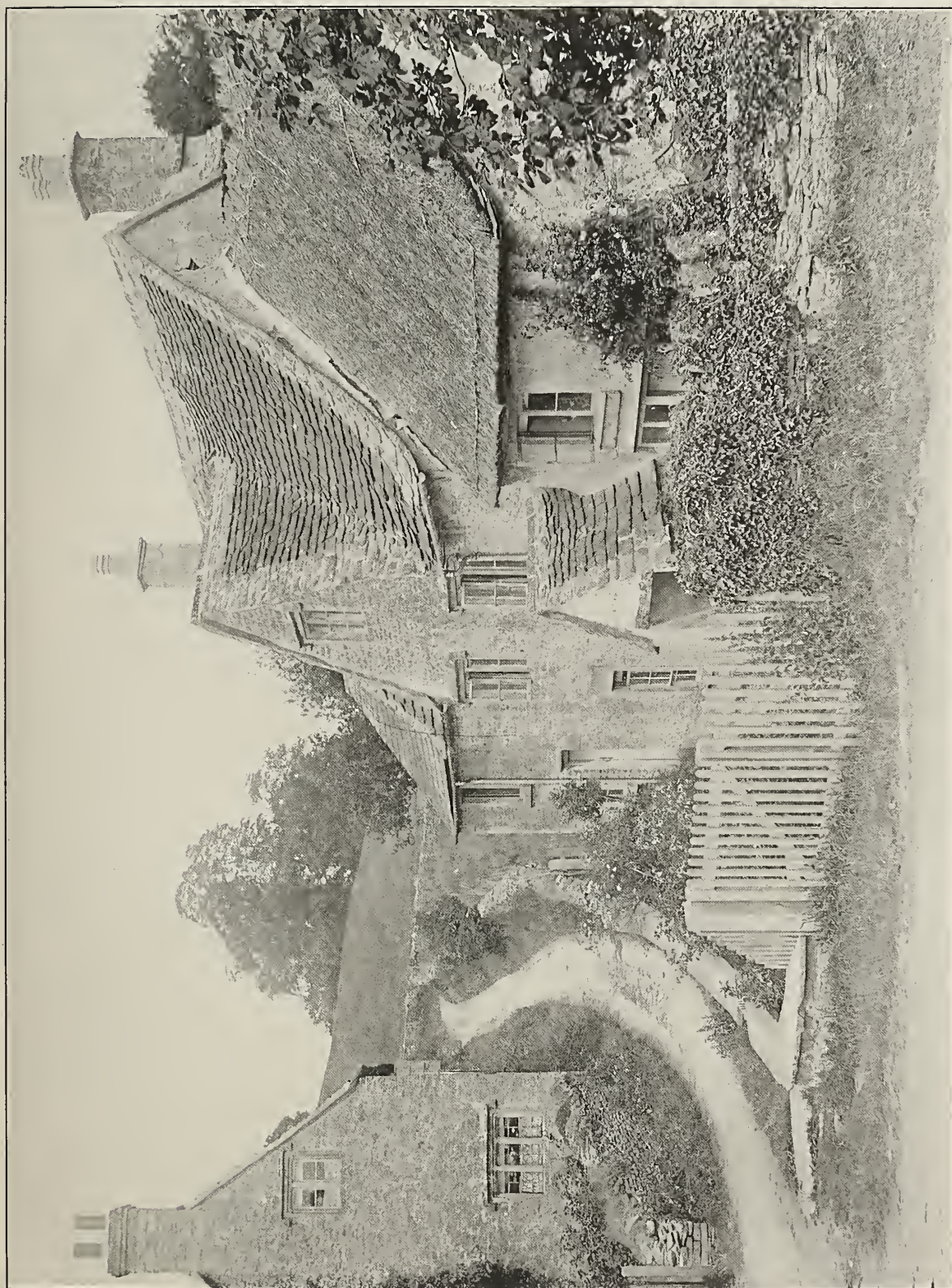
Our knowledge of Roman building has been enormously increased in recent years by the excavations carried on at Silchester, Hampshire, by the Society of Antiquaries. There we see the adaptation of the Roman ideas of domestic comfort to the needs of a northern climate. In Italy and the south of Europe light and heat are enemies to be guarded against; here, cold and damp. Hence the type of house in Roman Britain is totally different from that of the domestic buildings existing at the same period in more genial climates. There were two classes of houses built by the Romans. One consisted of a row of chambers with a corridor in

² Mr. George Clinch on Discoveries at Waddon, Surrey—Transactions of the Croydon Natural History Society.



ROMAN DWELLING NEAR WEST GATE OF SILCHESTER

¹ Professor Anderson's "Scotland in Pagan Times," p. 180.



A VIEW IN THE PICTURESQUE VILLAGE OF FORD (NEAR BATH)

front of them; the other has a courtyard with two or three ranges of chambers set around three sides of it, while the fourth side is closed by a wall with an entrance gate leading from the street. All the larger houses have winter rooms heated by elaborately constructed hypocausts. The roofs were constructed of thatch, or tile, or stone. The stone roofing was cut in thin slabs, hexagonal in shape, lapping over each other, like fishes' scales. The tiles were large and flat, with a strongly raised edge on each side. They were nailed close together, and these raised edges were covered by semicircular tiles narrower at the upper end, but broaden-



A FARMHOUSE NEAR HERNE BAY, KENT

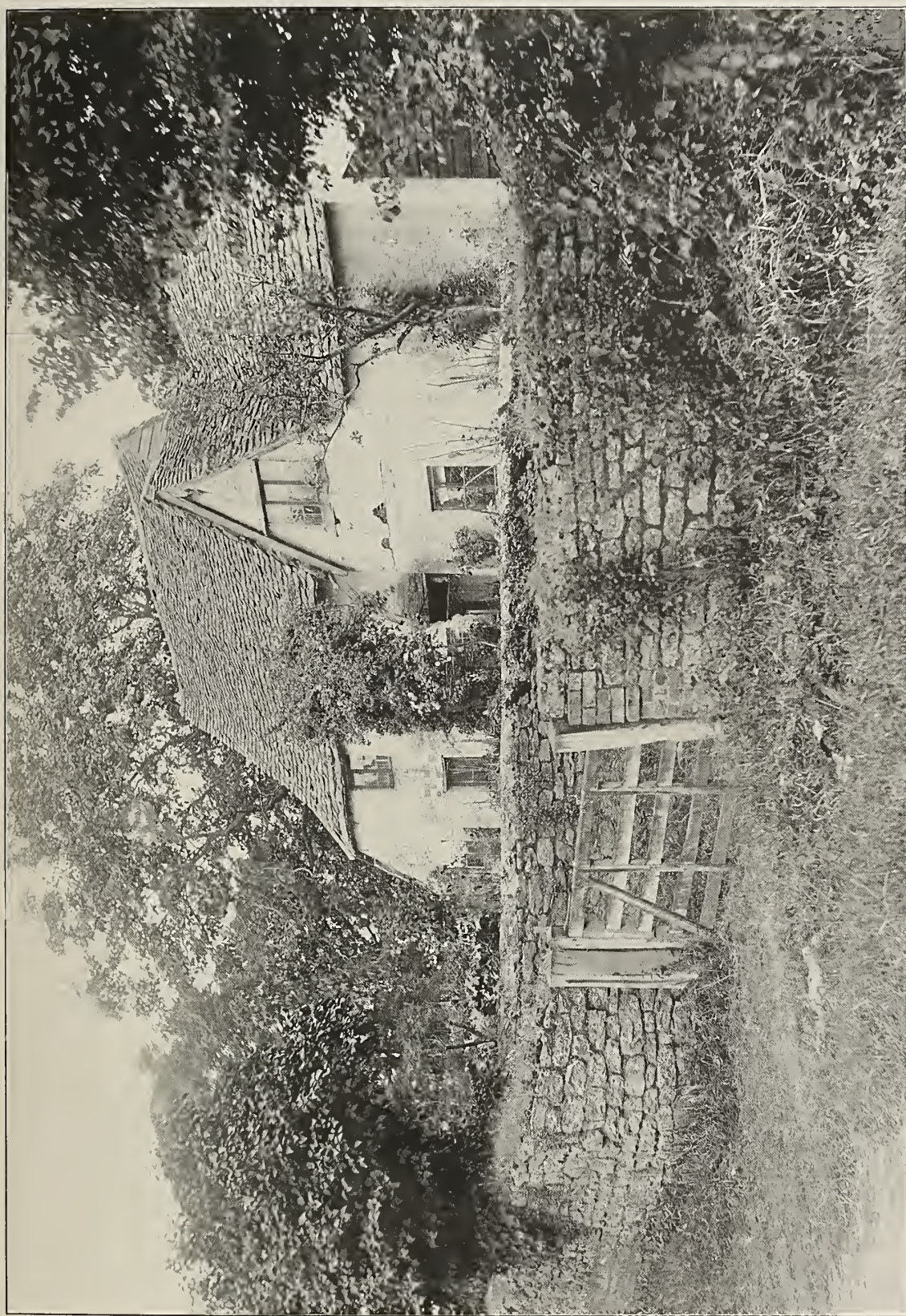
ing towards the bottom. Of the architectural details, the profusion of rich coloring, the magnificent mosaic pavements, the ingenious methods of warming the chambers, we cannot now tell. The Roman influence has had little effect on our smaller domestic buildings, though occasionally we find Roman bricks, the pillage of a Roman villa, or city, built up in the walls of cottages, as well as in great minsters, like St. Albans, or in churches like Brixworth.

The germ of the Roman plan of a house was the *atrium* or court, an uncovered enclosure. It prevails in every form of Oriental plan, from the earliest times to the present day.

The Anglo-Saxon and the Dane brought

with them to England's shores their own ideas of building construction. The Gothic plan, coming from the cold North, differed essentially from the Roman. Their ideas were rude, and lacked the refinement of the Roman artificers. Their primary object was shelter from the elements. Their type was not an *atrium*, but a hall. The Saxon thane's house stood in the center of the village. It was not a very lordly structure. It was usually built of wood, which the neighboring forests supplied in plenty, and had stone or mud foundations. The house consisted of an irregular group of low buildings, almost all of one storey. In the center of the group was the hall with doors opening into the court. On one side stood the kitchen; on the other the chapel. There was a tower for purposes of defense in case of an attack, and other rooms with lean-to roofs were joined to the hall; and stables and barns were scattered about outside the house. With the cattle and horses lived the grooms and herdsman, while villeins and cottiers dwelt in the humble, low, shed-like buildings which clustered around the Saxon thane's dwelling-place. An illustration of such a house appears in an ancient illustration preserved in the Harleian MSS. No. 603.

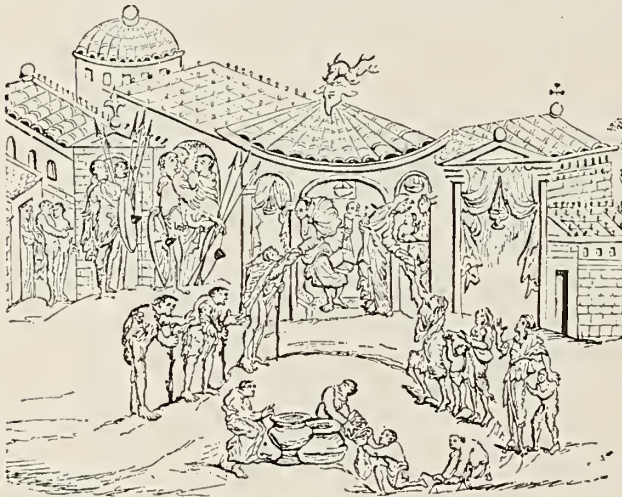
The hall of the Saxons was the great common living-room for both men and women, who slept on the reed-strewn floor, the ladies' sleeping place being separated from the men's by the arras. Lord and lady, guest and serf, alike used the hall. The floor was made of earth; the door was woven of osiers, or made of boards, and there were small windows along the sides, closed by wicker shutters. A peat or log fire burned in the center of the hall, and the smoke clinging for a time to the blackened roof timbers and the stock of dried meats, escaped through openings in the gables, or a hole in the roof. This common hall remained the prominent feature of the English house throughout the whole of the medieval period, and though the advance of



AN OLD HOUSE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF SEEND

civilization necessitated the addition of other chambers, a sleeping place for the lord and lady, the "with-drawing-room" (modernized to drawing-room), a chapel, kitchen, dormitory, etc., the hall maintained its pre-eminence even in the most complex plans.

Amongst the inhabitants of the early village community, the geburs and villeins, and theows or surfs, we find, both in Domesday and pre-Domesday times, two classes of men who are styled *bordarii* or *cottiers*. These were the cottagers of ancient days, who had



THE HOUSE OF A SAXON THANE

small allotments of about five acres, kept no oxen, and were required to work for their lord some days in each week. The *bordarii* received their name from the Saxon word *bord*, signifying a cottage, and our word cottage is derived from the same root from which *cottier* springs. So in the dwellings of these folk we can see the earliest form of the actual cottage which we know today.

These primitive cottages were built at the side of the principal road of the village, near the stream. They were poor and dirty dwellings, usually constructed of timber-posts, wattled and plastered with clay or mud. Usually there was only one storey, but sometimes there was an upper storey of posts which was reached by a ladder. The furniture must have been coarse and rude, a bacon rack and agricultural tools being the most conspicuous objects. Such luxuries as windows or chimneys were unknown. The floor was the bare ground. Outside the door was the "mixen" or midden, a manure

and refuse heap. The fragrance of the country air and its sweet scents must have been somewhat modified by the unsavory smells.

In the region of stone quarries, cottages at an early period were built of stone. The art of brickmaking, used so extensively by the Romans, was forgotten in Saxon times, and was not rediscovered until some centuries later. The earliest existing brick building in England, with the exception of those constructed of Roman bricks, is sometimes stated to be the fine ruined Castle of Hurstmonceux, erected by Sir Roger De Fiennes, in 1440; but there is one older than this. Little Wenham Hall, Suffolk, built in the time of the third Henry, is, of course, older, and there is Little Coggeshall Chapel, Essex, which is a small brick building. It was not until the sixteenth century that brick building became general, and some of the best and most picturesque of our cottages date from that period.

It is beyond our purpose to sketch the growth of domestic architecture and trace the evolution of the modern mansion from the Saxon hall. But there are many old farm-houses in England, once manor-houses, which retain, in spite of subsequent alterations, the distinguishing features of medieval architecture. The twelfth century saw a separate sleeping chamber for the lord and his lady. In the next century they dine in a room apart from their servants, an arrangement much satirized by "Piers Plowman" in Langland's verse:—

"Now hath each rich a rule
To eaten by themselfe,
In a privy parlour
For poor man's sake,
Or in a chamber with a chimney:
And leave the chief hall
That was made for meals
Men to eaten in."

This process of development led to a multiplication of rooms and the diminution of the size of the great hall. The walls were raised, and an upper room was formed under the roof for sleeping accommodation. In smaller houses, during the fifteenth century, the hall disappears and corridors are introduced in order to give access to the various chambers. Some of these houses are built in the form of the letters E and H, which

fanciful architectural authorities interpret as the initials of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth. But the former plan is merely a development of the hall with wings at each end and a porch added, and the H is a double hall connected by a range of buildings. Sometimes, however, houses were built in the form of some initials. Witness the quaint conceit of Master John Thorpe, who adopted this plan :—



ONE OF JOHN THORPE'S HOUSE PLANS

and recorded his quaint conceit by the lines :

“These 2 letters I and T
Joined together as you see,
Is ment for a dwelling howse for mee,
John Thorpe.”

Thorpe's memory is too little regarded. He was the designer of Hatfield, Holland House, and many other noble mansions, and was probably the inventor of Elizabethan architecture. The Soane Museum contains a volume of his plans and designs.

The beautiful Tudor and Elizabethan manor-houses and palaces built at this time, when English domestic architecture reached the period of its highest perfection, are too grand and magnificent for us who are now considering humbler abodes. But the style of their construction is reflected in the farm-houses and cottages. We see in these the same beautiful gables and projecting upper storeys, the same lattice casements, irregular corners and recesses which present themselves everywhere, and add a strange beauty to the whole appearance. Such common features link together the cottage, farm and manor-house, just as the English character unites the various elements of our social existence and blends squire, farmer and peasant into one community with common feeling and interests and a mutual respect.



A Squash Court on the Late William C. Whitney's Estate at Aiken, S. C.

Designed by Warren & Wetmore, Architects



LEADEN GROUP IN "THE BASIN OF THE NYMPHS," VERSAILLES



Leaden Caskets in the British Museum

CAST LEAD

AS A MATERIAL FOR ARCHITECTURAL ORNAMENT

BY REGINALD WRENN

“How in base lead pure gold is changed.”

THIS verse of Racine, written near the close of the reign of Louis XIV., voices the contempt in which lead has ever been held in comparison with other metals. Its modern application to roofing, plumbing, or to a coin from which some greedy fellow has abstracted the silver, has not served to raise its reputation. In the decorative arts its use has steadily declined.

It is not our purpose to plead for lead as against gold—such a comparison may remain a poet's figure; but we shall illustrate particular purposes lead has served in the past, wherein its fault of heaviness became a merit, and its cheapness, agreeable color, malleability and enduring quality enabled it to surpass any other of the so-called baser metals. We shall also endeavor to learn why at present its adaptability to these purposes is ignored.

Though lead has always occupied an important place among the materials of building, its value is now considered utilitarian only.

Little heed is given it for architectural ornament. In these cold months when exposed terra-cotta urns are cracked by the frost and garden figures of marble would fain part with a few tense extremities in the crisp night air, such handiwork, if made of lead, would pass stoically through this and other weathers, and cause its owner never an anxious qualm. There would then be some variety in our garden ornaments. Cast iron Diana would soften her smile, and urn and statue would, by a less garish color, cease outrageous self-assertion. Must these objects indeed always be made of marble or of terra-cotta? As well require all pictorial art to be done in oil or

pastel and in these alone. Rather is the diversity of outdoor scenes to be modified by man with such divers means that any material in which his handiwork may find expression should be welcomed and unceasingly tried. Ornament applied to buildings and their surroundings need not be confined to wood—destined to



A SAXON VESSEL OF LEAD
Preserved at Lewes, England



DETAIL OF THE CISTERN AT POUNDISFORD

decay,—nor to terra-cotta—which disintegrates—nor to expensive cut stone or bronze. That malleable lead will honorably and permanently fill these situations is fully proved by a few steps into its

HISTORY

Like that of all other metals, the story goes back to the youth of mother Earth, the numerous uses her younger generations made of lead being partially revealed by the relics of the Etruscans, the Greeks and the Romans. The household utensils and the weights and measures of the ancients were of no earlier origin than the primitive plummet of the builder—a tool which has been employed in unchanged form for ages. The lead *cistæ* in the museums of Naples and Rome and the lead coffins found in England and preserved in the British Museum, at Colchester and Lewes, combined utility with that quality, given by a human eye and hand, which gained them an entrance into the realm of art, and foretold the decorative possibilities of lead as later demonstrated. Numerous examples of Saxon fonts of lead still exist. Leaden sheets bearing inscriptions and ancient documents of lead can be studied today in the British Museum. Finials and crestings, incised or otherwise

ornamented, may be found upon many old architectural landmarks throughout England, while to the ornate conductor heads of Haddon Hall, Bramshill, the Bodleian Library and St. John's College, Mr. J. Alfred Gotch and other architectural writers have directed attention in their published works.

Owing to the mineral wealth of Britain, the metal was a ready material in the isles, but there is evidence that it was not abundance alone which led English builders to apply it to their roofs. There was undoubtedly a predilection due to durability. In choosing it, the roofers surmounted the difficulty of securely fastening the lead sheets and arranging for their contraction and expansion. The record of lead roofing in Britain is punctuated by a church at Lindisfarne built in 638, Canterbury Cathedral, 1160, and the famous palace of Nonesuch which Pepys visited in 1665 and found the uprights of its half-timber work covered with lead. "London was a city of lead spires," says Mr. W. R. Lethaby.¹ The old spire of St. Paul's was of lead, and completed in 1221. All through England, indeed, were spires so covered to be found.²

The metal was exported from England to France and used by the Gothic builders for their roofs and spires, pinnacles, *flèches*,

¹ "Leadwork," by W. R. Lethaby, London and New York, 1893.

² Of these the following still exist:—The spire of Long Sutton, Lincolnshire, spires at Chesterfield, Godalming, Almondsbury in Gloucestershire, Wighton in Northumberland and at Harrow.



A LEADEN FONT, BROOKLAND

vanes, crestings and roof gutters.³ The highest achievement was supposed to have been reached in the roof of the church of St. Eloi. When thus used the lead was closely related to carpentry, because the kind of timber chosen for the roofs and the means of framing the parts were determined with a view to the weight of the lead tiles. The peculiar action of these under extremes of heat and cold and in contact with the sap of certain timbers was also taken into account. The craft of the *plombier*—a word derived from the material in which he worked—began with the early centuries of the Middle Ages and survived until the Renaissance epoch. But we must not confound the plumber of those days with the mechanic whose work today contributes to our comfort and whose bills we dread. The *plombier* of the Merovingian period in France was a roofer skilled in fitting and securely attaching his sheets to



ARCHITECTURAL LEADWORK AT POUNDISFORD PARK

³ The church of Notre Dame at Chalons-sur-Marne has a roof covered with lead, dating from the end of the thirteenth century. The cathedrals of Rheims, Amiens, Rouen and Evreux, the church of St. Paul-des-Champs, the Hôtel Jacques Cœur, and the Hôtel Dieu at Beaune also have roofs as well as other external details of lead.

a wood superstructure. In the Low Countries, also, the *plombiers* were as active as in France itself and they covered many of the Flemish roofs, of which a notable example is that of the *Boucherie* at Haarlem. These Dutch roofs were always steep, and extra precaution was taken to insure the stability of the covering by having the sheets near the base of the roof very thick, in order to support the lighter ones above.

ORNAMENTATION

Lead roofs were usually decorated in one of various ways. The shape of the sheets and the position of the joints were of themselves an effective surface pattern; but still further enrichment was desired. And probably it was a little deep-rooted disdain for the common metal that caused the roofs to be gilded in semblance of a superior. From the recipe books of the last century giving instructions for this work the following may be quoted as examples:

"Take two pounds of yellow ochre, half a pound of red lead, and one ounce of var-



AN URN AT VERSAILLES

Made of Lead, Bronzed



EIGHTEENTH CENTURY LEADEN FIGURES

nish, with which grind your ochre, but the red lead grind with oil; temper them both together; lay your ground with this upon the lead, and when it is almost dry, lay your gold; let it be thoroughly dry before you polish it."

For another ground: "Take varnish of linseed oil, red lead, white lead and turpentine; boil in a pipkin and grind together on a stone."

"Or take sheets of tinfoil, and grind them in common gold size; with this wipe your pewter or lead over; lay on your leaf gold and press it with cotton; it is a fine gilding, and has a beautiful lustre."

Soon after the medieval *plombiers* had compassed the art of roofing they took to making ornaments of their sheet lead. The development

of a round figure, such as a leaf of trefoil, was traced upon a sheet "in the flat." It was then cut to the required outline, curved to the proper shape and the joints sealed. A gilding of "Dutch metal" was then often applied on a ground of varnish and red lead, as in the second recipe. Traces which still exist of the ornament upon the spire at Chalons-sur-Marne show that the entire surface was decorated by means of lines cut upon it and filled with a mastic black material. Much of the plumbage of the Middle Ages was decorated by means of painting applied to the metal by means of a very strong mordant. The English architect, Burgess, whose work may



IN THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON



A LEADEN VASE AT HAMPTON COURT

be seen at the Architectural Museum, Westminster, London, demonstrated the process of tinning lead with solder in order to obtain the effect of silver. "The surface is coated with lampblack mixed with size; the pattern is either transferred on it or drawn direct and then marked around with a point; all the part to be tinned has the surface removed by a 'shave hook,' so as to leave the pattern quite bright; a little sweet oil is rubbed over this and the solder is applied and spread in the usual way of soldering with a copper bit."

The acme of their art was reached when the *plombiers* fashioned statues of human figures by beating sheets of lead over wooden forms or models. These forms were

slightly reduced from their proper bulk, so as to permit the finished statue to assume the proportions of normal saints, stalwart knights, or robust ladies.

In all of this work it should be borne in mind that the material used was sheet lead. It was pure, *i. e.* without alloy, and was made into sheets by being poured over a level table having slightly raised edges, upon which slid a guide regulating the thickness of the sheets. These were uneven at best, for the crude table could not produce a uniform thickness. It was not long, however, before mechanically perfect rolled or laminated lead came to be produced,—a material similar to the commercial sheet lead of today. But the material which the *plombiers* worked was still a sheet; it first took the form of a



"THE BLACKAMOR"
A Famous Figure of Lead in the Inner Temple Gardens,
London

sheet, whatever shapes it was afterwards made to assume.

Toward the end of the fifteenth century this repoussé work gave way to ornamentation in cast lead, properly so called, for the metal was cast in moulds of sand or stone. The *repousseurs* turned ambitiously to making all manner of statues by the new method. Some of these figures, dating from the commencement of the sixteenth century, can be seen on the roofs of the cathedrals at Amiens and Rouen. Several of the moulds also have been preserved. Those used in casting the pinnacles of the Hôtel Dieu at Beaune may still be seen in that building.

The laminated lead, says Viollet-le-Duc,⁴ concealed the faults of smelting which soon

⁴ Dictionnaire Raisonné d' l'Architecture française du XI^e au XVI^e Siècle, Vol. VII.



URNS OF "THE BASIN OF NEPTUNE," VERSAILLES



DETAIL OF A LEAD CISTERN (1732)

Formerly at No. 12 Hanover Square, London; now in the Victoria and Albert Museum

became apparent under exposure to the air and permitted an infiltration of moisture. Moreover this rolled lead of medieval France was liable to be attacked by insects which in time perforated the sheet. When leaves of lead were fastened to the stone capitals of columns, the pecking of birds making their nests there wrought a havoc that plainly indicates how thin the sheets were. The cast work was much heavier, and the new method quickly rose in popularity. Bronze statues and other garden ornaments which were brought from Italy were copied in lead, both in France and England, and still exist. The lead statuary yard, kept until 1711, in Piccadilly, London, was a source from which outdoor ornaments of lead made their way all over England. Housesmiths emigrating to America employed the metal to a limited extent for architectural details. If the reader should scrape with his knife

the ornaments upon some of the old Colonial buildings, he will find them to be not always of paste composition, as is commonly supposed, but frequently of lead. The emblems of the early American insurance companies, such as "The Green Tree" and "The Four-in-Hand," were made of lead, while of the few isolated cases of the material being used for statuary, perhaps the most celebrated was the statue of King George, a familiar object at the Battery, New York, and which was melted up for Revolutionary bullets.

LEADWORK AT VERSAILLES

Of all the decorative work which has ever been done in lead, by far the most beautiful and those which remain a source of delight and study, are the fountains and urns of Versailles. These were undoubtedly gilded when they were made, imitation of gold being but one form of Bourbon ostentation. M. Pierre Roche, the French sculptor who has cast a number of his works in lead, says of them:



A LEADEN BAS-RELIEF BY BOUCHARDON

Upon an Urn at Versailles

"Today, after two hundred years or more, veracious Time rests its hand upon these beautiful fountains. It has shown that lead has no need to be gilded to be an admirable decorative material. The delicate gray statues of the pliant metal, over which faint shadows play, cover themselves gradually with a white velvety patina which assumes



LEADEN GROUP IN "THE BASIN OF SATURN, VERSAILLES

Cast by Girardon, after Designs by Lebrun

under the shadow of the woods an exquisite quality and unique artistic value. Beside them Keller's bronzes seem like a dark blot in an ensemble of tremulous and flowered parterres of water."

Time is always an aid to the ultimate beautiful appearance of such works rather than a cause for deterioration and ruin in every case where either the pure lead has been properly supported,—as it must always

be when used for statuary or other objects in the round,—or when it has been suitably alloyed. The purer the lead the less does it lend itself to the requirements of statuary. The great weight, together with the pliability of pure lead, causes it to yield or fall upon itself when cast in any large size. In such shapes, for example, as the urns illustrated on page 37, if they were not reinforced the bells of the urns would sink,

leaving the stronger stems protruding upward and through them. Iron stays must be cast in the body of the vessel, or, in the case of statues, imbedded in outreaching parts. This is a simple matter, and no more troublesome than strengthening plaster casts or reinforcing concrete.

The present condition of some of the groups of Versailles illustrates what is sure to happen if these pre-



CHILDREN OF LEAD AT THE GRAND TRIANON



"THE FOUNTAIN OF THE PYRAMID," VERSAILLES

Cast by Girardon



LEADEN GROUP IN "THE BASIN OF CERES," VERSAILLES

Cast by Regnaudin after Designs by Lebrun

cautions are not taken. The "Chariot of Apollo" was cast at the Arsenal by the sculptor Tuby, in 1668, after the design of Lebrun, and was restored in the time of Napoleon. The alloys of that period have been analyzed as follows by Capron, a chemical assayer :

Lead98.82
Antimony92
Iron25
Silver01

several years than the "Chariot of Apollo," presents a different case. The lead, insufficiently supported, has likewise given way and has opened. Rain has corroded the metal, which appears jagged and as if slashed by long cuts. This action of damp air upon alloys of lead and antimony may thus be explained. The two metals united mechanically and not chemically, behave differently in the air. While lead oxidizes and remains otherwise intact, antimony disappears leaving



LEADEN GROUP IN "THE BASIN OF FLORA," VERSAILLES Cast by Tuby after Designs by Lebrun

The above composition lead is at once more solid than purified lead. It still contains two hard metals, iron and antimony with which it remains mixed. However, it is still too soft to be cast, except in great thickness, and the weight of the statues larger than Nature, which figure in this basin, made numerous strong stays necessary. In spite of all precautions, several of these figures have yielded. Another group, "The Triton," has sunk upon itself, but the metal shows no fissures. "The Ancelade," which is later by

in its place small honeycomb cells, which make the lead fragile, inviting it to give way at the least shock and crumble to powder. The "Basin of Neptune" was the last finished of all the groups, it having been completed under Louis XV. The following analysis of its fragments gives a somewhat different result from the foregoing.

Lead	77.50
Tin	22.45
Copper	traces
Antimony	traces

It was manifestly intended to harden the material by a strong proportion of tin and to reduce the elasticity of the stays by diminishing the weight of the figures. Unfortunately the proportion is here such that the pliant character of the metal has been entirely lost. The alloy lends itself no longer to the expansion of the iron stays which should always form one body with it. The iron expands in the proportion of one unit, the lead and tin in twice that proportion. Dislocation was certain to follow and the "Basin of Neptune" was the first which had to be restored from base to summit. The proportions of lead, iron and antimony in the first fountains of Versailles made the composition sufficiently strong as to remain unbroken up to the present time. Antimony, being found dangerous as an alloy was replaced with tin (which only becomes dangerous when used in too large a proportion) and thus a metal was obtained which was at once sufficiently durable and flexible.

MODERN ATTEMPTS AT REVIVAL

It was no doubt the beauty of the work at Versailles which led M. Durand in 1847 to essay the revival of that success which the craft had gained and to surmount the obstacles encountered in adapting lead to the intricate forms of modern statuary.

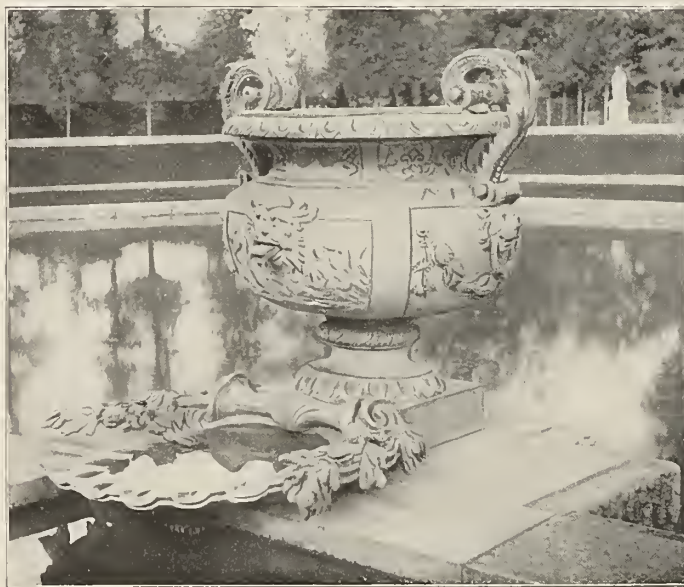
These obstacles are familiar to any founder. We have seen that pure lead is unsuited to the purpose. Not only is it weak and soft, in some situations it will yield under a hot sun. Neither will it flow freely in the mould, whose cool surface causes it to become quickly chilled and sluggish. Refusing to reach the farthest recesses, it quickly contracts and prevents sharpness or

even completion of the form. Notwithstanding the fact that these difficulties can be easily overcome by means of alloys, the founder of today will meet with a smile any suggestion for casting statuary in lead. He will ask such a convincing question as this: after a sculptor has spent months of labor upon the model for a statue, why cast the result of that work in any metal less certain and satisfactory than bronze? It is true, the casting is the smallest part of the work and it is false judgment and economy to select at such a juncture a metal whose only recommendation is the saving of a few cents in the cost per pound.⁵ Applied to ambitious

sculpture the argument holds, and for such we let it pass. But it is also true that there is much minor ornament which can perfectly well be done in lead. In this class can be put the numerous and varied parts of fountains, vases and urns, flower boxes for the parterre or for window gardens, wall, roof and eave ornaments,

—to name only these. Such works can legitimately be duplicated many times; indeed it is often necessary to provide them by the score, and then the plea for using lead becomes a strong one. Sand moulds, difficult of execution except by the most skilled foundrymen, may be replaced by a single brass mould capable of being used again and again.

In England these ornaments are today supplied by commercial firms, either from their own or from architects' designs. Several of the arts and crafts guilds,—as for instance Mr. George Bankart's at Bromsgrove,—consider lead one of their most important



A LEAD URN, BRONZED, AT "THE BASIN OF NEPTUNE"

⁵ Metallic lead for casting would today cost about 5½ cents per pound, and composition bronze from 16 to 18 cents.

raw materials. Mr. F. Inigo Thomas, an architect, has devoted much personal attention to the casting of large ornamental urns with which to decorate his formal gardens. In France, M. Pierre Roche has gone farther and has cast in lead his large sculptural pieces, "The Virgin and Child" and "Lot's Wife"; while his large fountain, "L'Effort," exhibited in plaster at the Salon of 1896 and purchased by the State, was conceived with this end in view, the Minister of the Fine Arts ordering the group to be cast in lead. A model of the completed work was exhibited at the Grand Palais in 1900.

In America the practical rôle of sheet lead is manifold. And yet there is no more striking example of successful lead casting than in the linotype machine, where the

day's news is rendered into type-metal in the space of a few seconds. In the manual training schools of the country, also, lead casting is daily practiced by the pupils; but it is regarded as a makeshift in order to teach them general foundry work as applied to iron without the great cost of equipment which operation in the latter would involve. Considering the service performed by the dull metal, so frequently spurned in fact and figure for its more valuable and glittering fellows, it is surprising that the decorative use of cast lead is a craft which still remains almost untried in this country. Beyond the fact that our foundrymen are, and will long remain, less artistically skillful than those of Europe, the cause of our inattention is a lax experimental temperament.

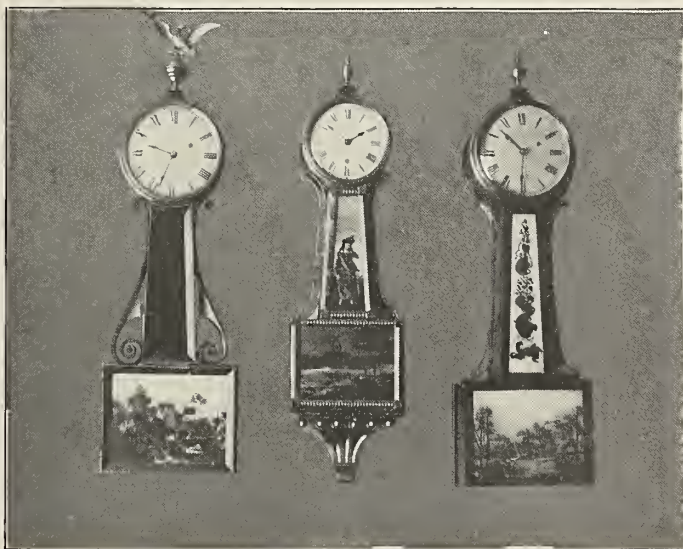
A GERMAN CLOCKMAKER AND HIS WORK

BY E. N. VALLANDIGHAM

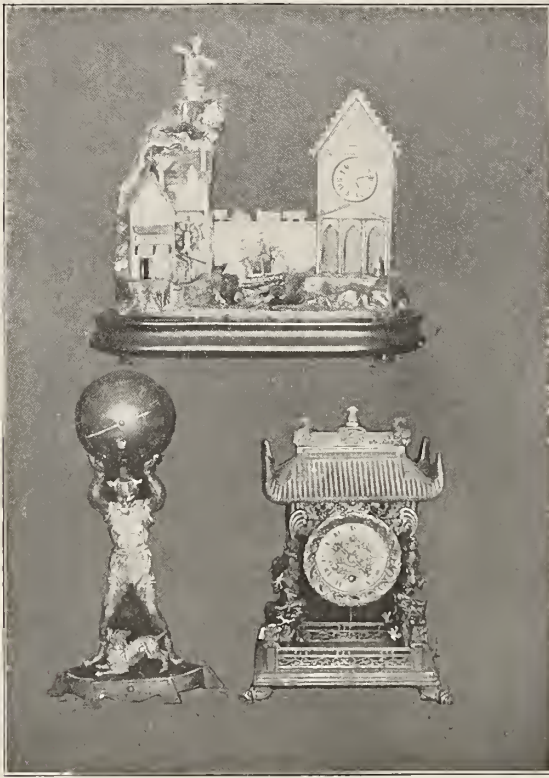
IN a quaint little shop on a side street not far from Madison Square lives and works a German clockmaker to whom his trade is as an art. He has made and mended clocks for forty years, and in that time has been a genuine journeyman, traveling and plying his trade in many lands, and absorbing as he traveled the traditions of his occupation. German as he is, he places English clocks above those of any other country. French clocks, indeed, he recognizes as marvels of mechanism, but he finds them delicate and difficult to manage. A good English clock he can regulate to about two min-

utes a month; a French clock he believes can hardly be guaranteed to keep time within two minutes a week. The difference, he believes, is largely due to the fact that the best French clocks are furnished with pendulums that oscillate within a relatively short arc, and are therefore easily thrown out of proper

regulation by a slight change from the horizontal. When he regulates a French clock he insists upon placing the clock in the spot where it is to stand, and he corrects the level not by placing beneath the clock bits of material that may be removed the first time a careless maid dusts the mantel, but by



EARLY AMERICAN "BANJO" CLOCKS



GERMAN, FRENCH AND CHINESE CURIO CLOCKS

means of internal adjustments that do not suffer at the hands of the thoughtless. Having once placed a clock where it should stand, he insists that it shall not be removed by any unskilled person. The English clocks, with their longer pendulum arc and less delicate adjustment, will keep good time with much less skilled care.

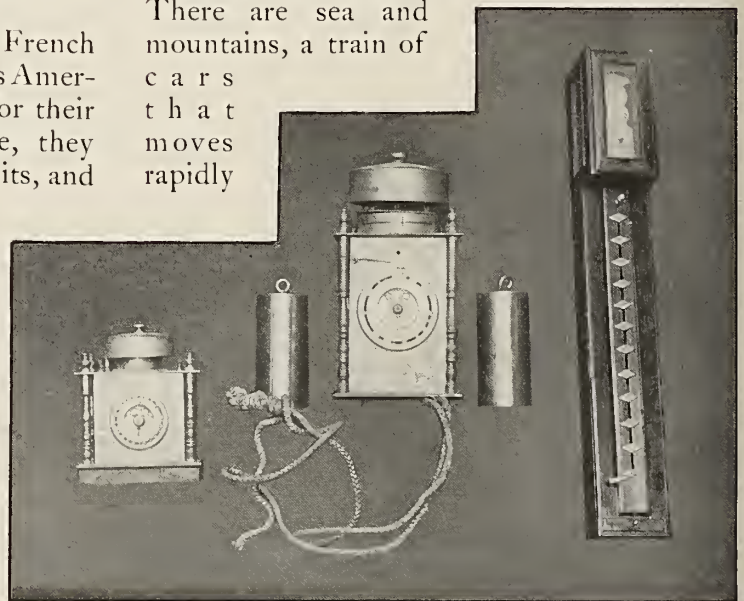
Excellent as are the English and French clocks, the German clockmaker regards American clocks as the best in the world for their cost. They are remarkably simple, they keep good time within reasonable limits, and they run for years without repairs. Furthermore, when they must be repaired the duty may be entrusted to any fairly intelligent clockmaker. They require no such skill and expense as the best French and English clocks to keep them in proper running order.

It is the belief of the German clockmaker that the oldest American tall clocks were not entirely of native make. The works, usually of brass, were, he thinks, imported from England. Later the Ameri-

can clockmakers made wooden works for clocks tall and short, and made them so well that they are often in running order to this day. Doubtless wooden works were used in Europe long before, but they were reinvented, so to speak, in this country, long after most of the European clockmakers came to use brass works.

His own fellow countrymen, says the German clockmaker, are not as good in his trade as are the English, American and French. Within the last twenty-five years, however, the German artisans have greatly improved in the quality of their workmanship. They are now making specially good regulators of the style known as "banjo" clocks, a style in which the American clockmakers have long excelled. The German clockmakers, also, are traditionally fond of producing clocks that are essentially toys. The clockmaker has in his shop what is in effect a small museum of his trade. Among his wares are a number of odd and elaborate German clocks. One has a little door above the dial plate which opens at each hour and shows the head of a pig opening its mouth and exhibiting a red tongue, and squeaking the hour. Another German clock in the collection has a bugler who sounds a call at each hour or whenever a certain spring is touched. Still another of these odd clocks, and the most elaborate of the collection, displays a landscape under a large glass belljar.

There are sea and mountains, a train of cars that moves rapidly

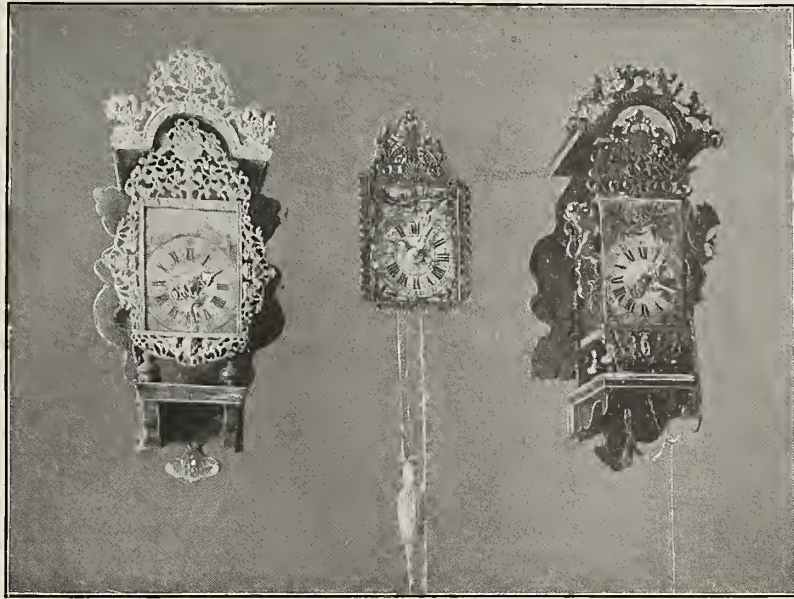


JAPANESE CLOCKS

through the background, and a ship that heaves and tosses on the mimic sea when the hour sounds.

The ancient tradition of the Italian clockmakers seems to be lost. At any rate the German clockmaker believes that modern Italian clocks have no special distinction, and he includes none in his collection. It is somewhat the same with the Swiss, in spite of their reputation as watchmakers and of the fact that the German Swiss produce some curious musical clocks.

Dutch clocks once had a great reputation, but the modern Dutch clockmakers are hardly known outside of Holland. Curiously enough Dutch clockmaking of two hundred years ago or more found a sort of echo in Japan. The German clockmaker has in his collection a very curious Japanese clock the exact significance of whose dial he does not understand. This clock, he finds, is an almost exact reproduction, in so far as the works go, of Dutch clocks made two or three centuries since. His theory is that the Dutch traders in the East introduced such clocks into Japan,

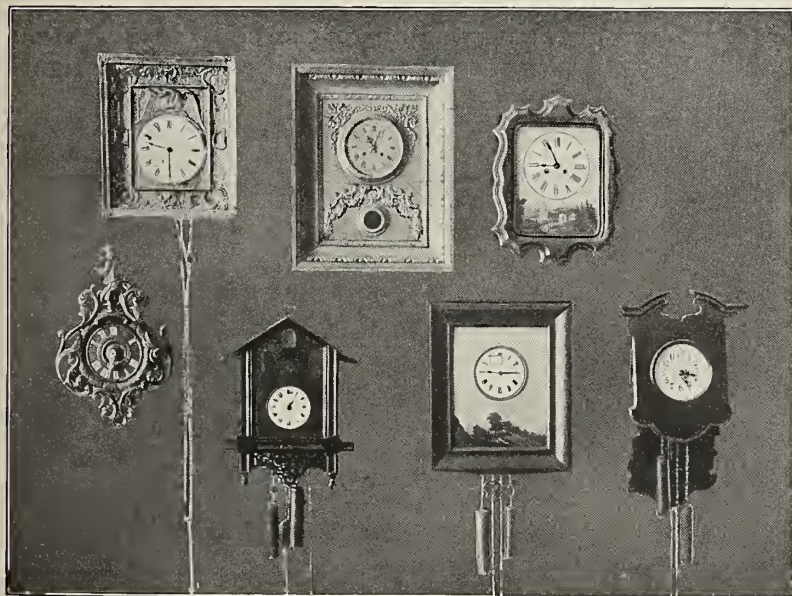


OLD DUTCH CLOCKS WITH LEADEN FRONTS

and that the Japanese artisans, with the ready imitative faculty for which they are famous, learned to make clocks of the same pattern. They are elaborate, compact and beautiful. Whether such clocks are still made in Japan he does not know.

As a collection the clocks that thickly line the walls of the German clockmaker's shop would grace a museum. He has picked up his curios in all lands as the result of his many years of wandering and working. Some are in running order; others would require the work of many days to set them going. Many are only curious, but most have beauty to recommend them. They represent the ingenuity of artist-artisans for several centuries. Some are such clocks as the German apprentice of forty years ago was accustomed to make as a sort of guarantee of his skill. The German clockmaker made one such himself. To the apprentice of that day and to those of an earlier time such exhibitions of skill were in effect equivalent to the modern university student's thesis written for his degree.

English and American clockmakers commonly encase



OLD-FASHIONED GERMAN CLOCKS MADE IN THE BLACK FOREST



CLOCKS IN THE EMPIRE STYLE

their clocks in wood, and the German clockmaker has many charming examples of these wooden clock cases, mostly in mahogany, either of solid or veneered. The best of these cases are distinguished by the simplicity and beauty of their designs and the fine markings of the wood. Many local regions in this country have a tradition of famous clockmakers who made beautiful cases as well as excellent works. The mahogany mantel clocks of fifty or seventy-five years ago have much charm of design and marking, and are now greatly prized.

The French have been specially famous for the application of metals and stone to the manufacture of clock cases. Some of the

most elaborate examples in the German clockmaker's little museum are of French clocks in metallic cases. Iron, brass, silver and even gold have thus been used. Marble and rarer stones have been much utilized by the French in the manufacture of clock cases, and have been imitated in metal by means of paint. One of the most curious and interesting clocks in the collection is wholly encased in richly carved glass. This clock is of French workmanship. The Japanese clocks are entirely of metal, and some of the early Dutch clocks are largely of that material.

While the German clockmakers delight in producing toys, the French have long been fond of giving their clocks unusual forms. One French clock in the workshop-museum is in the form of Atlas upholding the world. The dial occupies part of the convex surface of the globe. A dozen variants of this idea have been embodied in French clocks, and the invention of these odd designs does not necessarily imply special skill in clockmaking, but ingenuity directed toward the production of the bizarre, rather than the best and most accurate time-keeping machines. It is noticeable, indeed, that these elaborate and curious clocks are apt to be very bad guides in the matter of time. They are easily thrown out of repair and difficult of adjustment, so that they are commonly neglected after the novelty of the thing has worn off.

Few clocks can be wisely permitted to go without winding to the end of the period which they are supposed to run. The eight-day clock may keep good time if wound once a week at a fixed hour, but the thirty-day clock should be wound at least once a fortnight. The French have been especially successful in producing compact clocks that require winding only at long intervals, but even the best of these clocks, if they are to keep good time, must ordinarily be wound long before they would actually run down.

AN AMERICAN ARCHITECT

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF LOUIS H. SULLIVAN BY CLAUDE BRAGDON

THE history of any art usually resolves itself into the record of the achievement of a few eminent individuals. When the history of architecture in America shall come to be written there are two men, at least, the omission of whose names from such a history would render it incomplete and incomprehensible. The late Henry Hobson Richardson is one of these men, and Louis H. Sullivan is the other. Each, by the power of his personality and the vitality of his genius, has exercised a distinct influence upon the national architecture. In the case of Mr. Richardson this influence, though widespread, has proved to be ephemeral. Mr. Sullivan's influence, on the other hand, though restricted (thus far, at least), to the Middle West, promises to be more far-reaching and abiding, for reasons presently to be explained.

Mr. Richardson's buildings, though richly picturesque and possessing splendidly architectural qualities, were sometimes not entirely practical, and the so-called Richardsonian Romanesque style, with its thick, rough stone walls, deeply set windows, squat columns and round arches with enormous voussoirs, was both extravagant and ill adapted to American needs and conditions. Being first of all a practical people, and architecture being first of all a practical art, not long after death had put an end to Mr. Richardson's activities and so diminished the force

of his example, we abandoned the use of a style which offered so many impediments to our comfort and convenience, and we returned to the interrupted task of adopting, adapting and distorting classical architecture to serve our purposes. The hope of a distinctly national style which Mr. Richardson's advent had aroused, remained unfulfilled.

There was need of a new prophet in our architectural Israel, and to the eyes of a little circle of devotees in Chicago he presently appeared in the person of Mr. Sullivan. His "first manner," as the phrase is, was not very different from the manner of his precursor, but he soon developed a style of his own, which straightway became that of a number of others (with a difference, of course)—young and eager spirits, not fettered by too much knowledge—not fet-

tered, indeed, by enough! Outside this little circle Mr. Sullivan was either unknown, ignored or discredited by those persons on whose opinions reputations in matters of this sort are supposed to rest. Engaged for the most part upon intensely utilitarian problems in an intensely utilitarian city, he had no opportunity to captivate the popular imagination as Richardson captivated it in his Trinity Church, Boston.

It was not until the time of the Columbian Exposition, when the firm of Adler & Sullivan had already gained for itself a position of prominence in the business world



THE PRUDENTIAL BUILDING, BUFFALO



THE "MERCANTILE STOREY" OF THE PRUDENTIAL BUILDING, BUFFALO

of Chicago and in the architectural profession at large, that Mr. Sullivan's genius obtained public and general recognition from his peers. The French architects and Commissioners of Art whom the Exposition had attracted, with what seemed to many of us strange perversity, admired Adler & Sullivan's Transportation Building, relegated to what might be termed the Exposition's back yard, in preference to the Peristyle and the other classic confections which surrounded and composed the Court of Honor. These men had seen classic architecture before, and better than we could show them, but the like of the Transportation Building, the Auditorium Hotel and the Schiller Theatre they had never seen. At these they marveled, and then they admired. The hard-headed investors who had employed Messrs. Adler & Sullivan to build for them economical, practicable, rentable buildings had entertained an angel unawares; their buildings

were everything that had been demanded, and they were interesting from an artistic standpoint as well.

In speaking of the work of the firm of Adler & Sullivan as though it were solely Mr. Sullivan's, as I shall henceforward in this article, I would not minimize Mr. Adler's part in it, which, while their partnership lasted (it was dissolved in 1895), was co-equal in importance with Mr. Sullivan's, but of a different kind. Mr. Adler was the engineer, the business man, and Mr. Sullivan was the designer, the artist. In the most successful architectural partnerships the work usually divides itself in this way. On the other hand, I would not, by this explanation, lead the reader into the greater error of supposing that Mr. Sullivan was obliged at any time to depend upon some one else for what is, after all, the essential of good architecture—sound construction. On the contrary, he has planned and carried to successful



THE WAINWRIGHT BUILDING, ST. LOUIS

chitectural colleagues, and in conversation with his friends. He is a believer in democracy, and in the growing, on our American soil, of an architecture of democracy as beautiful and noble as any which the world has known. He conceives of his art not as a thing of book-knowledge, of accepted forms, of tradition and precedent, but as a living language of thought and emotion, infinitely various and free. He believes that a building, like any natural thing, should be organic and expressive, not composed according to set rules out of the dry bones of evanished architectural styles.

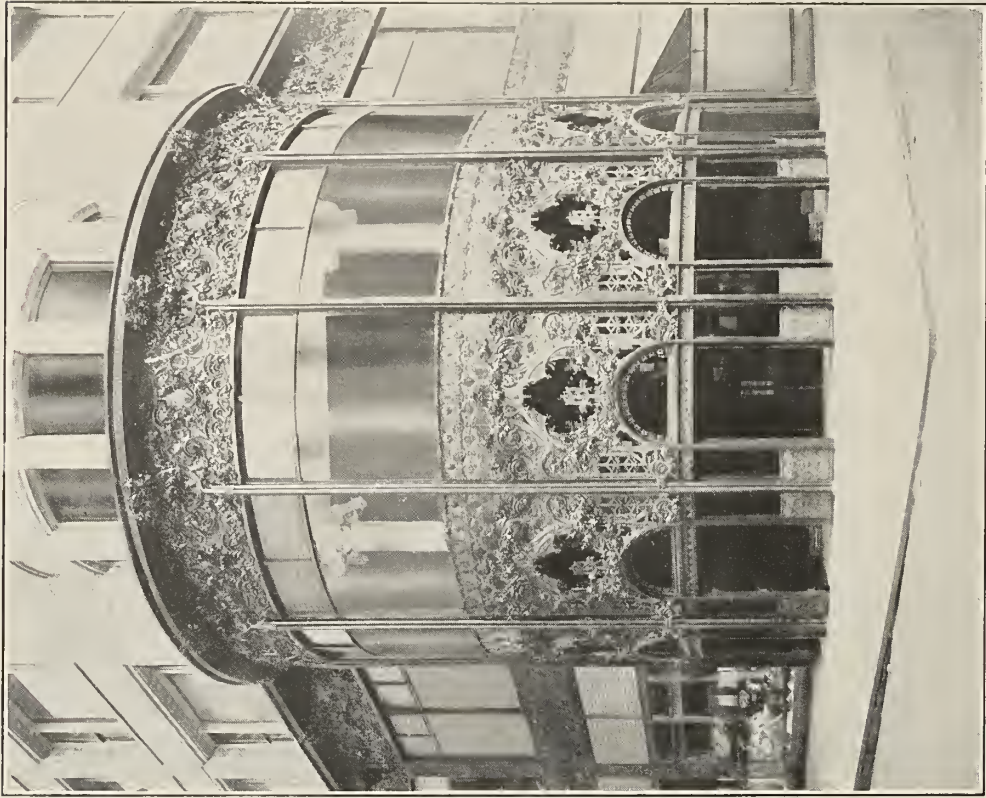
The esthetic problem presented by the tall office building,—the most insistent architectural problem of our commercial civilization,—is confessedly the despair of the architect educated in and wedded to the pedantry of the schools, but Mr. Sullivan conceives it to be “one of the most stupendous, one of the most magnificent opportunities that the Lord of Nature in his beneficence has ever offered to the proud spirit of man.” His greatest successes have been in the field of commercial architecture. The

completion engineering operations involving great originality, skill and daring.

An appreciation of Mr. Sullivan's architectural work is made easier by some knowledge of his aims and ideals. He holds views, he cherishes a faith, he promulgates a philosophy of which his work is the expression (in so far as such a thing is possible) in terms of ponderable materials and of three dimensions. These views, this faith, and this philosophy he has set forth in magazine articles, in addresses to architectural students or to his ar-



MEMORIAL VAULT IN BELLEFONTAINE CEMETERY, ST. LOUIS



The Corner Entrance



The "Mer cantile Storey"

VIEWS OF THE SCHLESINGER & MAYER STORE, CHICAGO

Designed by Louis H. Sullivan



THE MARQUISE OF THE SCHLESINGER & MAYER STORE

limiting conditions which others accept perforce and compromise with as much as they dare in order the better to conform with traditional ideas of architectural beauty, he accepts willingly, even eagerly, achieving his best effects not in spite of the imposed limitations, but by means of them.

In order to understand the quality and the degree of Mr. Sullivan's success in this field, the conditions governing the problem of the modern office building must be briefly stated. In its last analysis it is a hive, a system of cells,—hundreds of similar rooms side by side and superimposed, all, so far as possible, equally desirable, equally well lighted. It must be lofty, because while its horizontal dimensions are limited by the size of the lot, and the size of the lot by the cost of land, its vertical height is limited only by its stability, and the stability of one of these steel frame buildings is enormous, for it is, in

effect, a truss planted upright in the earth. This steel framework must be protected from the corroding action of the elements, and especially from fire, which destroys it. The building must have natural light in every part, and (usually) great display windows in the first storey.

Let us see, now, by means of a typical example, in what manner Mr. Sullivan has translated this thing of utility into a work of architectural art. The Prudential Building, in Buffalo, affords a good illustration of his method. "What," he demands, "is the chief characteristic of the tall office building? It is lofty. This loftiness is to the artist-nature its thrilling aspect. It must be tall. The force of altitude must be in it. It must be every inch a proud and soaring thing, rising in sheer exultation, that from bottom to top it is a unit without a dissenting line." And he has, therefore, enhanced the height

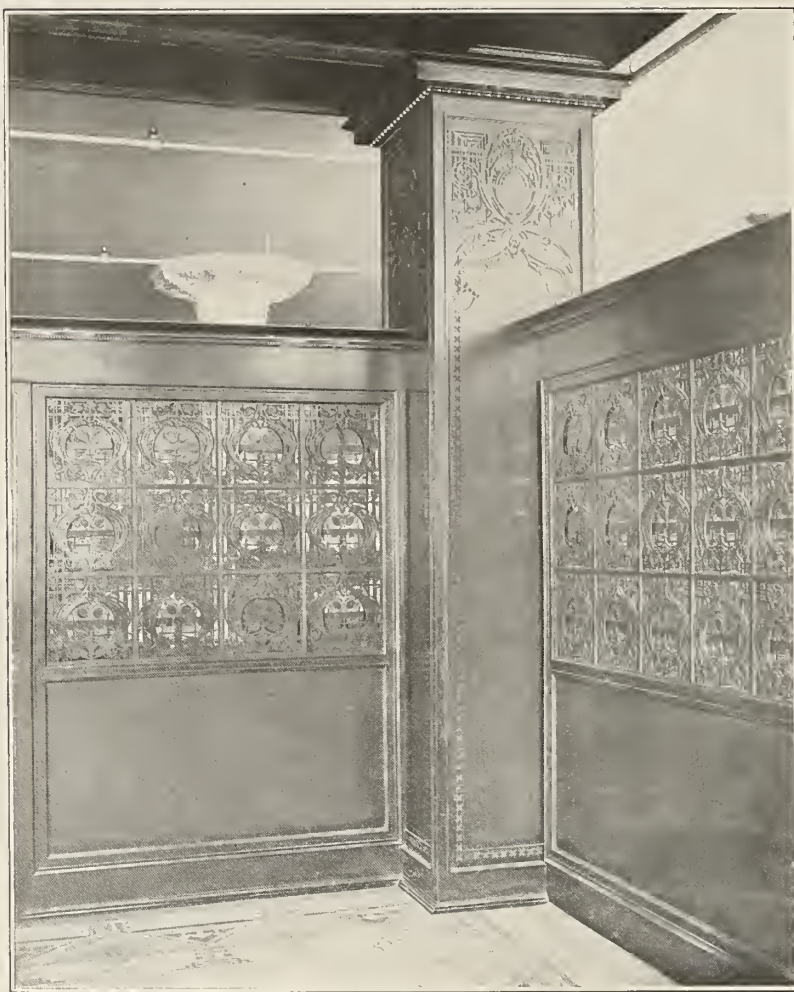
by artfully emphasizing the vertical dimension, so that when seen in sharp perspective the windows lose themselves behind the piers and the eye is carried irresistibly upward to the beautiful coved cornice which crowns the structure.

"The shape, form, outward expression of the tall office building should in the very nature of things follow the function of the building and when the function does not change the form is not to change." The first two storeys, which may be called the "mercantile storeys," serve a different purpose from the rest, and so they are treated differently, but above them all of the windows are of the same size and are spaced equally far apart because they light offices of the same size and equally desirable. This best thing practically, has been made by the skill of the designer the best thing estheti-

cally, for by means of it has been achieved the beauty of monotony, of multiplicity,—the enchantment of the eye by numbers.

"The materials of a building are but the elements of earth removed from the matrix of Nature, and reorganized and reshaped by force—by force mechanical, muscular, mental, emotional, moral and spiritual." The exterior of the building is all of terra-cotta of a salmon-red color, and every square foot—almost every square inch—of this vast surface is "reshaped by force" with beautiful ornament, fine as lace and strong as steel, infinitely various and original. By reason of its flatness and its delicacy, though it charms the eye it nowhere assumes a prominence sufficient to detract from the simplicity and dignity of the architectural composition. Moreover, the ornament is of a kind exactly suited to the plastic nature of fire-clay; it is clear at a glance that it was modeled, not carved, and the subdivisions of the pattern have been considered in relation to the joints, so that these are nowhere too apparent.

The building is rich in those little felicities which reveal the artist. For example, the strength of the angular corner is emphasized by treating it something in the form of a bead rising sheer from base to summit, and this slender, stem-like member flowers out at its far, topmost extremity into an exquisite foliation which seems to cling to and lap over the edge of the main cornice, mitigating its geometric severity of line. Even the dirtiness of the atmosphere has been made to serve esthetic ends, for the terra-cotta ornament is of such a nature that particles of dust or soot, lodging in the interstices, bring the pattern into relief, and the building thus grows more beautiful instead of uglier with the lapse of years. Mr. Sullivan has



A WOOD SCREEN WITH CHARACTERISTIC ORNAMENT

solved the difficult problem of the show window very cleverly. By placing the glass well to the front of the flanking piers he has rendered to the Cæsar of Trade the things which are that Cæsar's; but, mindful of the claims of art, he has recessed it again at the transom level, so as to leave revealed beautifully ornamented terra-cotta soffits and jambs, together with the caps and the upper portions of the columns, which, visible through the show window, rise boldly through a shallow roof of glass. He attains by these means an effect of solidity usually arrived at by deeply recessing the windows and reducing the glass area in the place of all places where the need for space and light is most imperative.

Of the Prudential Building, Mr. Montgomery Schuyler says: "I know of no steel framed building in which metallic construction is more palpably felt through the envelope of baked clay." In it, and in the Wainwright Building in St. Louis, built at about the same time and conceived in the same general spirit, Mr. Sullivan may be said to have "found himself," for in them he left behind what he has called his "masonry period;" that is to say, he abandoned the mistaken attempt to make buildings of skeleton construction, sustaining a protective covering of stone or fire-clay, appear to be solely of masonry of a mass sufficient to be self-sustaining. This was a great step in advance, for every gain in expressiveness is a gain also in art. In the Schlesinger & Mayer store, his latest essay, he has carried his logic to extreme lengths. It is a crystal palace of glass and masonry, and iron overwrought with ornament-like flowers and frost. Here indeed is a new architectural art, superior to *l'Art Nouveau* of Europe in that it is born of reason and not of whim.



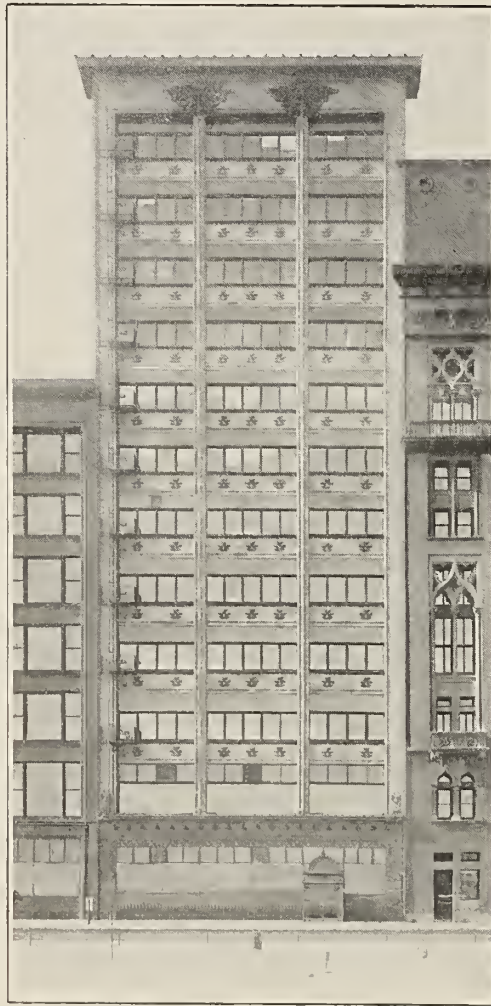
THE ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, ST. LOUIS

The St. Nicholas Hotel, in St. Louis, is a building of very different aspect, because the governing conditions were different, but the same principle, that form follows function, has determined the disposition of its parts, and each part so clearly expresses its function that the function can be read through the part. The three divisions of the design, horizontally, show three distinct changes of plan. The first two storeys, devoted to the general uses of the hotel, are distinguished on the exterior from the bedrooms above by a difference of treatment and a difference of material, stone being used instead of brick and terra-cotta. The bay windows which form the feature of the second or intermediate division give pleasantness of aspect to the important private rooms, and distinguish them from the inferior rooms and bath rooms. The third di-

vision, consisting of the finishing storey, its balcony and frieze of windows, and the high, picturesque roof, finds its *raison d'être* in the fact that there is here a single great apartment, indicated on the exterior by the large window in the gable end.

To come upon this refined, charming and distinguished building amid the ruck of Middle Western architecture with which it is surrounded, gives one a shock first of surprise and then of pleasure, and inspires the thought that if the architecture of our city streets were conceived in something of this spirit we should not have need to take ship for Europe to feed our starved eyes on beauty in ponderable forms.

Mr. Sullivan works most unerringly when most restrained by practical limitations of all sorts. Some of his interiors, particularly, robbed of their surface ornament reveal no especial graces of form or of proportion. He is inclined to create continually new shapes for cornice, bracket, shaft and capital, instead of developing and refining a few of the most rational. He furnishes a good illustration of the adage that a man's faults are his good qualities carried to excess. His admirable fecundity of invention,—the thing so lacking in most of our architects,—sometimes betrays him. This fecundity expends itself legitimately in the devising of surface ornament so beautiful, so individual, so in the best sense original that the expression "Sullivan-esque ornament," having become current in artistic circles, has given rise to the popular misapprehension that Mr. Sullivan is primarily a decorator rather than an



WHOLESALE PREMISES, CHICAGO

architect. His ornament has too exclusively engaged the attention of even his critics and commentators, who seem to regard it as his most important contribution to an American style of architecture. Mr. Sullivan himself is far from so regarding it; to him it is only a personal expression of a sense of beauty in pattern, and he is chagrined to find his ornament imitated and his architectural doctrine ignored. He says: "It would be greatly for our esthetic good if we should refrain entirely from the use of ornament for a period of years, in order that our thoughts might be concentrated acutely upon the production of buildings well formed and comely in the nude." The word "nude" gives a clue to his conception of ornament as clothing, as adornment.

Developing his thesis, he goes on to say: "We feel, intuitively, that our strong, athletic, and simple forms will carry with natural ease the raiment of which we dream, and that our buildings thus clad in garments of poetic imagery, half hid as it were in choice products of the loom and mine, will appeal with redoubled power." He contends that a building, like a person, has a certain individuality which characteristic ornament, like a characteristic dress, assists in making plain.

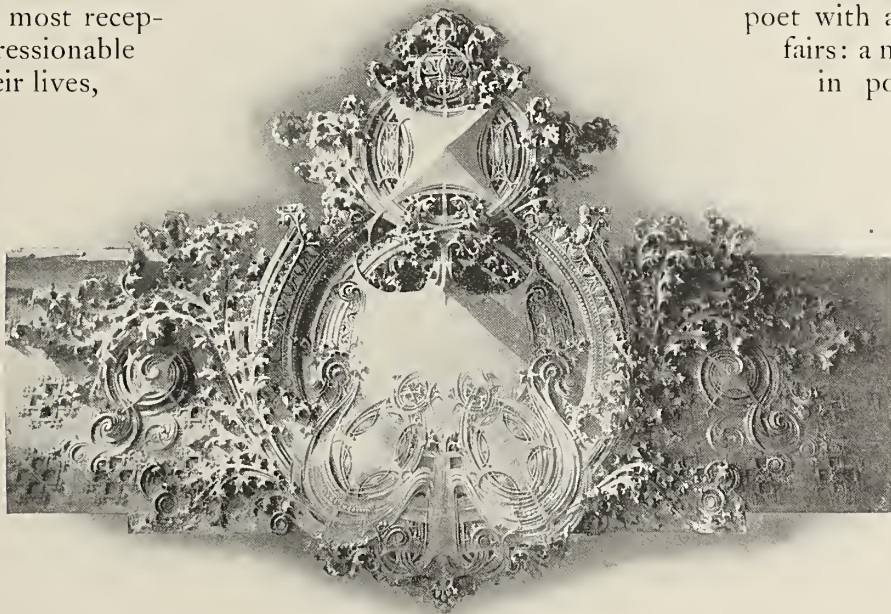
I have failed in my object if the reader has not by this time perceived that the attitude of Mr. Sullivan toward the art of which he is so distinguished a practitioner is philosophical and metaphysical to an unusual degree for one so unmistakably an artist born, because an artist usually "follows the rules without knowing them." His

philosophy, his point of view, he has embodied in a series of fifty-two co-related essays called "Kindergarten Chats," contributed some years ago to an obscure and now defunct architectural journal, and not since republished. They are addressed to the younger generation of architectural students, but of these it is doubtful if they are known to any but a small minority, and to the laity they are not known at all. Their style is redundant and discursive, they abound in excesses of language and errors of taste, but read in sequence, in a sympathetic and not a critical spirit, they are perceived to be the vehicle of a perfectly coherent philosophy of architecture, positive, reasonable, inspiring.

He defines architecture as "the need and power to build." He avers that great art is as possible today as ever, but that great art demands great men. He conceives of the architect as "a poet who uses not words but building materials as a medium of expression." Though himself a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and later a student at the École Nationale des Beaux Arts in Paris, he has nothing but contempt for the architectural colleges as at present conducted, holding that they separate young men from contact with the actual world at the most receptive and impressionable period of their lives,

alienating their sympathies from that true spirit of democracy in which alone our national salvation lies, and preoccupying their minds with bookish and archeological lore which is worse than useless in dealing with the problems which confront the modern architect. Nature, in his opinion, is the best teacher, the one infallible guide. "We in our art are to follow natural processes, natural rhythms, because these processes, these rhythms, are vital, organic, coherent, logical above all book logic, and flow uninterruptedly from cause to effect." Applying the touchstone of his philosophy to present day architecture in America, he finds little that is good, yet the future looks not unhopeful. "We are in that dramatic moment in our national life wherein we tremble evenly between decay and evolution, and our architecture, with strange fidelity, reflects the equipoise." His final note is one of optimism, of faith in the future of democracy, and in a democratic art.

These essays have the added interest of revealing the workings of an original mind as only the literary form can reveal it. Here is a man who has "alike conceived and dared," at once a logician and a mystic; practical, executive, yet tremulous with sensibility,—a poet with a turn for affairs: a man of genius, in point of fact.



An Example of Mr. Sullivan's Characteristic Ornament
(Done in Wrought Iron)

PHYSICAL changes in American cities embody tasks as complex as men bearing the name of architects have ever been called upon to solve. In the design of great railway terminals especially are the complications new and seemingly without number. The new Washington terminal is perhaps the simplest of any of these. In that city the space is not so restricted as elsewhere and, while street grades must be changed by the engineers, the architectural problem is mainly confined to one ground level. The new Pennsylvania Railroad station in New York is otherwise and is conditioned by paradoxes. A few of what may be termed its "architectural impossibilities" are these: to design a building the main floor of which is forty-two feet below the ground; to provide means for great numbers of people to traverse that distance without depending on elevators, and to do so not only conveniently but with unconscious ease; to provide entrance and egress for people and regiments of people,—yes, and for inanimate objects, no less insistent and cumbersome than trains, baggage vans, automobiles and carriages innumerable. And these, be it remembered, arrive from many directions, from under the river, from under the street and the street itself, as from subway, surface and elevated road,—from everywhere indeed but from above, whence comes alone the inspiration which shall solve these needs and blend and harmonize such various elements.

THE New York terminal is, nevertheless, a passenger station only, and as such it has at least one plea of simplicity. In Chicago thirty million dollars is announced as the appropriation which shall secure an improvement of similar importance for that city. But it is an improvement which shall also accommodate railway freight and railway storage. The Union Depot is to be enlarged as part of an improvement extending from Van Buren Street to Madison, from Clinton Street to the River. Nor is it a railway terminal alone that is to be erected. A boulevard must be spanned, a tunnel built under the river and connection made with an elevated road. Several streets must be raised, others widened,

a passenger terminal must be built, above it an eleven storey office building, adjoining it a large cold storage and supply plant and enormous bonded warehouses. All of this is to be one architectural scheme covering seven blocks; a structural undertaking which shall be done without interrupting the traffic of five trunk railroads and evading always the mischievous waters of the river. Reduced to the simplest architectural terms, it is the design of a railway terminal, an office building, a vast warehouse, a power plant and a waterfront—all rolled into one.

BUFFALO also is to have a new Union Depot whose size may be measured in a way by the fifteen millions to be spent upon it. The Jersey City terminals present the yet different problem of connecting by means of subways and tunnels the five termini now separated from New York by the ferries.

WE have seen *projects* proposed by the most imaginative of people as feats of academic design, *theses* whose scope is broad, elevating the human mind, and whose aim is that architectural concepts shall embellish lands and unite divers peoples. We remember one in particular, a proposal to academicians to unite two countries by eternalizing the traditions of each at a frontier in the Alps, to link them by a monumental structure springing from two lofty heights. Those were projects unfooted in reality and never to be built. They called on sentiment to spin a web amid the clouds. These schemes of ours here in America call to quite a different sort of fancy; that which gives quick realization. Our *projects* have been started today and are to be finished in the stone tomorrow. They link, if not separate nations, the vital parts of a great one. Daring of attempt, beneficent in their promise of convenience, they call together all the resources of modern times in a way that is keenly practical, yet in a new light, as noble and picturesque,—as poetic indeed,—as any flights of the imagination taken by the French teachers who are supposed to be leading us into the way of architecture.



THE TERRACE GARDEN OF THE VILLA TURRI-SALVIATI

House and Garden

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No. 2

THE BORDA GARDEN IN CUERNAVACA

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER

Illustrated with photographs by Henry G. Peabody

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THE climate of Mexico, with the everlasting summer that blesses the greater part of the country, particularly invites a formal treatment of the gardens. Indeed, the formal manner is what most conspicuously distinguishes the gardens of Mexico, as might be looked for in a country whose traditions in art are those of Mediterranean lands. It is the style that seems, almost naturally, and quite as a matter of course, to go with the environment that the culture and the topography confer: the stately architecture, the majestic landscape, the intensity of the sunlight and the corresponding depth of shadows, the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics. Nevertheless, the impression of formal design is not so strong upon the visitor as might be looked for under the circumstances.

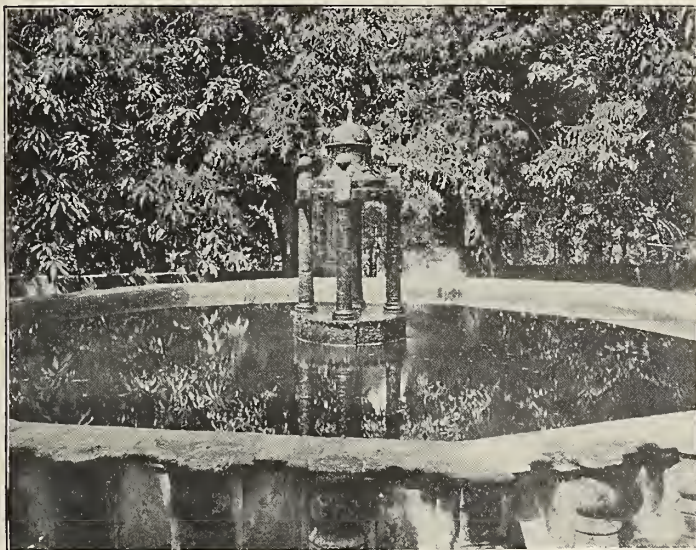
This is chiefly to be explained by the fact that in the long period of internal disorder that prevailed from the time of the separation from Spain down to the administration of President Diaz, all the esthetic considerations that had been held in regard throughout the three centuries

of Spanish rule were inevitably almost utterly neglected. With a half-century of practically incessant revolution there was little opportunity or inclination to look after these things.

The gardens of Mexico may be classed in three main divisions: Those of public places, those of ecclesiastical institutions, and those of a domestic character. These again fall into various subdivisions, in each of which much of interest is to be observed. In the ecclesiastical field the gardens of monasteries and convents, once of the highest importance in their elaboration and extent, now have little to show. With the sequestration of church property throughout Mexico these gardens are nearly all in a state of ruin or of utter abandonment. The civic gardening is the most conspicuous. Being, of course, always

in the public eye, it still has much that is admirable, although in various respects the old-time standards have been lowered.

The domestic gardening, on the other hand, would be hardly suspected of existence by a stranger, were it not for the countless enchanting glimpses through open doors and



FOUNTAIN IN THE FLOWER GARDEN, SHADED
BY MANGO TREES

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BASIN OF THE SUNKEN SECTION, LOOKING TOWARDS THE BRIDGE AND INCLINED WALK

gateways, or for the rich tresses of roses and other flowering climbers that trail along the tops of high enclosing walls. The domestic gardening is either charmingly concentrated in the *patios*, or open courts, that are a delightful feature of city houses, or is devoted to the embellishment of the enclosed areas attached to country houses or suburban dwellings.

In the suburbs of the City of Mexico there are some fine examples of the latter. But the most celebrated garden in the country is that which José de la Borda created for himself at a prodigious expense in the little city of Cuernavaca. Joseph of Bordeaux, as his name would be in English, came to Mexico early in the eighteenth century, a penniless French boy in search of a fortune. Had he come to the English colonies he would doubtless have been known as "Bordeaux Joe." Good luck allied itself with native energy; he engaged in mining, made some lucky ventures, and at last found himself a multimillionaire, in possession of one of the greatest individual fortunes that

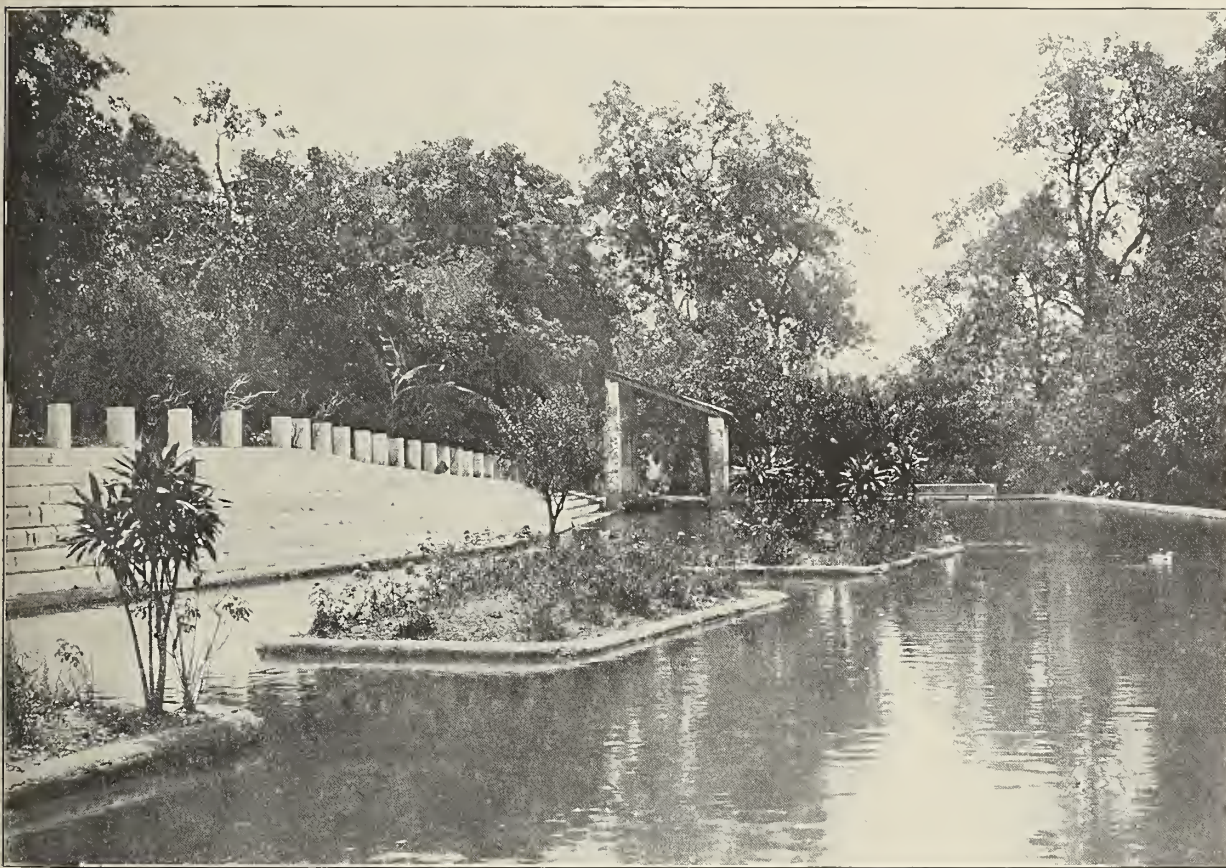
ever was accumulated in Mexico. It was probably his long and fortunate career that kept him from following the inclinations common to men of his kind—those that prompt a return to the native land to enjoy the riches gained. Borda had great mining properties in various parts of the country, and at each of these centres he built superb great churches. Like most other rich men in New Spain, he built a palatial house in the City of Mexico. Men of wealth in Mexico customarily have country homes where they spend a considerable portion of the year. Many such men have large landed interests; great estates that number their acres by the thousand, and not infrequently by the hundred thousand. When such estates are in the *tierra caliente* or the *tierra templada*, the hot country or the temperate country, they choose the winter months for their country sojourn. The capital city is in the *tierra fria*, the cold country. The term is but relative; to the Northern sense the climate is wonderfully temperate. But the

winter nights are now and then frosty where the tropical table-land is a mile and a half above sea-level. Then it is pleasant to leave the thin, crisp atmosphere for a while and luxuriate in the softer and warmer airs of lesser altitudes.

The interests of Don José were exclusively mining. Hence he had no great estate in the warm lands to retire to. It was doubtless the convenience of location that induced him to choose Cuernavaca as the site for his villa—using the word in its Roman sense. Cuer-

built a palace there, and the rich sugar-estate that he established close by the town is still owned by his heirs. When Maximilian was Emperor of Mexico he made Cuernavaca his warm-country home. Probably the happiest days of his distressful reign were those that he and Charlotte spent amid these tranquil scenes.

A native town called Guanahuac occupied the site when Cortés came thither across the lofty Cordilleras from the Valley of Mexico. Cuernavaca, meaning “cow’s horn,” is a



THE GREAT BASIN, WITH ISLANDS AND TERRACE STEPS, LOOKING SOUTH TOWARD BOAT HOUSE

navaca lay directly on the route between the capital and Tasco, to the southward, the scene of his most extensive mining interests. It therefore formed a most delightful stopping place in a fatiguing journey. Cuernavaca lies nearer the capital than any other town in the warm lands. Hence, from the very earliest days of Spanish dominion it has been in favor as a warm-weather resort. The great Conqueror himself, Hernán Cortés,

Spanish corruption of the original name. The place is now the capital of the small and wealthy State of Morelos. It stands in a superb location well down on the southern slope of the extinct volcano of Ajusco, across whose flank runs an important division of the Mexican Central system on its way to the Pacific. The town stands on a sort of promontory between two *barrancas*, or deep ravines. It is a picturesque aggregation of

red-tiled roofs; out of which rise several domes and towers. The landscape is one of the world's loveliest: the vast and fertile valley, rich with tropical cultivations, is surrounded by magnificent mountain ranges, among them the snowy peaks of some of the loftiest heights in North America. Cuernavaca is on the verge of the hot country, but really lies within the limits of the *tierra templada*, the temperate belt. The climate makes near approach to perfection. Some idea of it may be had by imagining a suc-

hurries valeward, pausing to make gardens and orchards perennially verdant on the way to its greater task of watering the vast fields below.

Such surroundings make the location an ideal one for a garden as beautiful as the hands of man can make it. When we think of Italy and its villas we appreciate that their standards are far from reached in the finest that Mexico has to show us. But the beauty of the Borda garden, even in its present state of neglect, is such that no comparisons that

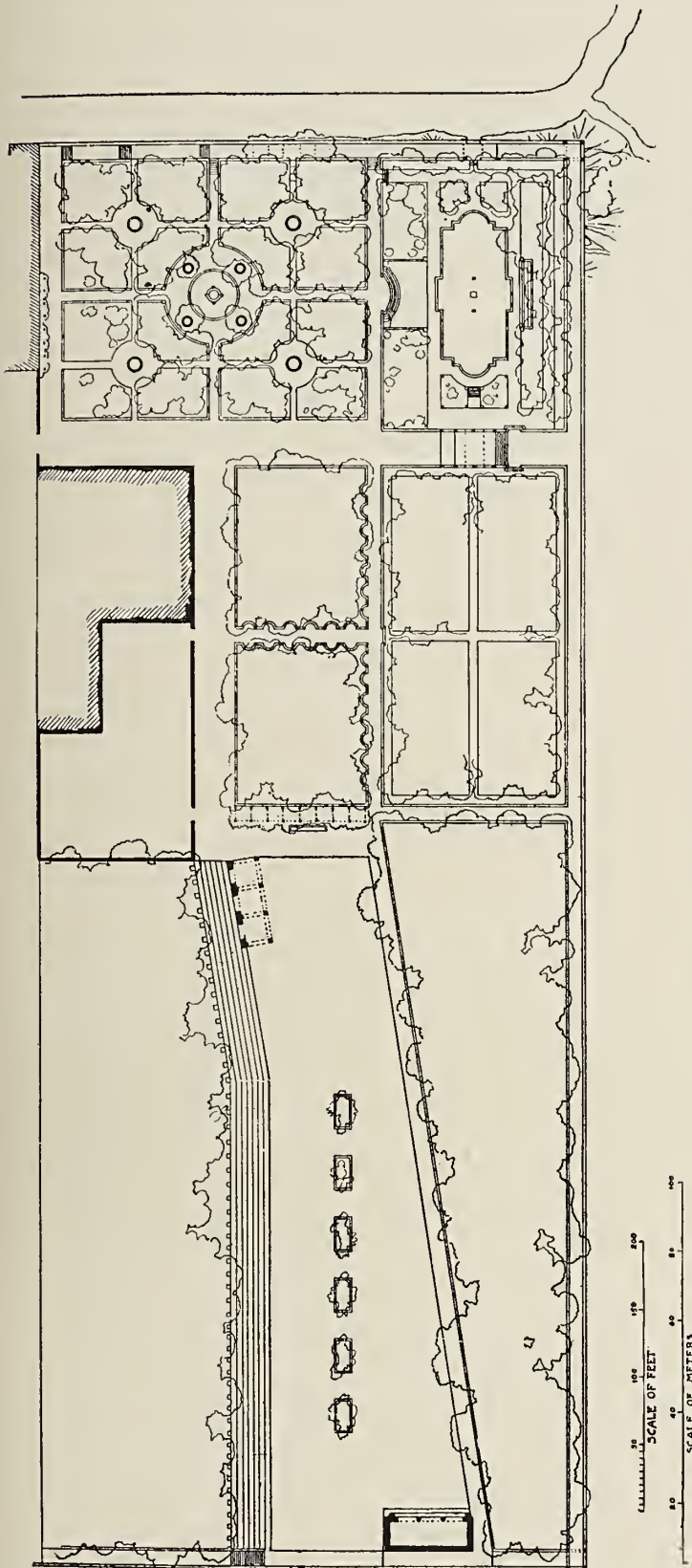


THE GREAT BASIN, WITH BOAT HOUSE AND TERRACE STEPS, LOOKING NORTH

cession of ideal days in a Northern June, prolonged indefinitely through the year. In the clear, dry air the heat is seldom oppressive; the nights bring cooling breezes that flow gently down the mountain sides, but there is never a chill in their breath. Clear water from great springs that gush from the slopes above sparkles in brooks and irrigating channels on every hand. Its friendly babble is heard everywhere as it

might be made could diminish its charm.

In view of its urban vicinage the Borda villa could hardly be called a country home. But, like many of the villas of Rome, its qualities have the restfulness that rural scenery imparts. In the presence of the glorious landscape that encloses it upon three sides it seems like a vestibule built by man for Nature's temple. The villa is well within the city, but seems not of it. The entrance



From "Spanish Colonial Architecture"

PLAN OF THE BORDA GARDEN

is not directly into the garden. One passes through a plain sort of hall, or ante-room, whose cheerless walls heighten the effect of the coming transition. A door opens and one enters upon a spacious cloistered corridor on the south side of an L of the house. This corridor appears to be the only architectural feature of the dwelling, which otherwise is very plain. Hanging in the arcade, in the pleasant Mexican fashion, are many flowering plants and cages of song-birds. The flooring of red tile is continued in a wide walk that descends by a gentle and uniform grade to the lower side of the garden. It should be said that the Borda place lies on the western side of the city, the garden located along the upper slope of the deep ravine that separates the main town from the outskirt population of San Antón, an Indian suburb where the curious Cuernavaca pottery, inlaid with bits of broken crockery, is made. Just outside the long wall on the lower side of the garden the verge of the *barranca* becomes very steep. The garden has a length of about 270 metres and a width of about 145 metres, or about 1000 by 400 feet, which gives it an area of something over nine acres.

The place has long been neglected. Its main function is now one of utility. Its present owners devote it to the cultivation of coffee, but they derive some little revenue from admission fees and photographing privileges—the latter regulated according to the size of the camera. The walks and the structural features are

kept in good condition, but the jungle of tree-growth that occupies nearly all the area outside the water-surface make the effect entirely different from what it must have been when the place was in its glory. To shade the coffee, various sorts of fruit trees have been planted all over the garden. These trees are full grown and are handsome in themselves. For the most part they are *mangos*, *aguacates*, *mameys*, and the Mexican persimmon, or *zapote prieto*. The effect of tree-growth occupying the entire garden is, of course, all too monotonous. But there is a great fascination in the melancholy charm produced by a blending of age, neglect, and decay. The vistas along the paths, with their bosky reaches of luminous shade, friendly with a softened gloom and frequently spangled with sunshine, retain many traces of the past impressiveness.

In such a climate abundant shadow is a grateful element and it was probably taken into account in the original work with plantations of trees at effective points as well as in the various structural shelters disposed here and there. But the mantle of foliage that now covers almost every part leaves no room for the desirable effects of parterres, turf, and other open features that go with a garden of the kind and which were doubtless existent when the place was in its prime. The arborescent growth, however, has by no means obliterated the effectiveness of the terraces, arcades, pergolas, arbors, basins and fountains, that still show very beautifully.

The accompanying plan of the garden was made for "Spanish-Colonial Architecture in Mexico" by Mr. Bertram G. Goodhue, the architect, on the basis of a sketch kindly furnished by Mrs. Richard Frost of Redlands, California. Mr. Goodhue had visited the garden and had carefully noted its character; hence the plan gives a fairly accurate presentment of the place. To the southward of the broad transverse walk the upper section is devoted to what appears to have originally been the flower-garden. A portion of it is still occupied by various flowering plants. There are five circular basins for fountains. Fountains and statuary were probably an important feature of the garden's embellishment. If so, however, all such work has long since disappeared, with the exception of

an exquisite temple-like structure that occupies the northeast circle, near the house.

The remainder of the part to the south of the wide walk is devoted to a sunken section with a large oblong basin for its central feature. This basin is overlooked from a terrace bordering the flower-garden, a short flight of curved steps descending in its centre. On the main axis of the basin is the arch of a bridge in the broad walk, spanning a path that traverses the section on the north. Somewhat curiously the incline is carried across the bridge to the steps just beyond.

A great basin, of an irregular geometrical shape, runs the length of the northern half of the garden. This irregularity, which is not so awkward in effect as it appears in the design, was probably determined by the contours of the ground. It seems to give the impression of a greater extent of the water-surface than a basin of regular lines would make. Even the turn in the line of the long steps of the terrace on the upper side of the basin is not without an effectiveness of its own. These steps may suggest seats for spectators at an aquatic *fiesta*—say of boating, swimming-contests, or illuminations and fireworks. An odd feature is the line of six little rectangular islets with plants and shrubbery. At the south end of the basin, adjoining the terrace, is a handsome arcaded boat-house. The views up and down the length of the basin are strikingly fine—particularly that from the pergola at the south end towards the arcaded shelter at the opposite extreme, beyond which rises the noble mountain landscape dominated by the peaks of Ajusco.

Straight walks border the garden on three sides and at the two lower corners are pavilions, or *miradores* (lookouts) rising above the high enclosing walls and commanding extensive prospects over the spacious landscape to the northward, westward and southward.

It has often been stated that Don José de la Borda expended a million dollars upon this garden. This may be an exaggeration. Labor was cheap in New Spain a century and a half ago. A million dollars would have done a tremendous amount of grading and built piles of masonry. Great sums, however, may have been laid out for works of embellishment that are no longer in evidence.

THE NEW GRAND CENTRAL STATION IN NEW YORK

DESIGNED BY WARREN & WETMORE AND REED & STEM,
ASSOCIATE ARCHITECTS

IT is impossible to form a just estimate of the extent of the revolution in transportation methods now in progress in Greater New York without a careful study of the city's map. Summed up briefly these improvements are: The new Subway now in operation throughout the greater part of its lines; the lower Manhattan-Brooklyn subway, with a connecting tunnel at the Battery under the East River, which is well under way; the McAdoo twin tunnels system under the North River, from Jersey City to Manhattan, which is half completed; a crosstown subway under Ninth Street, and a subway under Sixth Avenue, from Ninth Street to Thirty-second Street, both prolongations of the McAdoo tunnels; the Pennsylvania Railroad tunnels under the North River and the great terminal station on the west side of Manhattan, with which rapid headway is being made; and the New York Central terminal at Forty-second Street. In all of these undertakings electricity is to be the motive power. To those enumerated might fairly be added the projected terminal of the Erie Railroad in Hoboken, on which \$8,000,000 is to be expended.

The plans of the New York Central terminal are now in the hands of the city authorities, by whom they must be approved because they involve the closing of certain streets. The station is designed by Messrs. Warren & Wetmore and Messrs. Reed & Stem, associate architects. The existing station building, which is less than eight years old, will be done away with almost entirely. It occupies an area of about five blocks. In its stead there will be a terminal covering nineteen city blocks between Forty-second and Fifty-seventh Streets and Madison and Lexington Avenues.

The station proper, together with post office and express buildings, will cover the blocks between Vanderbilt and Lexington Avenues from Forty-third to Forty-fifth Streets, inclusive, and the block fronting on Forty-second

Street between Vanderbilt Avenue and Depew Place. Its longitudinal axis will be on the centre line of Park Avenue. The buildings will be set back about forty feet from the building line of Forty-second Street and about seventy feet from that of Vanderbilt Avenue, so as to give the effect of 140 feet open space on the south frontage and 130 feet open space on the west frontage. In addition to the public streets, there will be connections by ample private roadways and walks to Madison Avenue on the west and Lexington Avenue on the east.

The tracks are so disposed that the suburban trains will be on a lower level than the express trains. The suburban concourse will provide for nine tracks. The express concourse will be slightly depressed below the street level and will provide for forty-three tracks in all, with platforms so connected by subways and elevators that there will be no need to cross the tracks in transferring baggage, mails and express matter.

The architecture of the station is of a simple Renaissance type and is a distinct departure from the usual styles employed in American station buildings. The exterior may be divided into three elements, which are also essential components of the plan, the ticket lobby, the concourse, and the office building.

The ticket lobby is a large room, 300 x 90 feet, which serves as the entrance to all parts of the buildings. The entrance to this room is through three arches, each about 33 feet in diameter and 60 feet high. These entrances are separated by pairs of Doric columns, placed free standing. As departing passengers must enter here, added emphasis has been given to this exterior by placing here the only decorative features of the building. Over the central archway there will be a large clock surmounted by a colossal group of figures symbolizing Progress. The clock face will be fourteen feet in diameter, and from its commanding position will be readily seen from all

points in the street. At the left and the right of the outer archways are immense pylons, consisting of large tablets of marble, on which will be inscribed in bronze letters the names of stations on the New York Central lines. At the base of these shafts will be escutcheons bearing on one side the shield of the City of New York and on the other the coat of arms of the State. These devices will be supported by suitable symbolic figures.

The concourse is treated with three simple, massive arches of stone at each end, over which the whole space will be taken up by a window entirely of metal. These three arches serve as the exit for incoming express passengers.

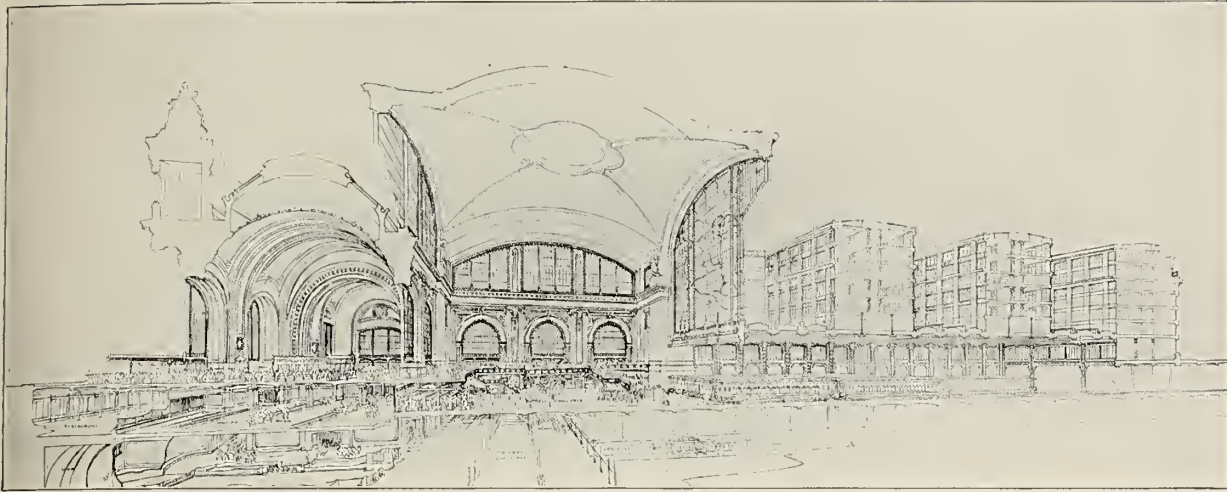
The office building which is directly north of the concourse, after the approved type of office building, consists merely of large metal and glass openings separated by masonry piers. The whole building—ticket lobby, concourse and office building—is tied together by a simple classical structure. The chief characteristic of the building is that iron and stone are used together in a larger and more extensive manner than in any similar type of structure yet built or contemplated.

The ticket lobby is to be entirely a stone room, except for the bronze and glass decorations in the twelve openings which form penetrations in the ceiling. Its treatment is severely simple and dignified. The tickets for all lines using the terminal will be sold from a central booth. Because of the great size of the room it is possible to have a booth with circulation on all sides. Baggage will be checked at the east end of the room, and at piers around the room will be located the telephone and telegraph booths, parcel check rooms, newspaper stands, etc. From this main lobby the passenger can go to any train, to the baggage rooms, and to transact all business before boarding his train.

Passing from the ticket lobby to the gallery, two twenty-five-foot stairways lead to the express concourse. This room, like the ticket lobby, is to be entirely of stone and marble, except that the ceiling will be more freely treated. On the four sides of the room will be windows, 160 x 60 feet in size. These will be segmental headed and will have in colored glass upon them maps of the various railroad lines connecting with the Vanderbilt system.



A PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE NEW STATION



A SECTIONAL VIEW

Taken Across the Lobby and Waiting-Room, and Showing the Stub Tracks and the Loop for Suburban Trains

South of this concourse are the waiting-rooms, with the restaurant adjoining.

This concourse level is fifteen feet below the street level, and still lower is the tier of suburban tracks. The suburban tracks are reached by two twenty-five-foot stairways, which start from the ticket lobby and have an intermediate landing at the level of the express concourse. These stairways are for departing passengers only. At the south end of the suburban concourse are an incline and a stairway, which discharge the incoming suburban passengers upon the sidewalk outside the building. There can be no mixing of incoming and outgoing crowds. The incoming express passengers are discharged by a twenty-five-foot stairway leading from the west end of the express concourse upon an

arrival gallery, 40 x 160 feet, at Forty-third Street and Vanderbilt Avenue, by subways at Forty-third Street and Madison Avenue and at Forty-third and Lexington Avenue, and by a direct passage sent to the Rapid Transit Subway station on Forty-second Street.

The plans, as studied, provide not only at present for a 43-track station, but for an enlargement in the future to a 51-track station without in any way disturbing or altering in the least any part of the structure.

To the north of the concourse are the company's offices. The entrances are at the two corners of the building at Forty-fifth and Park Avenue. They are built around a large court, thus providing light for each office and permitting a strong natural light in the higher part of the train room.



In a Garden at Granada



THE FLOWER GARDEN



The Garden from the Porch

“MORETON”

THE RESIDENCE OF MR. F. E. SIDNEY, F.S.A., AT HAMPSTEAD, LONDON

IN the comprehension of the average Londoner, Hampstead is usually connected with nothing more than steep hills and the breezy heath, where cockneys spend their holiday hours and holiday money. Of the few who still delight in the old-fashioned village and its eighteenth century red brick houses are those unaware that, hidden in one of the old byways, is to be found a house which, but for the quickly gathering city grime, might have been bodily transplanted from the great limestone belt which runs across England from east to west, from Lincolnshire to the Cotswolds; for over this house and

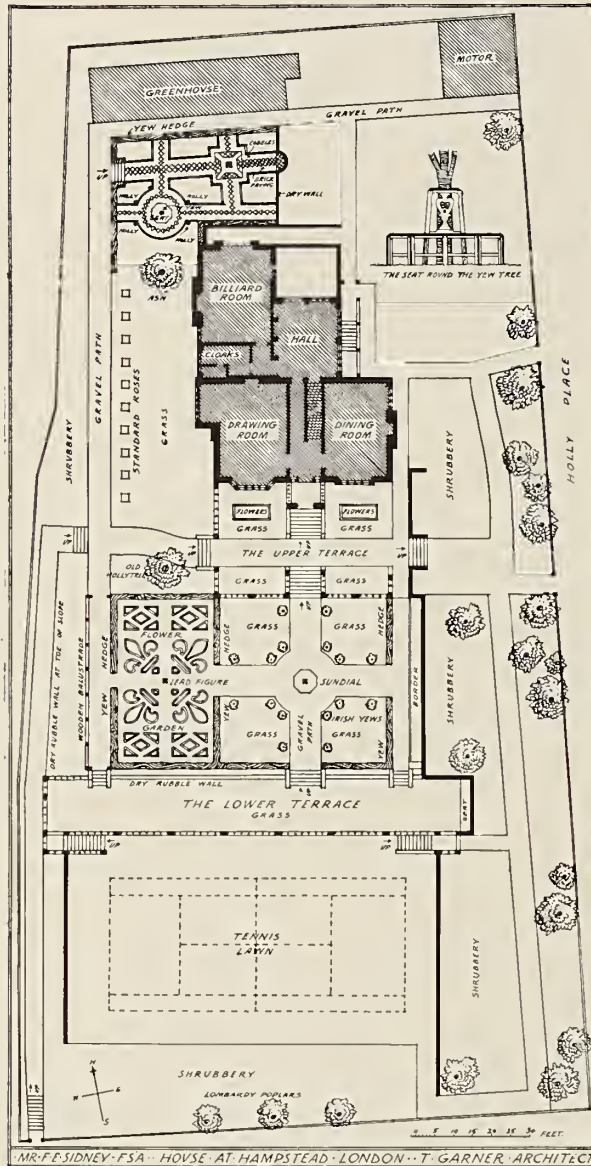
the garden in which it stands there seem to fall something of the quiet and dignity which are the universal possession of the old stone-built manors with which the district referred to abounds.

Moreton is built with rough-cast walls and stone trimmings in that transitional style which marks the earliest influence of the Italian Renaissance in England—Gothic, almost, in its constructional scheme and modified only in its decorative parts by the new method.

The wisdom of introducing so extraneous a treatment into what is after all a town plot, among houses, most of them, both old and



VIEW FROM THE EAST SHRUBBERY



PLAN OF THE HOUSE AND GROUNDS

new, built of brick, is not at once apparent; but the actual circumstances of the case justified the course taken, for, in the first place, not only was it the desire of the owner to have a Tudor-built house and a formal garden, but the ground, as it will be perceived, was peculiarly adapted to terracing and formalism, and in addition, by reason of its sharp declivities and existing trees, could be made to be almost completely self-contained. The only distant outlook, that to the southwest, is an uninterrupted one over the whole of Western London as far as the hills on the further side of the Thames Valley.

This power to neglect environment must in a sense have made the problem a simpler one than would have been presented if adjoining buildings had pressed upon the view and their color and arrangement demanded consideration; the result therefore which the owner and Mr. Thomas Garner, the architect, have worked together to produce is entirely satisfactory both within and without. Mr. Sidney has furnished the interior in closest sympathy with the whole architectural treatment and has made it as well a veritable treasure house of art. With good specimens of Fra Angelico, of Bellini, Perugino, Lucas Cranach, to mention only a few of the Dutch and Italian masters on the walls, and a splendid sequence of Old English furniture and china, Swiss and German painted glass to interest and distract, a due subordination in the architectural fittings was only to be expected—in the ceilings alone, perhaps, is an exception to this rule to be found. These have been left exactly as they came from the modeler's hand, and being, therefore, unwhitened,



WOODEN ORNAMENT OF A WALK



A LEADEN FIGURE IN THE GARDEN



THE SOUTHERN FRONT OF THE HOUSE



A VISTA ALONG A BOUNDARY WALK



A LIVING ROOM OF THE HOUSE

have upon them the texture and mellow color which plaster will acquire when left to itself. Externally, attention is at once drawn to the small niche above the entrance, where stone figures of Mary and Jesus, with a tiny lamp burning at their feet, seem to lead up insensibly to the Madonnas and Saints to be seen within—over the door, too, and on a shield of arms is the inscription “God is al in al things,” borrowed from the well-known Little Moreton Hall in Cheshire, the home of Mr. Sidney’s



A SHROPSHIRE FOUR-POSTER

ancestors. The terraces of the garden are each bounded by a stone balustrade. The balusters are widely spaced, an arrangement for which there is ample authority in early garden work, and their light and delicate character is a studied and effective contrast to the obvious solidity of the house. Under the upper terrace is a square compartment with sun-dial and Irish yews ranged around, and to the west a flower parterre with box-edged beds, and for central feature a charming



THE DESCENT TO THE TENNIS LAWN

figure of gilded lead. Below these a broad grassed terrace sets astride the site and overlooks the tennis lawn some eight feet below.

At the back of the house a little garden, of simple materials and clever welding together of existing trees, has turned an unpromising piece of ground into a pretty scheme where paved and cobbled paths divide the box-bordered beds. Around the fine old yew tree at a crossing of the



UNDER THE OLD HOLLY TREE

walks is a seat, fashioned of simple staves against the bole, and a yew hedge encloses all. This will, when fully grown, shut in this tiny lay-out from the surrounding work. On the side nearest the public thoroughfare rising banks of shrubbery and trees blot out adjoining buildings and give a privacy which is effectual even in winter. By this means the entire property is bound together and made into a harmonious whole. M. B.

THE VILLA TURRI-SALVIATI

By B. C. JENNINGS-BRAMLY

Illustrated with Photographs by Arthur Murray Cobb

AMONG the many smiling seventeenth century villas that look down on Florence from her surrounding circle of hills, Villa Turri-Salviati, almost alone, frowns stern and severe, telling of an earlier time, when it was well that the great Florentine families had strong walls behind which to retire, for to belong to a great house meant to be of one or other of the factions that fought for mastery during the

first centuries of the Republic, before the strong grip of the Medicean tyranny had quelled the turbulent spirits of the citizens.

In 1100 a fortified *castello* belonging to the Montegonzi is known to have stood on the site of the present villa, and this was sold in 1450 to Signore Alemanno Salviati. At that time it was described as a strong castle with towers and battlements, and from its likeness to his work at Cafaggiolo and Careggi it is more than probable that the alterations which Salviati carried out in the building, were confided to Michelozzi and designed by him with a due regard to a maintenance of the strength of the place. It stands above San Domenico, a square building rising high to its machicolated battlements, covered by a pent roof, forming

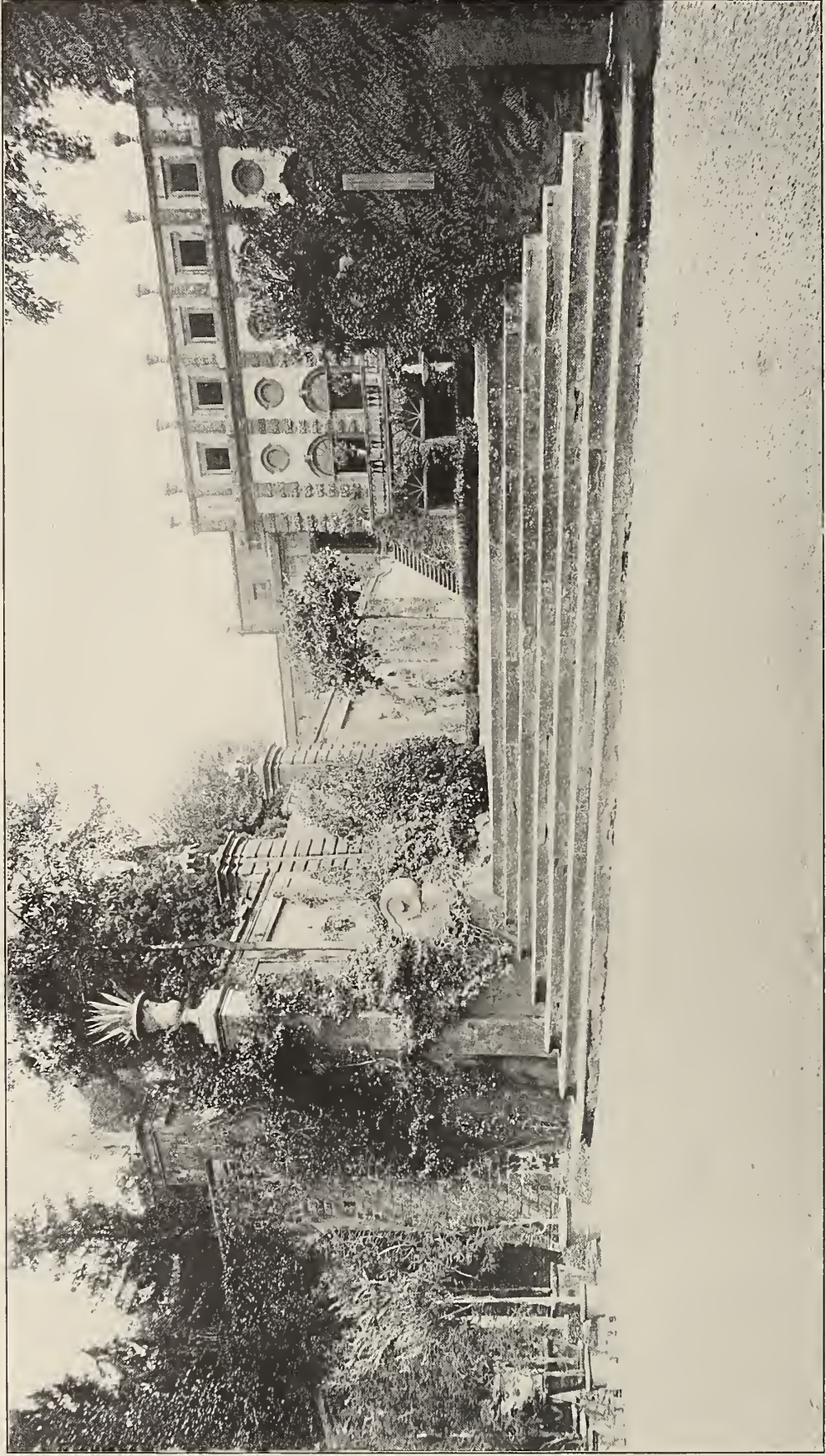


THE ENTRANCE TO THE VILLA

down the very steep hill till it reaches the banks of the Mugnone, the stream which flows at the bottom of the valley.

To the west the square of the fortress has attached to it a lower building, machicolated and with towers rising to the north and south. The centre of this is an open *cortile* above and round three sides of which runs a closed-in gallery, supported on columns which form a loggia in the *cortile* below. This *cortile* is entered by gates facing west. The house was partly burnt down in 1529, when many pictures were destroyed. It is possible that this *cortile* was an addition made when the fortress was rebuilt, at a time when the question of strength was of no such paramount importance.

an allure, or covered passage, round the crenelated walls. The house maintains its fortress-like aspect untouched on its eastern side, where no gardens, no trees soften the severity of the lines. The very few heavily barred windows open irregularly above the sloping bastion wall and look down upon a narrow grass-covered terrace bordered by a stone parapet. Another bastion supports this terrace and then the *podere* runs



A VIEW FROM THE LOWER GARDEN

An addition of still later date is a long building joined to the villa at right angles and running the whole length of the garden to the north. Part of it is taken up by rooms and it ends in an eighteenth century rococo orangery and clock tower ornamented with stucco vases.

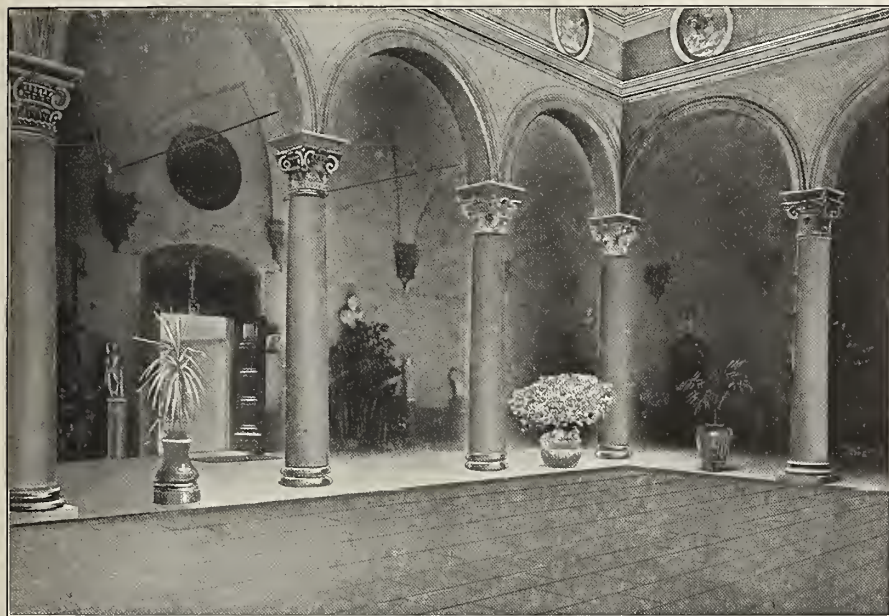
The gardens were laid out in 1509 by Jacopo Salviati and remain as he planned them. They cover a long and wide terrace stretching 200 yards from the western walls of the house to a wood which covers the hill of La Pietra, a village three miles out of Florence. The wide length of the terrace is divided in two by a little garden on a lower

largest carries a statue of a Jupiter Tonans standing on a high pedestal decorated with rams' heads, and forms the centre of the terrace near the house. Behind this Jupiter, against the wall of the wing, there is a graceful statue of a youth playing with a swan backed by a grotto of *rocaille* from which water flows into a semicircular basin; but neither of these fountains has the delicate charm of the one in the spring garden below.

The flowers are laid out in a symmetrical pattern. Bushes of oleander, mimosa and pomegranates, some fine standard magnolias, a Japan medlar or two, have here and there outgrown the limits originally assigned to

them, two fine *illexes*, clipped though they be, have spread their branches wider than was thought of in the original design, and a magnificent *deodar* was certainly not in Jacopo Salviati's plan, but these are the only changes.

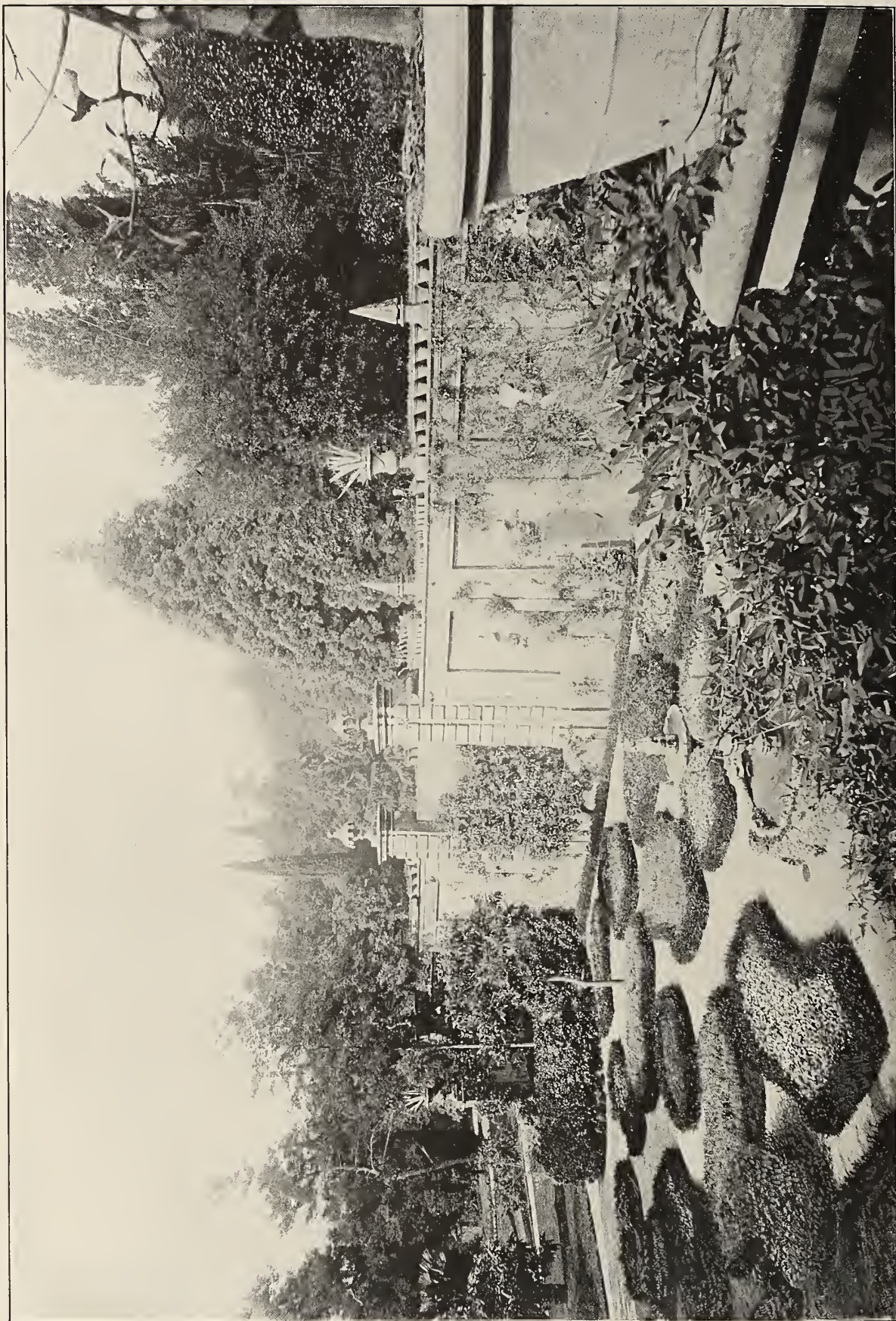
Sauntering in and out of the intricacies of those very beds, or leaning on the stones of that very balustrade, Jacopo Salviati may have received the news on that 12th of Sep-



THE COURT OF THE VILLA

level, which cuts in, narrow and long, protected on three sides by the creeper-covered walls of the terrace above; a garden in which pansies, forget-me-nots, tulips, and *silene rosea* grow, sheltered from every breath of cold wind, in formal beds round a little marble fountain. Busts of classically beautiful unknown celebrities look down from brackets on the wall. A charming little nook this, charming to look down upon from the stone balustrade of the terrace above, a pattern in bright colors, outlined by the dark green of box borders, round the graceful fountain splashing and sparkling in the sunlight. There are several other fountains on the terrace, the

tember, 1512, of the return, and the return in power of the Medici, after an exile of eighteen years. The Medici and Salviati were connected. A daughter of Lorenzo il Magnifico married a Salviati, and her daughter was soon to take Giovanni dei Medici (delle Bande Nere) to husband and to become the mother of Cosimo, first of the seven Medicean Grand Dukes. But still, there was that about the return of the Medici, after the horrors of the sack of Prato, that may have led Jacopo to look down the valley and measure the distance between his fortress-like villa and those gates of Florence: gates which the power of Spain had opened for the returning tyrants, and con-



THE TERRACE GARDEN AND THE LEMON HOUSE

gratulate himself that three good miles of hill separated him from the mob, even now shouting their welcome to Giovanni and Giuliano, Lorenzo and Giulio, Ippolito and Alessandro.

Just as it was then, the terrace garden remains, but below against the terrace wall we come to an eighteenth century *rocaille* fountain, the water flowing down artificial rocks into a large semicircular basin, round which a narrow bed is bright with every shade of glowing petunias. Besides these, and in contrast to their hot red colors, spiky aloes stretch their cold grey leaves from the rocks. A palm or two grow beside the fountain, tall

San Domenico rises gently to the level of the little town, and between these two spurs Florence, three miles off in the valley, basks in the sunlight, beautiful from whatever point seen.

The villa is approached by a carriage drive which winds through the wood, edging the Bolognese road. The road to Florence, through San Domenico, may be shorter, but the steepness of the hill down to the valley and up again renders it impracticable. The woods through which the drive passes are of thickly grown ilexes, throwing a dense shadow on the road cut through them. Here and there you reach a grass opening; round some

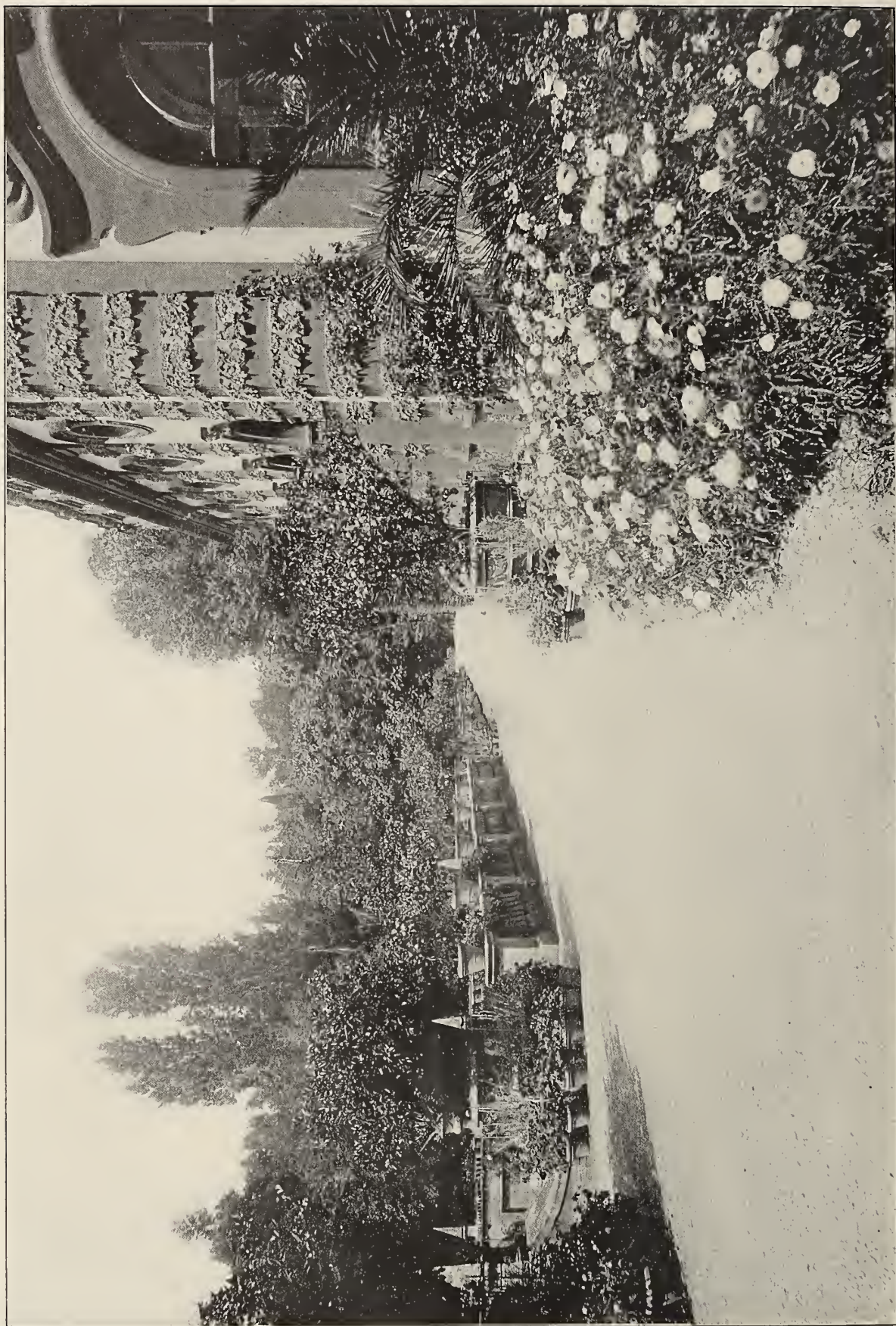


THE STABLES AND THE LEMON HOUSE

enough to wave their topmost branches above the balustrade, at this point almost hidden under a wealth of creepers, among which the flower of the honeysuckle scents the air.

Beyond this fountain, what was once *podere* is being converted into pleasure grounds of a less conventional, more modern type than are the beautiful gardens above. Grass slopes, shaded by clumps of shrubs, lead down to a small lake. The high ground to the west, tree-covered, stretches in an undulating line of dark green against the sky; a line pierced here and there by the spear-like point of the taller cypresses. To the east the hill leading up to

flowering shrub or fine deodar, rhododendron and standard camellias bloom here in spring protected from every breath of the *tramontana* by the trees around. The drive emerges at the far end of the terrace and runs in a perfectly straight line to the gates of the *cortile*, bordered to the north by the buildings of the wing, and to the south by a long row of lemon trees in pots, the pedestals of which stand in beds of violets and lilies-of-the-valley. Here, as elsewhere in Florentine gardens, quantities of gardenias and carnations are grown in pots and put out in the summer. Of special beauty are two huge bushes of



THE TERRACE BESIDE THE LEMON HOUSE

hydrangea covered with bloom—among the largest I have ever seen.

One is grateful that the Villa Turri-Salviati has become the property of those who know how to preserve its characteristics. Villa and garden have been left as they were. The additions made at different periods, none later, luckily, than the eighteenth century, have remained untouched. Good taste has furnished the rooms, not with a museum-like accuracy, in the style of any particular period, but with things fine, sombre, massive, in keeping with the huge vaulted rooms, the thick fortress-like walls and the heavily barred windows. Dark wood, rich brocade, the subdued glow of some fine old pictures, these give the right note of simple grandeur. And withal, comfort has not been sacrificed to picturesqueness, for the rooms are thoroughly liveable.

It would be strange if a house inhabited for centuries by one of the great Italian families had not its gruesome tale of dramatic crime to tell. The history of the Salviati proves them to have been in no way behind their contemporaries in such matters, but their history concerns us in so far only as it deals with that of the villa. This, however, was the scene of the last act of a tragedy which can hold its own for horror among the many tales of terror of the time. At the beginning of the seventeenth century the villa belonged

to another Jacopo Salviati, Duke of San Giuliano, who married Veronica Cybo, daughter of the Prince Massa of Carrara. The match was a brilliant one, but the bride ill-favored, proud and hard of heart, and so it came to pass that Jacopo sought elsewhere that which was lacking in his own household and found it in the exquisite beauty, the charm and sweetness of one Caterina di S. Brogi, married to, but separated from her husband, a man thirty-three years older than herself.

The beautiful Catherine may have been boastful. Anyhow all Jacopo's endeavors to keep the knowledge of his infidelity from his wife proved vain. Following Catherine into a church one day, the Duchess threatened her with a terrible vengeance if she did not give up Jacopo, but the girl, trusting in her powerful lover's protection, scoffed at these threats.

Some days passed. The Duchess laid her plans. She sent for a stepson of Caterina's, one Bartolommeo Canacci, and found him a willing tool. From her father's court at Massa two men were sent to her, two of those *sicarij* or *bravi*, hangers-on of every Italian court of that date, ready to do her bidding, whatever it might be.

On the night of the 31st of December, 1633, Caterina was sitting in her house in the Via dei Pilastri, with two young men, friends of



THE PLANTING BESIDE A GARDEN WALL



THE FAÇADE OF THE LEMON HOUSE

the Duke, when a knock was heard at the street door. The maid, before pulling the string that would lift the latch, asked who was there; the voice of her mistress' stepson reassured her and she opened. Bartolommeo's part in the tragedy was now played. It was not he, but the two *bravi* who rushed up the stairs, dashed past the terrified servant into the room where poor Caterina stood alone and defenceless, for the two young men who had been with her had fled at the first sound. In a moment the assassins had struck her down. Across the narrow street, from a window opposite, as they declared in their evidence at the trial, those two young men who had not lifted a finger to save her, watched the murder of Caterina. They saw her head cut off, saw the lovely body being mutilated, and then that something had interrupted the ghastly work, for suddenly, shouldering the body and carrying the head with them, the murderers fled.

Next morning was the first day of the New Year. It was a *fiesta* and to be kept in becoming wise at the villa on the hill. No doubt Jacopo meant that it should not pass without his feasting his eyes on the sweet face of his lovely mistress. It was a *fiesta* and he must wear full dress and with it the wide lace collar of the period. That morning the Duchess saw to this herself. The basket in which these laces were spread was sent to him from her apartment; it was placed beside him by one of her women. No presentiment of the horror that lay concealed under those fair laces warned him. He lifted them up and there before his horror-struck eyes lay the beautiful face of which he had but then been dreaming. The head severed from the trunk was cushioned in its wealth of ruddy hair

which had been so arranged as to hide the ghastly wound. The Duchess had herself seen to this. She was not jealous of the dead.

A trial followed, but as an Italian historian says: "As usual, the web of justice only caught flies." The Duchess sought safety in her father's palace at Massa. The assassins escaped. Bartolommeo Canacci, perhaps the least guilty of all, was executed on the gates of the Bargello and then the matter was forgotten. But the fair Catherine still haunts the villa. Some nights in the year a strange sound, as of something rolling on the floor, is heard. It is said to be her head, which was never found and whose burial place is not known. In the "*Libro dei Morti dell' Arte dei Medici e Speziali*," there is an entry dated January 2nd, 1633, which says "*Maria Caterina di Giustino Canacci trovatasi in Arno, senza testa e manco una coscia, seppellita in Santa Lucia sul Prato a di 2.*"

Veronica Cybo lived to a good old age and died in Rome. Whether she and her husband ever forgot and forgave we do not know. Probably they did. Jacopo Salviati seems to have continued to live in friendly relations with her family, for in 1659 he entertained her brother, Cardinal Alderano, up at the villa. It continued to belong to the Salviati until 1844, when the three grandsons and heirs of the Duchessa Anna Salviati, widow of Prince Marc' Antonio Borghese, sold it to Mr. Vansittart, an Englishman. More than twenty years after it was bought by the Marchese di Candia (Mario) and his wife Grisi.

Later on a Dane, Mr. Hagermann, purchased the property, and in June, 1902, his heirs sold it to Signor Turri, its present proprietor.

THE RELATIONS OF SPECIALISTS TO ARCHITECTS¹

BY EDGAR V. SEELER.

IN attempting to discuss the relations of specialists to architects, a difficulty at once presents itself in the varying factors of the professional equipment of the architect, the personal qualifications of both the architect and the specialist, as well as in the particular work which the specialist is called upon to do.

An architect of large and constant practice can afford to have complete or approximately complete provisions in his own office, for every department of work covered by his practice. This is necessarily an expensive service to maintain, but the conditions are ideal for the execution of the best work. In such a case, the controlling head employs only such specialists as assistants who will do his bidding in their relatively subordinate places, or whose independent work can be relied upon to conform to the known traditions of the office. It is possible also that the designers in the more purely architectural departments be given a general oversight of the allied departments. Offices of this importance, however, are extremely few.

There is a second and larger class of offices, in which the conditions of American practice warrant the maintenance of a construction department, equal to the special as well as ordinary problems of steel skeleton and heavy building, in addition to the necessary departments of design. The constructive engineer is generally capable of dealing with the mechanical problems of heating and ventilation, power plants and electrical installations.

But by far the largest class is obliged to have not only the problems of special construction and mechanical engineering solved by specialists employed temporarily, but in common with the second class, also problems of sanitation, landscaping, interior decoration, models of ornament, and such other work as general practice implies. In this class, the smaller the practice the greater is the difficulty of securing the assent of the client to the extra fee which the employment of the specialist necessitates, and it may be added, the greater the difficulty of the architect to secure a satisfactory specialist.

With the growing importance of the specialist, the acknowledgment that he has come to be a necessity, emphasized by such statements as that in the schedule of charges endorsed by the American Institute of Architects, which provides that his services are to be paid for by the owner in addition to the fee paid the architect, contains a germ of harm to the best interests of the architect, in so far as it encourages too great independence on the part of the specialist. For the prime requisite toward the ultimate success of any building is that the architect, either in person or by a responsible deputy, shall be in full control of every individual item which goes to make his building a complete whole.

It may be generally admitted that the engineering specialists are much more tractable as associates than those specialists whose work requires a more definite artistic sense. The really capable engineer has no sentiment of hurt pride in admitting that he knows little of art.

It is also probably true, on the other hand, that the artist's distaste for engineering makes it easier for the engineer to accomplish his purpose, so that in designing, the architect is more willing to make concessions to the engineer or to meet him half way, than if the engineer presumed beyond his true sphere. The architect comes to know after very little experience that heat flues, steam pipes, electric conduits, plumbing lines, demand space for their proper operation, and he allows for them, even though vaguely.

Again, it must be remembered that the engineering expert, whatever his particular branch, is not always capable of determining just what is meant by plans, nor of seizing at once the particular object which the architect wishes to accomplish. If the engineer is lazy or set in his ways, he is prone not to devote any more time to such work than is actually necessary to accomplish his own results, irrespective of their artistic merits.

The architect, therefore (and this cannot be urged too strongly), must in self-defense exercise a close supervision over the work of the

¹ A paper read at the Annual Convention of the American Institute of Architects.

engineering expert. He will require tact and persistency, in order to get the most out of the ingenuity which the engineering expert frequently possesses. He must, in every case, have it definitely understood that no work in those departments is to be finally determined without reference to him for its ultimate effect in the sum total of his building.

The landscape architect, the interior decorator, the glass designer, being men in whom the artistic sense is indispensable, are perhaps the most difficult of all to control; the more so that their functions are in many ways as important as that of the architect himself. Fortunately, these experts are much less fractious now than they were ten years ago, but the lack in each is usually due to a misapprehension of the relation which his work should bear to the building of which it is an adjunct.

It is a pity to have to admit that many architects do not consider the setting of their buildings, nor the treatment of interiors as an integral part of their design. It is a greater pity that many architects are not qualified to determine such questions. For such architects little respect can be anticipated from the specialist. The architect is of no help to him, and is not sensitive enough to appreciate the work of the specialist. The incentive to the best effort is absent.

On the other hand, where an architect has mastered, if only in a general way, the principles of good design, where he has a clear conception of his completed work, he should have no difficulty in modestly but firmly impressing his convictions upon the specialist.

The term "landscape architect" is an anomaly. The chief service of the landscape architect—since it seems to be the only term available—is to apply his knowledge of planting, of the growth, form and color of vegetable life, to the details of the general scheme of grounds or setting, which has been correlated to the building and developed in its architectural parts by the architect himself. The landscape architect should not be called upon to determine whether gardens shall be sunken or raised; whether walls, balustrades, dials, and such accessories shall be of one mass and design or another, of one material or another; whether the formal gar-

den shall be in this axis or that, or off axis altogether; this is the duty of the architect. The service of the landscape architect should mean advice in the choice of plants, in the relative value of trees, shrubbery and vines, in the planting of lawns and hedges, and in those items which are the result of special nature study and intimate living with nature.

Regarding the interior decorator, there is no possible slaughter worse than that he can accomplish, and usually does accomplish, with an otherwise harmless if not entirely wholesome architectural interior. And with the interior decorator may almost be classed, in ruthless disregard of architectural principles, the artist of eminence to whom is entrusted the picture panels. Puvis de Chavannes is almost the only modern who has realized the dignity of his work, and it is an open question whether, in the one or two examples of his work which we have the good fortune to possess in America, he would not have changed his color scheme could he have seen its surroundings in advance.

Of designers in glass and mosaic, how many can be trusted undirected with a work of importance, without the risk of their introducing an irrelevant style or an inharmonious color note?

The only guarantee of the perfect working out of these various parts in the make-up of a building lies first, in the education of the architect whereby he himself is competent to conceive, to express and to execute, or to select from around him those who can do so; and second, in the untiring supervision of his executants.

An interesting side of all this is that the intelligent specialist, whatever his work, is usually willing and desirous that general lines shall be laid down for him. He knows that his work thus gains in dignity, grows more interesting in variety, and helps more in the accomplishment of a unified result than would be possible under any other circumstances.

There is no reason in the world other than deficiency of some sort on the part of the architect, why the architect and the specialist should not work side by side in entire harmony under the acknowledged leadership of the architect and the willing acquiescence of the specialist.

HOUSES WITH A HISTORY

THE HORNER HOUSE AT MELLS

BY MAHLON STACY

“THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.” It is also a portion of the “plum” that little Jack Horner extracted with his thumb from the famous Christmas pie, according to the familiar rhyme of our nursery days.

Few people perhaps know that the “Mother Goose Melodies” are anything more than a collection of rather meaningless folk-lore nursery rhymes, which the Boston printer, Fleet, first published either to ridicule his mother-in-law, Elizabeth Vergoose, or perhaps with an eye to the profits he actually realized from the sale of the publication. And the old lady, when she sang “Little Jack Horner” and “The House that Jack Built” to her little grandson, no doubt would have been vastly astonished if she had been told she was amusing the infant Fleet with two political lampoons of the sixteenth century. Yet so it was, and she was singing about a person who really had lived and whose doings these doggerel verses were intended to satirize.

The house built by John Horner at Mells in the South of England is still owned and occupied by his descendants of the same name. The story of the Christmas pie, which was the basis of his fortune, has been handed down through the successive generations of the family he founded, and it runs as follows: During the time when the monastic establishments in England were being suppressed by Henry VIII., and their property seized, John Horner is said to have been connected in some lay capacity with a certain wealthy monastery. The abbot, fearing a descent of the crown officers and wishing to place the title deeds of the monastery lands beyond their reach, caused to be made the empty pastry shell of a large venison pie; placing within it, instead of the usual contents, the parchment documents which represented the monastery’s wealth and which in those days constituted the proof of ownership, titles not being recorded, but the actual possession of the deeds being essential evidence of claim. This pie

with its valuable contents was intrusted to John Horner to be delivered, ostensibly as a Christmas gift, to some monkish brethren at a distance, in whose possession it was fondly hoped the deeds might be safely and secretly kept until the troublous times which were beginning for the Roman Catholic Church of England should be overpast. It is uncertain whether Horner knew of the ruse, or whether in ignorance of it he only suspected that the pie was not all it pretended to be, and proceeded to investigate in the natural manner indicated in the nursery rhyme by prying up the lid of the pastry with his thumb. At all events, instead of taking the pastry to its destination, he turned the deeds over to the officers of the crown, who proceeded to dispossess the monks and confiscate the monastic property, Horner receiving his share of the spoils. He is said to have been afterwards a crown officer himself. Perhaps he was so at the beginning and not connected with the monastery at all, only by a lucky stroke coming across the bearer of the pie in transit and divining what might be the real significance of his errand. At all events, the “plum” that fell to his share out of the famous Christmas pie seems to have been substantial and succulent, and was the foundation of his family fortunes.

As to “the house that Jack built,” it appears to have had a very handsome church attached as a salve to the conscience, in the manner of the time, for having been concerned in diverting from the old church a large sum of which the builder had no scruple to keep a good proportion in his own pockets. The significance is doubtless now irretrievably lost of the malt and the rat, the dog and the cat, the cow with the crumpled horn, the man all tattered and torn, the maiden all forlorn, and the priest all shaven and shorn, which we read about in the little ballad. We might make a shrewd guess as to the man and the maid, perhaps as to the milking of the cow, and especially as to the

shaving and shearing of the priest; but the rest of it is now too obscure to throw much light on after the lapse of more than four centuries. The tradition as to the facts has, however, been kept in the Horner family in England, and the house still stands at Mells in excellent preservation.

with an eye to the main chance, who saw an opportunity to turn an honest penny and to retaliate upon his wife's mother at the same time.

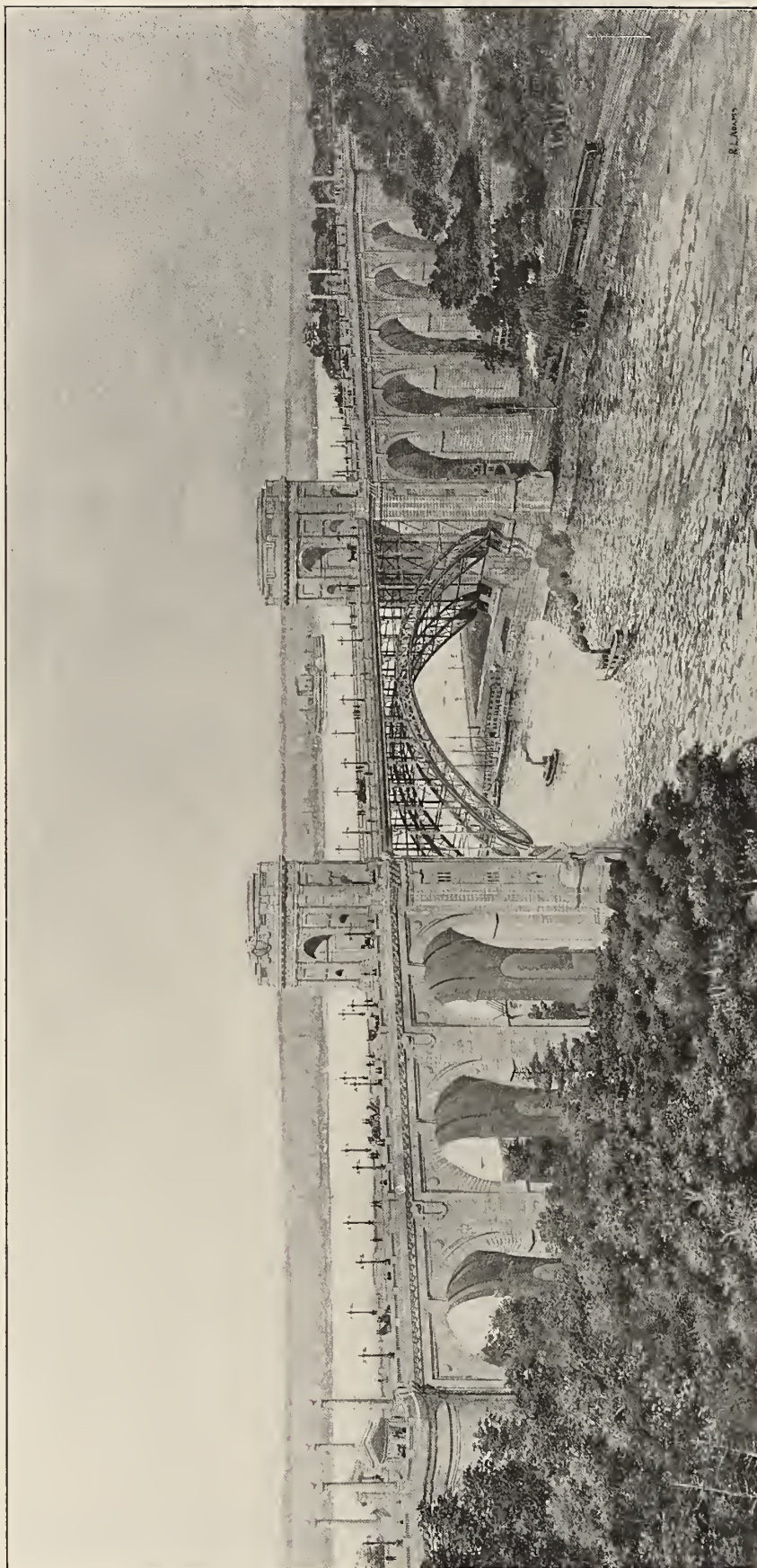
The unknown enemy of John Horner who lampooned him, perhaps never heard of the part of the world where his doggerel was des-



THE HORNER HOUSE AT MELS

The rhyming lampoons themselves would long ago have been forgotten had it not been for a foolish and noisy old woman in Boston a hundred and fifty years ago, who insisted on deafening the ears of her irritable son-in-law by singing them to her grandchild in season and out of season, and had not the exasperated man happened to be a printer,

tined to be printed centuries after he was dead and gone, having been handed down by word of mouth through succeeding generations and finally degenerated into tales for babes. It seems a queer fate, but then Dean Swift's vastly more important political satire, "Gulliver's Travels," has come to much the same end.



THE PROPOSED HENDRIK HUDSON MEMORIAL BRIDGE AT SPUYTEN DUYVIL, NEW YORK

*Designed by Boller & Hodge, Consulting Engineers
Associated with Walker & Morris, Architects*

THE HENDRIK HUDSON MEMORIAL BRIDGE

PROPOSED TO BE BUILT ACROSS THE HARLEM RIVER
AT SPUYTEN DUYVIL, N. Y.

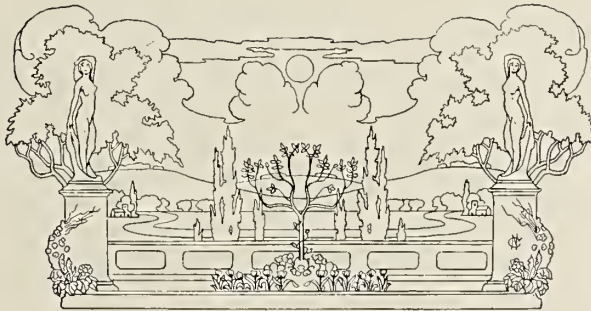
SEVERAL plans have been proposed for the celebration of the tercentenary of the discovery of the North River, but none with so practical and permanent a purpose as that urged by the Hendrik Hudson Memorial Association. After considering three ideas, the erection of a water gate at the Battery, a triumphal arch and a memorial bridge at the northern end of Manhattan Island, the last was adopted. The site chosen is between Inwood and Spuyten Duyvil, near the junction of the Hudson River and the Harlem Ship Canal, as it is now commonly called. Directly across the Hudson are the Palisades, while in the opposite direction lies the Harlem River between heavily wooded slopes broken by rocky promontories. On the south side of the Harlem is the Speedway, from which a clear view of the proposed bridge could be had. An effective argument in favor of the scheme has been that a bridge at this point will serve as a prolongation of Riverside Drive, by connecting the Boulevard Lafayette with Spuyten Duyvil Parkway, thus making a continuous parkway from Central Park, through Seventy-second Street, to Van Cortlandt Park.

The accompanying illustration is in the nature of a tentative sketch designed by Boller & Hodge, consulting engineers, in association with Walker & Morris, architects. The bridge, as planned, will be about one-half of a mile long from ground to ground, with a span of 400 feet over the navigable channel. From the water level to the top of the span is 150 feet. Provision is made for a 60-foot

roadway, with 20-foot sidewalks on each side. Near the southern end are to be placed two pavilions or resting places, and a concourse marked by four columns, with minor sculptural decorations. Over each of the main piers in the sketch appears a massive arch, about 70 feet high, giving room for ornamentation with sculpture and for appropriate tablets. These arches are open to the criticism of being obstructions to the view, and probably to traffic; nor do they serve any constructive purpose. It is to be remembered, however, that the sketch is hardly more than a suggestion.

The city authorities are so far committed to the plan of a bridge at this point that they have made an appropriation for borings, surveys and specifications. It is roughly estimated that the structure proper would cost the city \$1,500,000, to which the Hendrik Hudson Memorial Association hopes to add a million dollars more for statuary, electroliers and other ornamentation.

An interesting corollary to the memorial bridge proposal is advanced by the Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, which has uncovered the ruins of an old Indian village and many valuable relics near the mouth of the Harlem. It hopes to induce the city to purchase a tract of several acres, including part of Inwood Heights, and convert it into a public park. If this project is carried out, a fine open space will be preserved at the southern end of the bridge, which will add greatly to the beauty of the approach.



HOW WE MADE A COMMONPLACE HOUSE ATTRACTIVE

BY H. HANLEY PARKER

ABOUT four years ago I confronted the problem of giving to the interior decorations and furnishing of a rented house in Philadelphia some character reflective of the taste of its tenant. In the first place I was fortunate in finding a house on which to begin operations. It was built about thirty-five years ago, and happened to suit some varied requirements of my own with respect to space and light. The large rooms were simply trimmed and devoid of those horrors of wood detail to be found in many of the Philadelphia building operations of more recent years. This, together with the bad condition in which the property then was, afforded some opportunity of arrangement in a distinctly modern way.

I had the owner agree to make me his allowance for papering, and I can assure you it was small; then after removing every vestige of the old papering and repairing some broken plastering, we started in.

The long saloon parlor we did not need for such a purpose as its name and the Philadelphia traditions implied, and so we made it a library. The scheme was kept quiet and solid. The floor was covered with American grass matting with black and brown warp. The walls, to a height of eight feet, were painted in a manner to which I gave the name "Fluxille." The colors being applied over the ground tone in glazes, flowed on and worked together

while flowing. There was a desire for some slight variety of color over the surface, yet not the annoying repetition of a pattern in paper or fabric. The color adopted is a warm gray in effect, yet it varies from purple to brown and green tones with misty silver waves running through it.

Above the wide picture moulding the four feet of wall coving into the ceiling is covered by a paper of cream tone, on which I have painted a frieze with a large leaf flowing motive in water color.

The woodwork of the room had formerly been grained walnut and covered with a varnish, making it look not unlike molasses candy. Our furniture being fumed oak of a grayish brown, we over-grained the other woodwork with solid color and produced the effect of the new dull-finished oak which could not as well have been obtained had we burned off the old paint and varnish and reglazed it in the usual way.

The large double doors on the long side of the room we removed, and headed in the opening on a line level with the picture moulding, filling the space left above with slatting so as to correspond with the treatment in the backs of our chairs. This is shown in the view of the hallway. The portières are woven on the principle of rag carpet, of colors, purple, brown and green, and with a brown warp. We dyed some of the goods ourselves in



THE TRANSFORMED HALL



THE NEW TREATMENT OF THE PARLOR

order to get the tone desired. The mantel already in the room—one of those white marble affairs of a half French character, so prevalent in houses built during a period of aimless design—of course could not be tolerated, so I contrived another of popular wood which would fit over and around the marble and provide lockers and book-shelves. This we stained the gray-brown color. The curtains at these book-shelves are

of purple cashmere. The cushions of chairs and divan are in heavy wrinkled sheepskin of a gray-brown. The old gas fixtures were

red bronze; to these I gave the antique vert effect. In the halls and stairways the walls and ceilings were continuous throughout, and as we preferred the main hall cut off from the staircase hall, we had built in a frame of door height and carried the upper wall and cornice across it, bringing the gas outlet down



STENCILLED PAPER IN A BEDROOM

through the frame. Then a lamp was designed and supporting figures modelled. Both these are finished in vert bronze.

The lower wall in the front hall for six feet in height is covered in golden brown burlap, each wall space panelled with a small painted design. The upper wall is a lighter golden

contains a small design of a head relieved by brilliant colorings.

The main bed-room has a papered dado of dark green fabric effect. The upper wall and ceiling in pale lemon-yellow pulp paper. On the upper wall I have painted a brier and rose in conventional manner. All the wood



THE PARLOR MANTEL

color on which is painted a conventional tree motive, the tops forming a continuous frieze.

The tree motive is repeated in the stencilled net curtains at the vestibule doors and also in the brackets for the figures. The hall seat designed to fill the purpose of hat and coat rack is in oak, stained soft green with some brighter colors occasionally run into the grain. Each of the three panels of the back

work is in ivory tone and the furniture is antique mahogany.

In the bath-room the window had panes of stippled white painted glass. Not considering it warrantable to put in leaded glass in a rented house, we merely painted a design of water and lilies in colors on the window as it was. The other rooms have been treated in a way conforming to the general purpose of each.

PICTURESQUE ENGLISH COTTAGES AND THEIR DOORWAY GARDENS

BY P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A., F.R.H.S.

VII

ON the Yorkshire moors near Danby, you will find a curious form of primitive houses which resemble inverted ships. The roof is constructed of two "pairs of forks," or bent trees, the lower ends of which rest on the ground, while the higher ends meet in the ridge beam. The framework thus formed was strengthened and fastened together by tie-beams, and wind-braces. There are walls at the gable-ends, in one of which the door is placed. It is evident that the side walls were an afterthought, and entirely foreign to the idea of the construction of the building. At Scrivelsby, near Horncastle, there is a house of this description. The prevalence of this form of house near places, the names of which end in *by*, suggests the possibility that this boat-shaped house might be attributed to Danish influence. Thatch covers the sides as low as six feet from the ground. This is a very curious form of house. In the west of Ireland and Scotland there are similarly shaped dwellings built of stone, evidently of the boat-shaped type. The cottage, built of wood with forked roof, is mentioned in the old Welsh laws,¹ and is called a "summer-house." This was the kind of house built among the hills whither the shepherds took their flocks in summer to feed on the high pastures.

Place-names ending in *set* or *seat* usually mark these summer abodes. The winter house was in the valley by the snug farm, whither the sheep were taken when the cold weather set in.

Many old houses contain the germ of the forked building though disguised by subsequent alterations. Walls were built of wattle and daub, or stone, from the foot of the forked beam, and from their summit roof-beams were stretched to meet the ridge, and tie-beams added to keep the framework together. It is curious that the idea of making the roof rest upon the walls of a house is comparatively modern among the Anglo-Saxon people, though the Romans set them the example, and used tie-beams and king-post.² Old mud cottages exist which have no forks. The foundation was constructed of mud mixed with straw, and then a layer of straw was laid, and the whole left to dry. Then another layer was built up and the process continued. Such walls are very hard and durable. The whole was roofed with thatch. Gilbert White

suggests that this method of building may have been suggested by the house-martin, which builds its nest of loam and bits of straw, and gives each half-inch time to dry and harden before it proceeds with the next.



A HOUSE AT SCRIVELSBY

¹ "Evolution of the English House" by S. O. Addey, p. 27

² Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities," i, 635.



CALLERUS ORATORY, DINGLE

Many old cottages and farmsteads are combined with barns and cattle-sheds. You enter them from the street of the village and have to bow your head, even although some of the yard-thick thatch has been cut away above the doorway. You then find yourself in a dark, unflagged passage. On your left is an enclosure, partitioned off from the passage by a boarded screen between four or five feet high, intended for a calves' pen. Farther on the same side is another enclosure used as a henhouse. On the other side of the passage is a door leading to the living-room, with floor of clay, and cubicles or sleeping-boxes arranged on two sides. This example of a cottage at Egton, Yorkshire,³ is very similar to many other English farmhouses, which combine under the same roof dwelling-house, barn and stables. The passage divides the living-room from the barn, and this was the threshing floor,⁴ or threshold. This arrangement has a Scandinavian origin. In Friesland and Saxony there are dwelling-houses and cow-sheds combined, and I have seen many such houses in Brittany and Normandy.

In old deeds and documents the word

"housebote" frequently occurs. It refers to the customary right of tenants to cut down timber in the woods for the repair of their houses. I have before me a quit-claim granted by Geoffrey de Hurle to the Priory of Hurley relating to this right dated 1320, and as far back as the thirteenth century "housebote" was

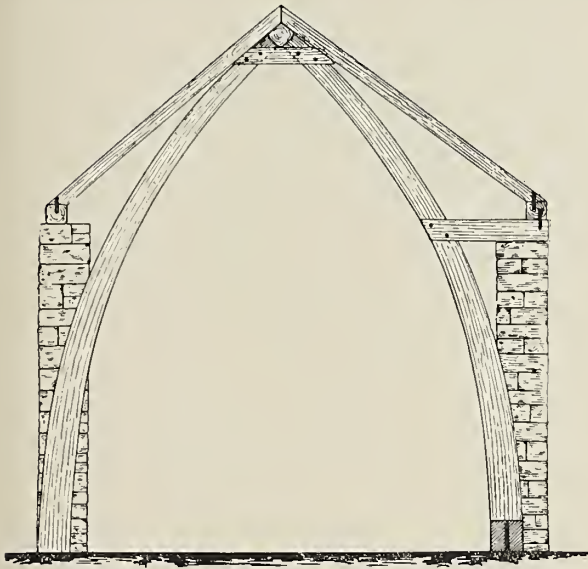
freely exercised. These timber-houses, inhabited by the higher class of yeomen, were built or rather framed together, the spaces between the timbers being lathed and plas-



TYPE OF MUD-AND-STRAW HOUSE

³ "Forty Years in a Moorland Parish," by C. Atkinson, p. 19.

⁴ Addey's "Evolution of the English House," p. 60.



CROSS-SECTION OF TYPICAL EARLY YORKSHIRE HOUSE

tered. Sometimes the intervals between the spaces were filled in with "mud-wall," a material composed of chalk or clay mingled with chopped straw. The floor was the bare earth, or it was sometimes pitched with flints. There were chimneys, and a few panes of glass in the windows. The bedrooms under the thatched roof were reached by means of a ladder or rude staircase. Sixty years ago houses of this description, relics of the past, existed in St. Mary Bourne, Hampshire.

The home of the farmer in the fifteenth century had neither chimney nor windows, the smoke escaping where the light came in, an uncomfortable arrangement which still exists in some of the poorer cabins of the peasantry in the Western Islands of Scotland. The wood fire burnt on a hearth of clay.

When the long winter evenings came round, the glowing embers of the fire alone gave light to the inhabitants of this cheerless dwelling. No candle's glimmering light was seen therein, as the fat required for making them was very costly, being four times the price of meat. Rushlights, which were made by drawing a dry rush several times through heated tallow, and then allowed to cool, were the only means of illumination. These when used were supported by a sort of tongs which enabled the holder, with safety to himself, to cast a few fickle gleams about the dark abode, and upon the faces of the farmer's family.

Ruder still was the house of the laborer. At the beginning of the fifteenth century, it cannot be denied that the houses of the peasants were hovels of poverty and filth. Villages were clusters of mud huts covered with reeds and straw. There was sometimes only a single apartment, and "Piers Plowman" tells of the dank smoke that came from the turf fire which could find no vent, but through the window holes and the chinks of the door, and "Plowman" complained that

"Smoke and smothre smyt in his eyes."

In Northumberland the roofs of the old cottages were made of "forks" which rested on



AN OLD HALF-TIMBERED HOUSE AT BRENCHLEY

the ground, and the walls of clay or rubble. Some houses had two rooms, one of which was occupied by the cow, and a rude partition called "brattish" rose to the eaves and separated this "shippon" from the only dwelling room of the family. The floor was of clay, or paved with large pebbles. There was no second storey, and the floors were often below the level of the ground, and very dirty. Just outside the doorway stood the "midden" or

Act was passed in the reign of Henry VII. (A. D. 1489) prohibiting the wholesale pulling down of farms and cottages, many of which must have disappeared, or the order would not have been necessary.

Before the dawn of the sixteenth century, many of the laborers lived in the farmhouses, eating and sleeping in the large halls which were the principal feature of the houses. In the sixteenth century there was a great de-



A ROW OF OLD STONE COTTAGES AT CASTLE COMBE

heap of refuse, and in rainy weather pestilential matter festered there and drained into the village brook and "dip-holes." No wonder that the Black Death and oft recurring plagues found congenial homes in such insanitary dwellings.

There was a great destruction of cottages in the fifteenth century, when many parts of the country were thrown into pasture, and the keeping of sheep and the trade in wool were more profitable than the growing of corn. An

mand for cottages. The abbeys were pillaged of their lands, and the great landlords who obtained the fair acres of the monasteries, required men to till their estates. Hence there was a great increase in cottage building in the sixteenth century, and an immense majority of our old farmsteads and humbler dwellings date from this period.

Then were our English vales and hills dotted over with these fair edifices, the remains of which give a peculiar charm to



A COTTAGE DOORWAY NEAR SEEND

our scenery. There is no vain pretension about them. They are not like some modern villa which masquerades as a castle and calls itself "Huntingdon Towers," or "Castletorpe," or "Dovecote Abbey." There is nothing of that about an old English cottage.

The style of building is traditional, handed down from father to son, and often peculiar to a district. And yet there is no monotony,

The builders made use of the materials which Nature afforded. Hence the style of cottage architecture peculiar to a district depended on its geology. We will try to discover the peculiarities of the geological formations which produce these divergent styles. First, there is a broad band of good oolite building stone, which extends from Somerset, running through Gloucestershire and Wilts, Oxfordshire, Northamptonshire, Lincoln, to



AN OLD HOUSE AT BROADWAY

no dreary sameness. Each man infuses his own individuality into his work. If you walk down any village street, you will see that no cottage is exactly the same as its neighbor. They wrought well and worthily who thus could build. While not departing from the traditional style bequeathed to them by their forefathers, they thought out improvements here, or more picturesque effects there, using fertile resource that made the best of its opportunities, and so got the best results.

the dales of Yorkshire. Along its course can be seen many English architectural triumphs, fine church towers and spires, some of our grandest cathedrals, such as Salisbury, Wells, Lincoln and Southwell, and beautiful stone cottages, some examples of which we have already inspected.

East of this line is East Anglia, where there is no good building stone. Flint is found in abundance, and is used for walling, but mud cottages are very common. Brick is the prin-

cial substance of East Anglian buildings, and has been in use ever since the middle of the fifteenth century. It was not until a century later that brick came into general use in other parts of England. Houses were also constructed of timber, which was plentiful, but the timber domestic architecture is of a more simple nature than in many parts of England, and the woodwork is often concealed beneath plaster.

In the south-eastern district, timber is extensively used, oak being the favorite tree for house building. The plaster has a yellow hue, and the appearance of the houses differs from that of the black and white of Lancashire and Cheshire homesteads.

Some think that this yellow color is an improvement, but as a North-countryman I may be forgiven for preferring the Northern style. Some of the finest timber work in the country is found in the western English counties, which are famous for their half-timbered domestic architecture. Cheshire, Shropshire and Hereford possess a beautiful, soft, warm, sandstone which has produced a peculiar style in church architecture, and houses built of this stone are very beautiful

and harmonize well with the surrounding scenery. In the region of Cumberland and Westmoreland we find little timber, and slate and granite very abundant. In that region

of lofty hills and crags and rugged fells the cottages are well built of stone, though their appearance is not so picturesque as that of southern homesteads. These lonely moorside dwellings look rather desolate, but within there is an air of old-fashioned comfort, with the cheeses piled up in the "rannel balk," i. e., the beam running across the kitchen, the old settle by the chimney-nook, the press and clock of black oak, the high-backed chairs, and plates and trenchers.

It will be gathered from the

above that there is endless variety in the style of English cottage architecture, which characteristic is one of its chief charms. The individual builder introduced variety in his use of the traditional style of his own district. The geological formation of particular neighborhoods, the materials which Nature provided, caused a vast difference in methods of construction and in the appearance of the cottage homes of England, which it is our delight to study.



A COTTAGE ENTRANCE AT BROADWAY



Sketches Illustrating a Museum

THE ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION IN PHILADELPHIA



of Art and Archæology.

THE annual exhibition of architectural drawings opened by the T-Square Club in Philadelphia, on January 19th, is distinguished from its predecessors in several ways. The selection of works hung marks, if we mistake not, a broadening vision on the part of the Club, an increasing appreciation of large problems, buildings public in character, and whose purpose is to serve the many rather than the few. As a structure erected for the congregation of a church, the students of a university, the people of a city or state has a greater function than that which comfortably houses a single owner; so the skill displayed in its design is more profitable of study than that called forth in the planning of a private house—a phase of architecture which has long characterized the Philadelphia exhibitions. That architecture is to reach its highest fruition in serving this communal rather than private end may have been felt by the

jury of selection. If not expressed by them in words, they have emphasized it on the walls of the Art Club gallery on Broad Street, in which the exhibition is held.

There are fewer drawings than on former occasions, but the smaller quantity represents a higher quality of work. Only two temporary partitions have been inserted, so that the gallery this year becomes a single large room. Here are 355 drawings so placed as to prevent variety from entirely dominating what is by nature a miscellany. The lay visitor has to seek the charming sketches which are likely to beguile him. These are now a scattered minority so placed as to await and not demand attention. Likewise have the designs of small houses, now being executed by an active circle of young architects, been made to occupy a background befitting an appreciation of more serious work in the shape of designs for the most important



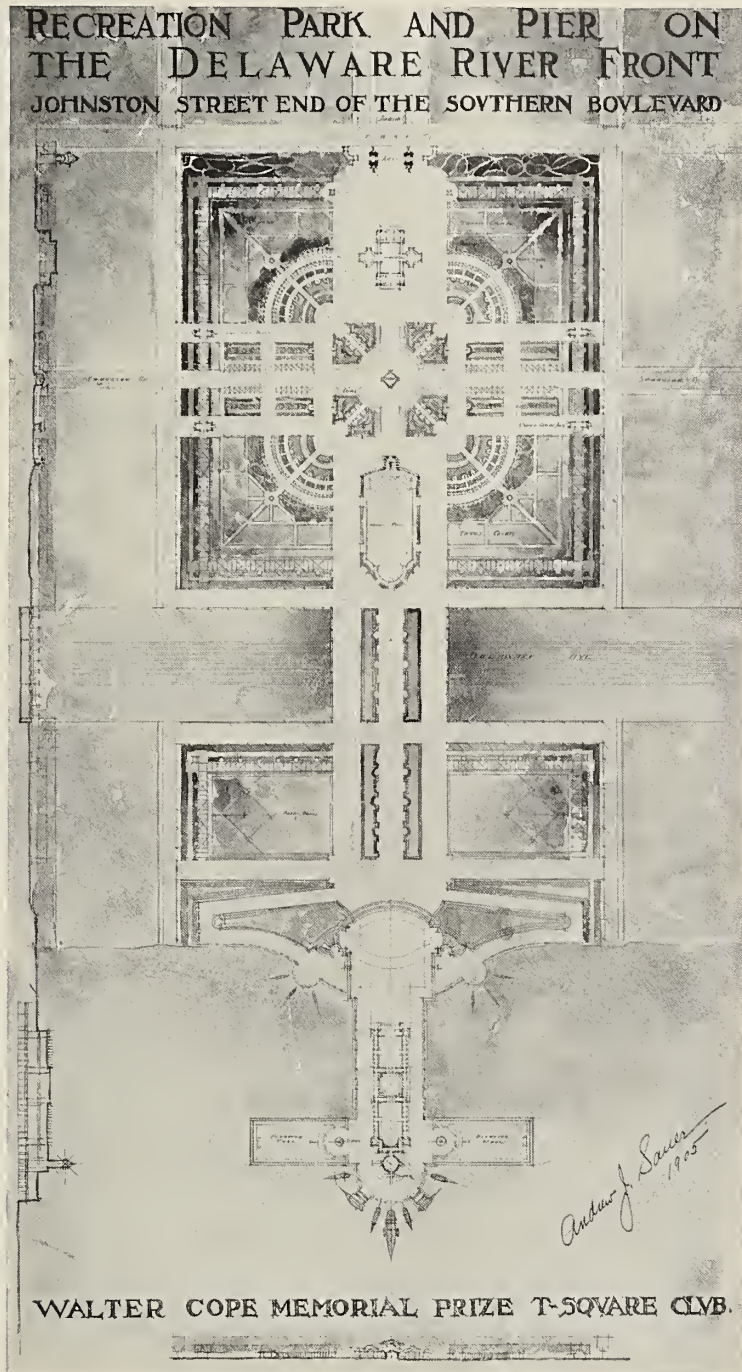
ELEVATED RAILROAD STATION, HIGH BRIDGE, NEW YORK

REED & Stem, Architects

building schemes which have received attention in this country during the past year. For example, there hangs before the entrance to the gallery Messrs. Rankin, Kellogg & Crane's design, rendered by Prof. Cret, for the Government's vast Agricultural Building, for whose excavation a space adjoining the Mall at Washington has already parted with a large area of its sod. A full-size model of a portion of the design is now being made on the site. The building will be the first addition to the noble group at Washington to be made since the promulgation of the Senate Commission's Plan of 1902, and its location as finally fixed, establishes the width of the new Mall for all time at 890 feet in conformity with that splendid scheme for the improvement of the city.

The McKinley Memorial at Canton, designed by Mr. Cass Gilbert and hung at one end of the gallery, is a dignified and severely simple Doric scheme well supported by broadened bases and related to its surroundings by means of such outreaching parts as terraces, balustrades and steps. The plan shows that the monument is to stand at the head of a broad straight avenue probably 2,000 feet long.

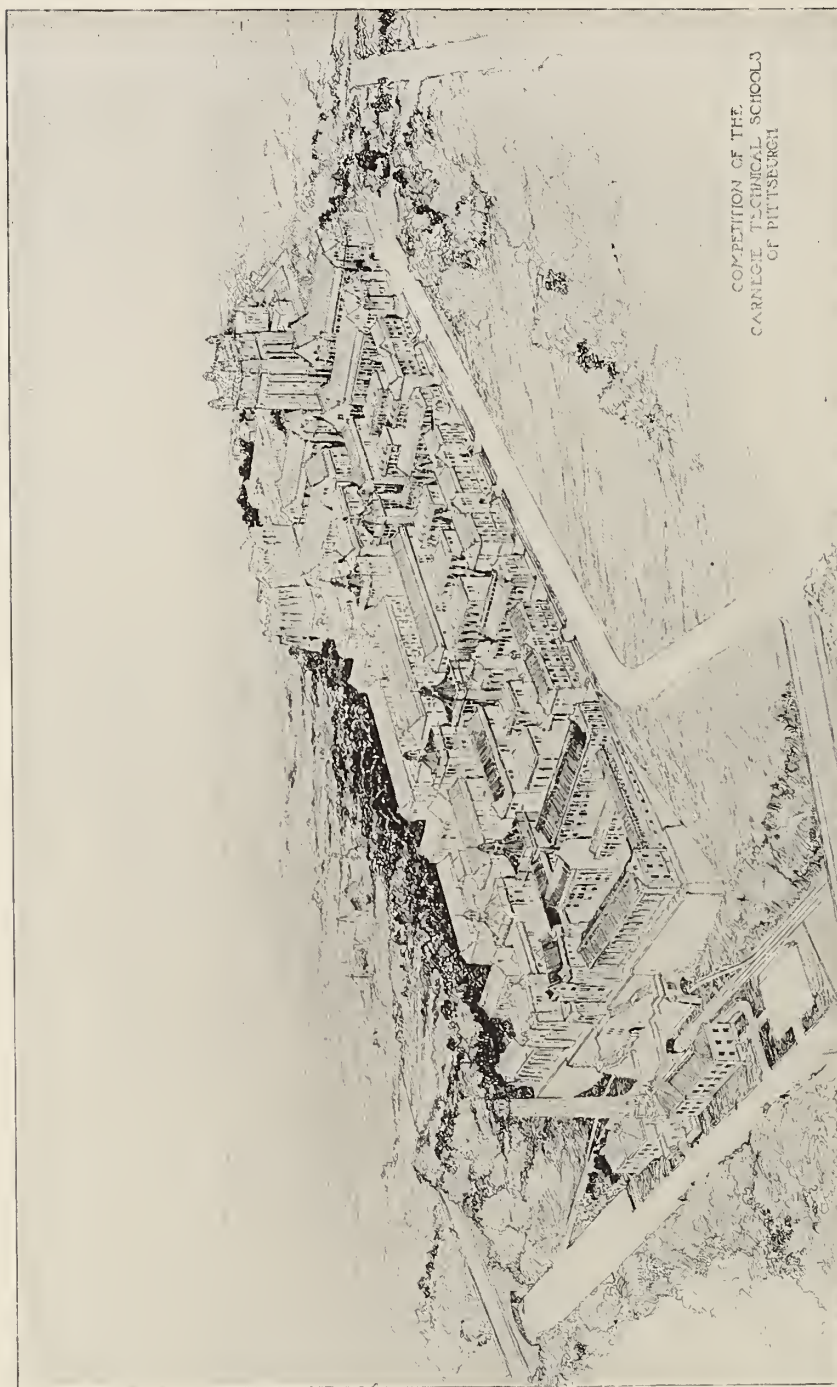
Designs for institutional buildings form a class the most important of the exhibition. In awakening to the need of a new general plan to which all future buildings shall conform with respect to design and location, the Johns Hopkins University has given occasion for an architectural competition. The land to be occupied is in the extreme north of Baltimore City, and bears historic "Homewood", one of the finest remaining examples of the Colonial manor-house. This landmark has been seriously taken into account in the design of the new grounds made and exhibited



RECREATION PARK AND PIER ON THE DELAWARE RIVER FRONT

Designed by ANDREW J. SAUER

by Messrs. Parker & Thomas. The score of buildings have been divided into a beautifully arranged administration group to which are formally appended academic buildings, such as laboratories and lecture halls. By means of a diagonal avenue nearly paralleling the old Colonial mansion, a large court



COMPETITION OF THE
CARNEGIE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
OF PITTSBURGH

COMPETITION FOR THE CARNEGIE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS OF PITTSBURGH, PA. BIRD'S-EYE PERSPECTIVE
GEORGE B. POST & SONS, ARCHITECTS

distinctly apart and surrounded by dormitories is reached. The plan is beautifully rendered in monochrome, without hesitation or sign of doubt. After viewing the nice balance of its parts, it is noticeable that the authors have declined to parallel the gridiron street plan of Baltimore. Messrs. Carrère & Hastings' plan defers to the rectangular boundaries which the

excellent program to be promulgated was apparently powerless to prevent requirements which will result in the land being overbuilt upon. This error, so often made in reality, may now be measured in advance by the designs submitted. In order to provide for the requisite number of buildings their arrangement has had to be hopelessly condensed, building shadows building,

prolonged streets of the city define. It is altogether a more regular scheme than the former. The façades of the library and a typical laboratory are shown. The latter gives the proposed treatment of buildings whose importance is secondary; and yet it augurs well for the scheme which contains them, that they are so remarkably well managed. The style is Colonial, strengthened by outspoken use of the classical motives underlying it. It is an expression of quiet dignity, the exaltation of the spirit of "Homewood" ready to serve the needs of society in general instead of a single family, the mission of the house. Mr. William A. Boring's plan is also rectilinear and is based on the division of the university into the academic, the habitation and the social groups of buildings.

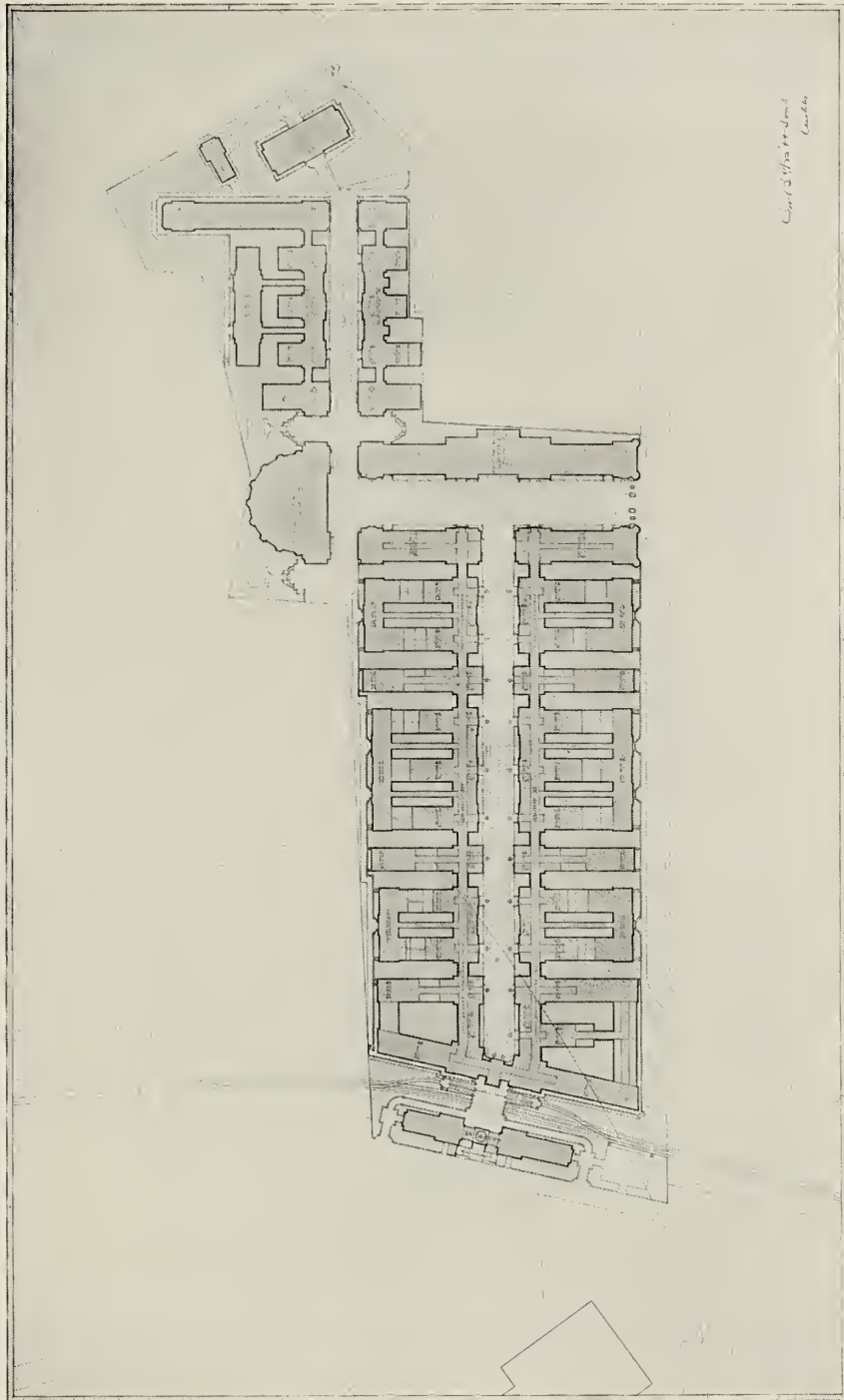
Similar to this problem is that for the Carnegie Technical Schools for Pittsburgh. For this institution the professional advice enabling an otherwise

27500

and the effect of all is that of so many city blocks. Spaciousness, therefore, the chief characteristic of a public building group, has been lost, even at the hands of such skillful designers as Messrs. Newman & Harris and Messrs. George B. Post & Sons, each of whom exhibit their schemes by means of six drawings.

Projects of a purely imaginative nature are numerous and unusually interesting. They contain much that is inspiring within the field of abstract design, wherein intellectual imagination has free play. The particular considerations which would govern the carrying out of these schemes and their basic requirements having been fulfilled, the designers have followed their fancy to lofty heights, unhampered by the trifling details of execution in the solid.

Professor Paul Philippe Cret's design for a Museum of Art and Archæology represents architectural art in France in a sort of apotheosis. The site selected is a portion of the hillside rising steeply from the river at the city of Lyons. The diagram of the present topography shows how the author would locate his scheme, which he presents by four brilliantly executed drawings. These display a vast court where debouches a new bridge across the Rhone. From this space a series of broad avenues ascend, open into



COMPETITION FOR THE CARNEGIE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS OF PITTSBURGH, PA. BLOCK PLAN
GEORGE B. POST & SONS, Architects

esplanades and narrow again into winding and rockbound roadways, mounting the hill by easy gradients. Portions of these thoroughfares are dedicated to the periods of architecture, such as the *Epoque Primitive* leading to the *Voie Antique*. This in turn reaches the esplanade *Gallo-Romaine* at which begins the devious journey of the *Moyen Age*. The avenues of the XVIth and XVIIth



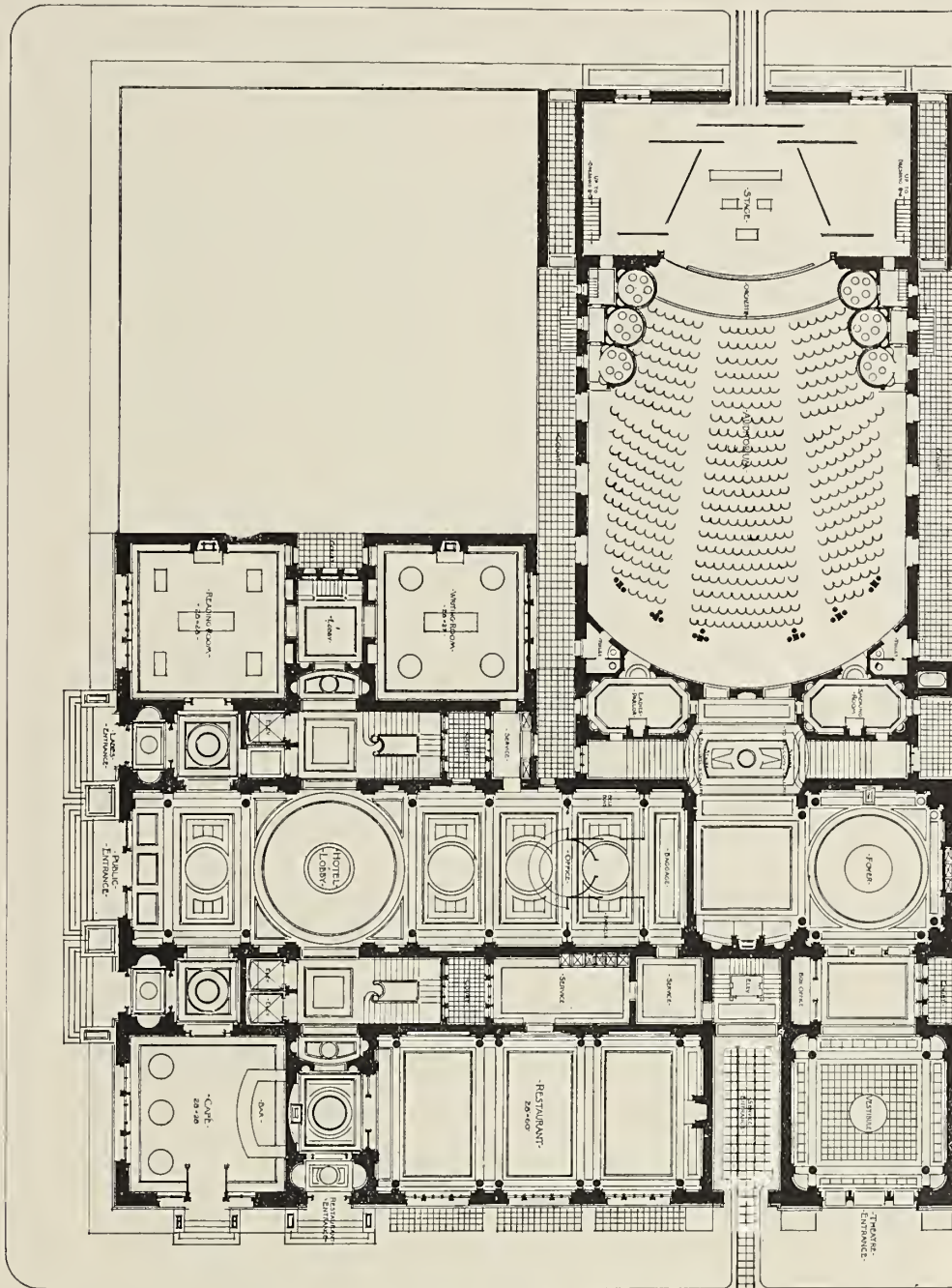
DESIGN FOR A HOTEL AND THEATRE—ELEVATION
WASHINGTON HULL, Architect

centuries open upon a vast place dedicated to the Revolution, closely connected with which is the large *Musée du XIX^{me} Siècle* on the axis of and overlooking the bridge below. The avenue goes still further until terminated by a triumphal monument situated at the highest point of the available land and dominating all.

Mr. Maurice J. Prévot's *projet* for a Concert Hall is an unrestrained design in the

Renaissance style, encouraged by French influence into opulence of form, to which brilliant ornament and florid coloring appropriately add their service to a festal end.

Le Canal entre deux Mers is the title of another *projet* by Mr. Prévot. The design is more precisely the treatment of one terminus of such a waterway where it opens upon a roadstead. It is shown by a perspective drawing, in the corner of which a diagram



DESIGN FOR A HOTEL AND THEATRE—PLAN
WASHINGTON HULL, Architect

gives as the object of the design a proposed more direct connection of the city of Bordeaux with the sea than it now has by means of the devious Garonne. Inventiveness in the architectural scheme is chiefly centered upon placing in juxtaposition monumental and commercial buildings, and in contriving roadways for the free passage of traffic and freight underneath a large esplanade devoted

to the former. This plaza is arranged in the form of a quadrangle surrounding a *Bourse Maritime*. A spacious avenue flanked by *magasins de vente, comptoirs*, etc., carries the eye from this civic center to the canal where the view is ended by a graceful *gare maritime* upon the brink of the canal. An elevated boulevard lined with rows of trees preserves the water front of the city from

defilement. Work of an usually high order is contributed by the architectural schools attached to Pennsylvania, Cornell and Washington Universities, and by the semi-private

City, which Messrs. Reed and Stem propose to be housed in a building whose low roof line unites a series of ferry slips made distinguishable above the low horizon of Jersey

City by a clock-tower in the form of a Campanile, guiding river life in clear weather and in foul. These architects exhibit other railway stations beautifully rendered, the most important of which is the new Grand Central in New York. Other designs of note for public buildings are those of the Cleveland Trust Company, by Messrs. Carrère & Hastings—a difficult feat of making two dissimilar buildings a harmonious unit—a conventional façade for The Ætna Insurance Company, by Mr. B. W. Morris, Jr.; Mr. Donn Barber's completed Na-

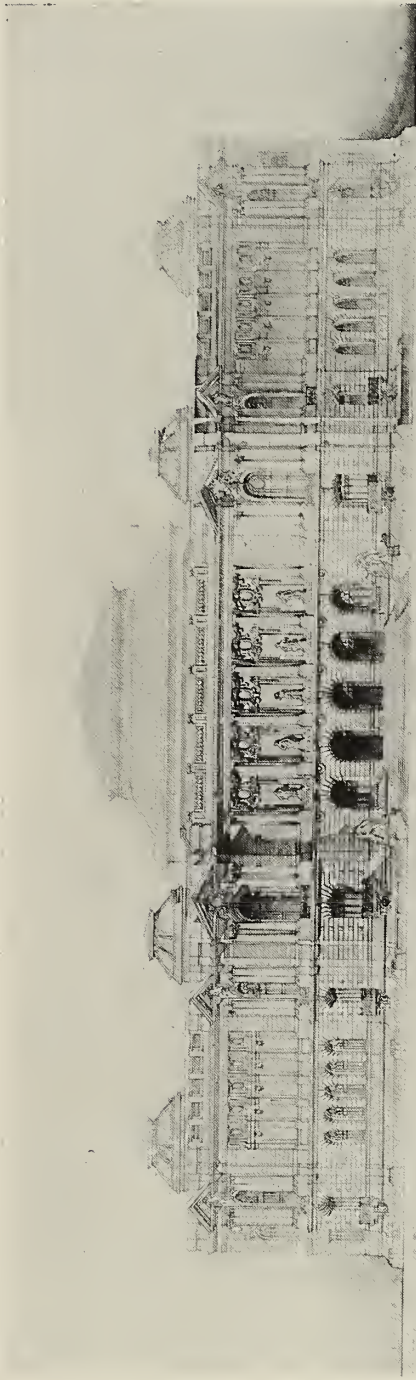


THE APPROACH FROM THE RIVER, U. S. MILITARY ACADEMY, WEST POINT, N. Y.
CRAM, GOODHUE & FERGUSON, Architects

ateliers of the T-Square Club, the Atelier Blair-Van Pelt and the Atelier Donn Barber.

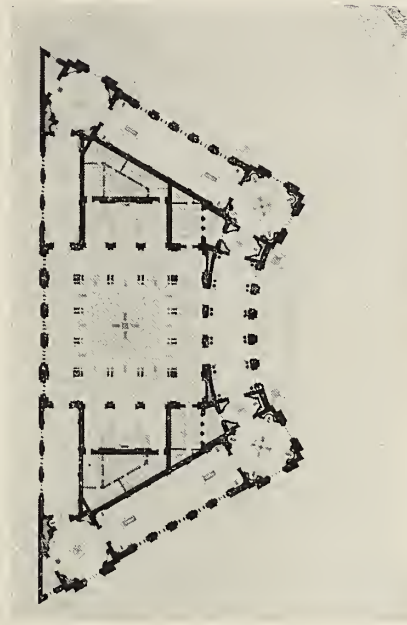
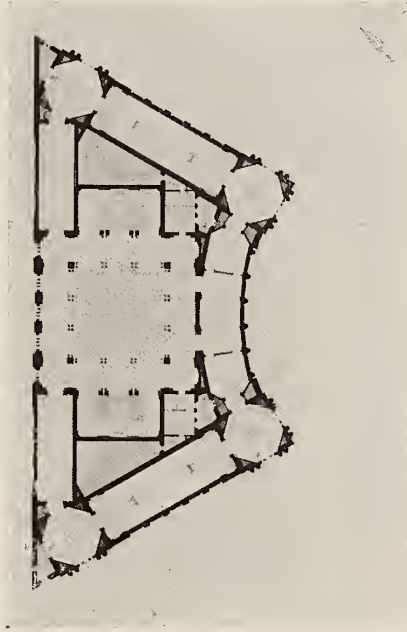
Another water-front scheme nearer home is the new Erie R. R. Terminal in Jersey

tional Park Bank, isolated among skyscrapers, and Messrs. McKim, Mead & White's disappointing College of Physicians for Philadelphia.



PROJET FOR AN ART MUSEUM

Facade



Plans of an Art Museum

Designed by A. M. ADAMS, University of Pennsylvania School of Architecture

Designs for residences happen to be chiefly confined to those to be built in the country, at the seashore, or in the mountains. A number by Mr. Wilson Eyre possess that charm of design always associated with his name, and expressed in terms of brilliant and sure rendering. A House to be built on Long Island Sound is a characteristic display of picturesque invention to be realized

in shingle and stone on a picturesque site. Smaller dwellings express a movement on the part of this designer toward simplicity and restfulness of outline. In Little Orchard Farm and the two-storeyed houses at Rosemont and at Quoque, picturesqueness is second to sobriety and hence there is in these, especially, a homely and sweet dignity difficult to describe.



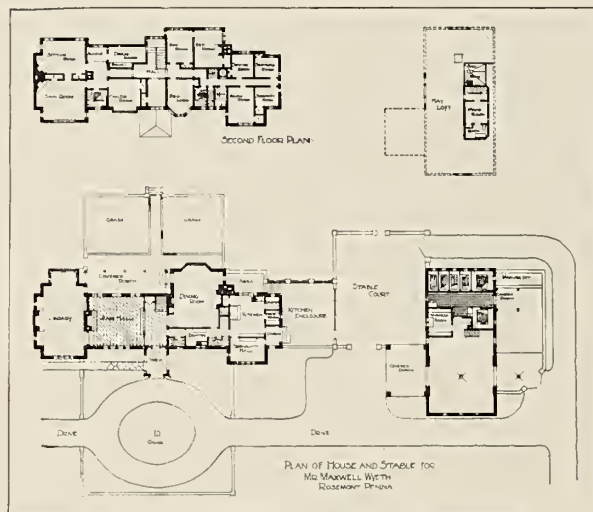
SKETCH FOR A RESIDENCE AT ROSEMONT, PA.

THE ENTRANCE FRONT

WILSON EYRE, Architect

Messrs. Newman & Harris exhibit some excellent dwelling schemes embodying Colonial tradition and presented by precise but delightfully transparent water-color drawings.

Mr. Donn Barber's "Conyers Manor" at Greenwich, Conn., is an effort to set a domestic unit in the midst of an un-



PLAN OF THE HOUSE AND STABLE

homely expanse. Studies by the same author for estates at Tuxedo are clever exhibitions of rendering, and play vivacious accompaniments to their respective themes. More modest in tone are the country houses by Messrs. Brockie & Hastings, Morris & Vaux, Mr. Albert Kelsey and the Pocono Mountain



SKETCH FOR A RESIDENCE AT ROSEMONT, PA.

THE GARDEN FRONT

WILSON EYRE, Architect



PROPOSED HOUSE FOR MR. S. J. HYDE, GREENWICH, CONN.

THE ENTRANCE FRONT

WILSON EYRE, Architect

cottages by Mr. Smedley. The annual traveling scholarship awarded by the University of Pennsylvania in the name of the late John Stewardson, is an event in which the T-Square Club has always taken a keen interest. The present holder is Mr. Walter W. Judell, whose work can be seen in nineteen drawings, chiefly travel sketches. The designs for *Une Salle des Pas Perdues* made at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, are, however, an exception of a serious and satisfactory sort. The first holder of the Traveling Fellowship in Architecture, of the

University of Pennsylvania, is Mr. Midgley Walter Hill, who returns nine sketches from abroad.

The Walter Cope Memorial Prize for the best design in Municipal Improvement or Landscape Architecture has recently added another contest among young designers to the several already held annually in Philadelphia. The subjects for competition have wisely been selected with a view to improving that city's physiognomy; and this year a treatment of the southern boulevard has lent force to the related and comprehensive



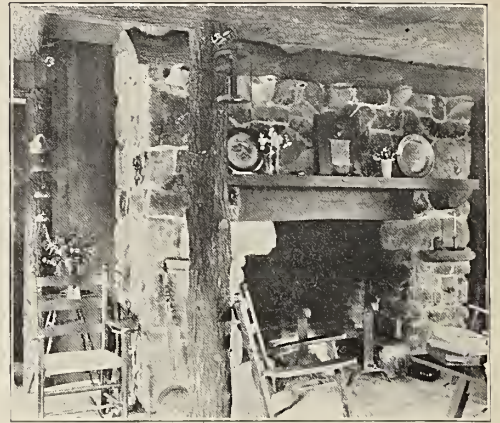
PROPOSED HOUSE FOR MR. S. J. HYDE, GREENWICH, CONN.

THE WATER FRONT

WILSON EYRE, Architect



COTTAGE, POCONO MANOR
WALTER SMEDLEY, Architect



COTTAGE INTERIOR

projects for that end. A Recreation Park and Pier on the Delaware River, at the Johnson Street End of the Southern Boulevard, is the subject by which Mr. Andrew J. Sauer has won the 1905 prize. His scheme consists of a large square plaza shortly removed from the shore by the railroad tracks. These are crossed by an elevated avenue carried on a bridge. Thus another park directly on the shore is reached. Boats are to land at its edge and find wharfage about a T-shaped pier projecting upon the river.

So much is there of especial interest from the point of view of design. The presentation of these ideas is no less interesting than their conception. The steps the architect takes to show them are still confined, with few exceptions, to drawings in the flat, owing to the expense of plaster or any other sort of models introducing the third dimension. One of the most beautiful drawings we have ever seen, is Mr. Bertram G. Goodhue's, illustrating the new chapel to be built at West Point. It is done by pen and bears a delicate application of conventional color. The viewpoint is on the hillside from which the building springs, and the lofty transept reaching high above the tumbling rocks and shrubbery, is one of those accidental views of architecture in which she appears at her best. No less impressive than this drawing is the large water color of the West Point group viewed imaginatively from the river. A poetic and medieval air the buildings assume as they rear a majestic outline high above the Hudson, and the low color key of the drawing gives them a peculiar mys-

tery and charm. A wintry street scene in Philadelphia has given Mr. John J. Dull occasion to throw a group of skyscrapers into picturesque relief by means of a freely drawn and well colored work in oil.

A certain breadth of treatment is noticeable in many of the color perspectives, and it gives to the exhibition considerable clarity and effectiveness. This conventional manner appears to great advantage in Mr. Jules Guerin's drawing of the Festival Hall at St. Louis, viewed from over the waters of the basin. And it is proved entirely legitimate for the architectural subject by the broad and luminous perspectives which bear the initials of Birch Burdette Long. These are of park bridges and railway stations in and around New York. The surroundings of the architecture have been kept flat and free from detail so that the eye travels at once to the focus and object of the drawing. Several street views rendered with a view to explaining Messrs. Reed & Stem's New York Central Terminal scheme contain more detail than the drawings already mentioned, but are none the less effective owing to the close relation of the several color tones.

The catalogue of the exhibition contains not only excellent illustrations, but much information upon the architectural life of Philadelphia. It is prefaced by a paper entitled: "The Utility of Exhibitions," written by Prof. Cret, and "Notes of the Year," by Prof. Osborne. The editors were Messrs. Wm. S. Vaux and Richard Erskine.

R. W.





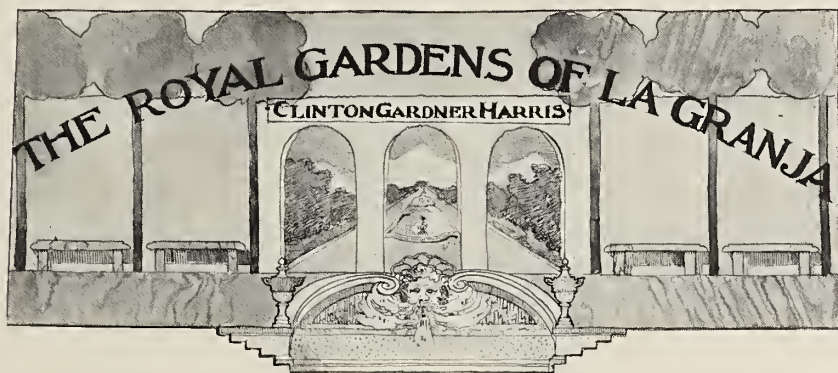
ALONG THE SEA WALL—SAN LAZZARO

House and Garden

Vol. VII

March, 1905

No. 3



LA GRANJA, the favorite summer palace of the Spanish monarchy, is best approached by way of the picturesque City of Segovia, which lies on the northern slope of the Sierra de Guadarrama, the central mountain range of the kingdom. As the high-road leads away across the low plains, and leaves behind the ancient towered walls, the great yellow Middle-age cathedral, and the Roman aqueduct, we part with regret from scenes which make so real the strongly contrasted life of Roman, Moorish and Medieval ages.

The city quickly disappears from view, shut out by the noble plane trees which line the roadsides almost all the way to the village of San Ildefonso, which is but an hour's drive from our starting point. We found the village given over to joy. The day was a *fiesta*, and all the Castilian faces we saw were sunny and bright, with the total surrender to pleasure that one sees rarely in northern Europe, and not too frequently even in Spain. It is one of the few days of the year—before the Court comes here from Madrid—when the fountains are permitted to play in the gardens, and this rare event seemed to the villagers to prefigure all the pleasures that would accompany the expected royal party.

The whole scene, however, though filled

with spontaneous gayety, seemed to us somewhat remote from every-day busy life, and it did not at all violate the proprieties when, in answer to our inquiry for a fitting guide to the beauties of the place, there stepped forth, as out of Shakespeare, in black costume and bearing a wand, a stately Malvolio, courteous and condescending to his unenlightened guests, but with an ever-present consciousness that his station was below his deservings.

We followed him into the palace, and our "Castle in Spain" lay before us. Through its windows we gazed for a moment across and beyond the trim garden, where there burst upon our sight that which hurried us forth into the sunlight, leaving our astonished cicerone descanting on the interior glories of the palace, and chiefly on the marvellous mirrors of the room in which we had been standing, one of whose crowning merits in his eyes was that they were products of the village in which they hung.

It was Nature's first mirror which had enchanted us. Tumbling from the mountain sides, falling from basin to basin, and into successive pools till the torrent reached our feet, spouting here from lofty jets, and there from finely modelled leaden heads, came the purest of crystal waters, now daz-



THE CASCADE

zling in the brightness of the meridian sun, now flowing swiftly by our side from pool to pool, enclosed by cool, deep woods, which now shadowed vases and statues, and again revealed enticing paths, leading away to unknown new delights, while in the distance, forming a background to the lovely picture, stood, silent and serious sentinels over the enchanted ground, the wooded peaks of Guadarrama.

This was the gem of the garden, the far-famed *Cascada*, fed from the great reser-

groups in bronze of sea-horses, children, and mythological figures.

Our genuine enthusiasm here quite reinstated us in the favor of our attendant, and soothed his spirit, ruffled by our heedlessness of his eloquence; for with a ceremonious wave of his enchanter's wand, he touched some unseen and unsuspected source, and again, as by magic, new fountains flung their waters high in the air.

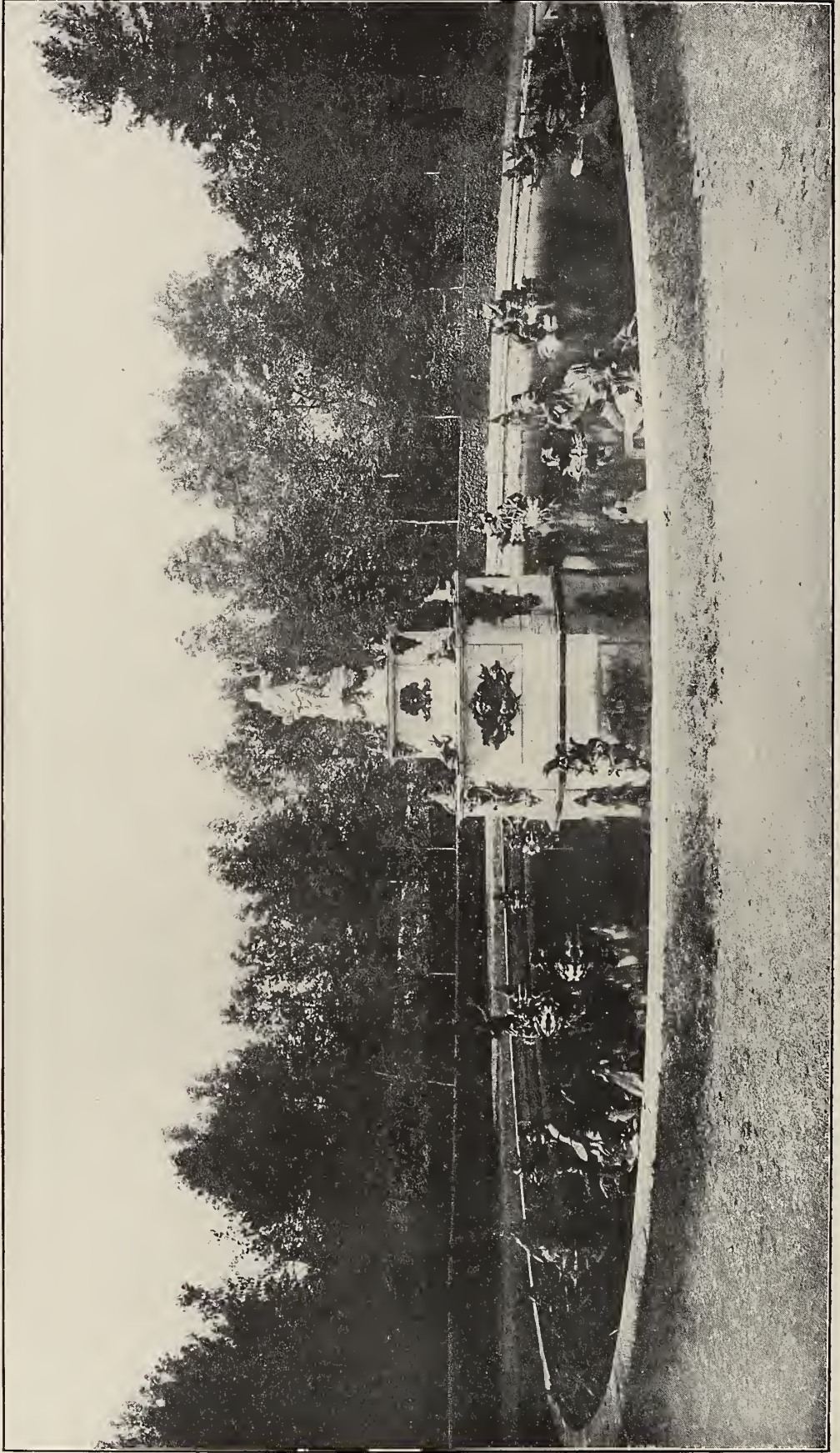
He then conducted us past the parterre, and through a box-bordered garden, where



FAÇADE OF THE PALACE FROM THE CASCADE

voir high up on the mountainside, which, collecting the waters from many springs and streams, pours from its lip a vast volume which is led, in all ways that can be imagined to produce the finest scenic effects, down to the garden level. Thence the water is led away with delightful irregularity of plan, forming in striking contrast with the roaring, tumbling current which had first attracted our attention, the quiet, dignified pools of the fountains of Neptune, with its lower and upper basins, in which are displayed striking

we first caught sight of the exterior of the palace, gay in general effect, but showing the disregard of rules which is so common a feature of the Spanish architecture, created when imperial wealth and power commanded the services of the world's best architects. These men, though they brought with them great technical knowledge and skill, seemed inspired by their unwonted surroundings to ever branch out into new forms, often charming, but governed by no accepted rules.



THE LATONA FOUNTAIN

Here, once more, an aqueous surprise awaited us; the great fountain whose peer is not to be found in Europe, a single huge jet rising to the height of 130 feet, fed and sustained by the great reservoir in the hills above. One must have traveled for some days through the dusty, sterile, treeless plains and mountains of Central Spain to appreciate the full joy of the lavish profusion with which water is cast abroad here, as if what might elsewhere be the restriction of prudent

not wanting, the baths of Diana seemed to have been conceived in sport. One trick fountain attracted spectators to its brimming basin, only to scatter them occasionally by its unexpected and irregular overflows.

As we next began to climb through the gardens we came soon to realize the altitude at which the waters are gathered, which furnish so many and so various delights to the royal pleasure grounds, and the course of the cataract brought us to *El Mar*, "the



THE PALACE FROM THE PARTERRE

use, would be in the presence of an exhaustless supply, but a causeless parsimony.

Having sated our wonder and admiration, we sauntered on through shadowed roads. How gay all seemed,—a fountain here, a fountain there, the formality of architecture of the well-cut stone of the pool margins and cascades changed to rural simplicity; shaded paths crossing small brooks by rustic bridges, with just here and there a formal bit to remind us that we were traversing the pleasure grounds of earthly royalty, and not a pure dream of Nature. Fantastic features were

sea," as the dwellers in these arid lands were pleased to name it.

Our afternoon reverie was concerned not so much with the interesting bits of history which have been enacted here as with the character and the tastes of the designers and builders to whose skill and labor we owed the present enjoyment. The minds that saw such wondrous possibilities in the then wilderness of mountains, forests and springs, and brought out so much of sweet and healthful beauty, seemed worthy of admiration and emulation, as well as of study, if perchance

one might catch the trick of such development.

Lying high on the northern slope of the Sierra de Guadarrama, which mountains divide the ancient kingdoms of Old and New Castile, with trees of luxuriant foliage, pure, cool and stimulating air, and an abundant and perennial water supply, the monarchs of Spain early realized and proceeded to develop its natural advantages that they might make it a summer retreat from the hot and dusty rolling plain, on which their lives were of necessity largely spent. The huge peak of Pañalara, rising to the altitude of 8000 feet above the sea level, looks down upon this site, guarding it and shielding it from the almost intolerable heat of the summer on the vast treeless, wind-swept plateau, on which Madrid blisters in summer and shivers in winter.

As early as 1450, Henry IV., of Castile, decided to build here a shooting lodge; and as he was a devout churchman, he founded near the selected spot a hermitage, which he dedicated to San Ildefonso. The shooting lodge grew into a hunting château at Valsain, a *granja*, or grange; the village of San Ildefonso sprang up near the hermitage, and the whole became the much desired summer retreat for the court, it being distant from Madrid about sixty miles.

La Granja was originally a grange at the foot of the Guadarrama mountains, belonging to the monks of St. Jerome. They presented this estate to Ferdinand the Catholic in recognition of a donation which he made them after the conquest of Granada. Its fortunes were comparatively humble for several generations, its use as a summer palace not being conceived till 1700, in the reign of Charles IV., after the château at Valsain had been entirely destroyed by fire.

When Philip V. came to the throne in 1701, a Bourbon, the grandson of Louis XIV. of France, brought up at the French court, and familiar with the beauties of Versailles, he seems to have determined to emulate them in order to glorify the capital of his new realm. He saw in La Granja natural advantages which would enable him at greatly less outlay of money, and without the heavy cost of lives which his grandfather had wasted in the making of his highly artificial creation of

Versailles, to create a summer retreat worthy of the greatness of the state to whose government he had fallen heir; and which, favored by the singular natural endowment of the site should be unique and individual, and not a mere copy of what the French king had produced.

He began by a large extension of his domain, acquiring the reserved rights of the monks of Parral, by promising to construct for their use another monastery on the banks of the Rio Frio, where they would be less disturbed by the gayety of the court, and the court less restrained by their proximity.

San Ildefonso lies in the latitude of Naples, at about the altitude of the summit of Mount Vesuvius, but the surrounding mountains which far overtop it, its wealth of forest, and its abundance of water, rare at so considerable a height, were gifts that were all its own, and suggested possibilities of development unique among royal pleasure grounds. Its great altitude fitted it in his imagination for the resort of Spanish royalty, which seemed to him, and still more to his people, who thought their sovereigns the most exalted of human kings, to be properly placed so near the clouds; and its other great gifts he proceeded vigorously to develop.

He was not so fortunate as to secure the services of an architect and a landscape gardener so great as to write for themselves and for him enduring names in the temple of fame, but he and they wrought wisely and patiently through a number of years to evolve the best result that was attainable—given the site, the money, and the labor required.

The pecuniary means at hand were moderate; for Spain, naturally a poor country, made poorer by the idleness and improvidence of its people, and by the enormous expenditure of the war of the Spanish Succession, and with much less developed methods than France had under Louis XIV., of wringing a large revenue from its citizens, could not in any way produce the great sums that had been lavished upon Versailles.

But Philip had still goodly revenues at command, and as soon as he became the sole master of La Granja, he set to work with his engineers and his architect to demonstrate what could be made of his new plaything.

The arid, open mountainsides were to be changed into the cooling, wooded seclusions of a garden, trout brooks to be made into broader and more gently flowing streams, pools and ponds should become miniature lakes, and fountains should burst forth from rocks in cooling play. Tiny waterfalls should flash from mossy heights, the level and sometimes marshy ground at the foot of the descent should be developed into parterres and such well-kept bosquets as were associated with recollections of his youth.

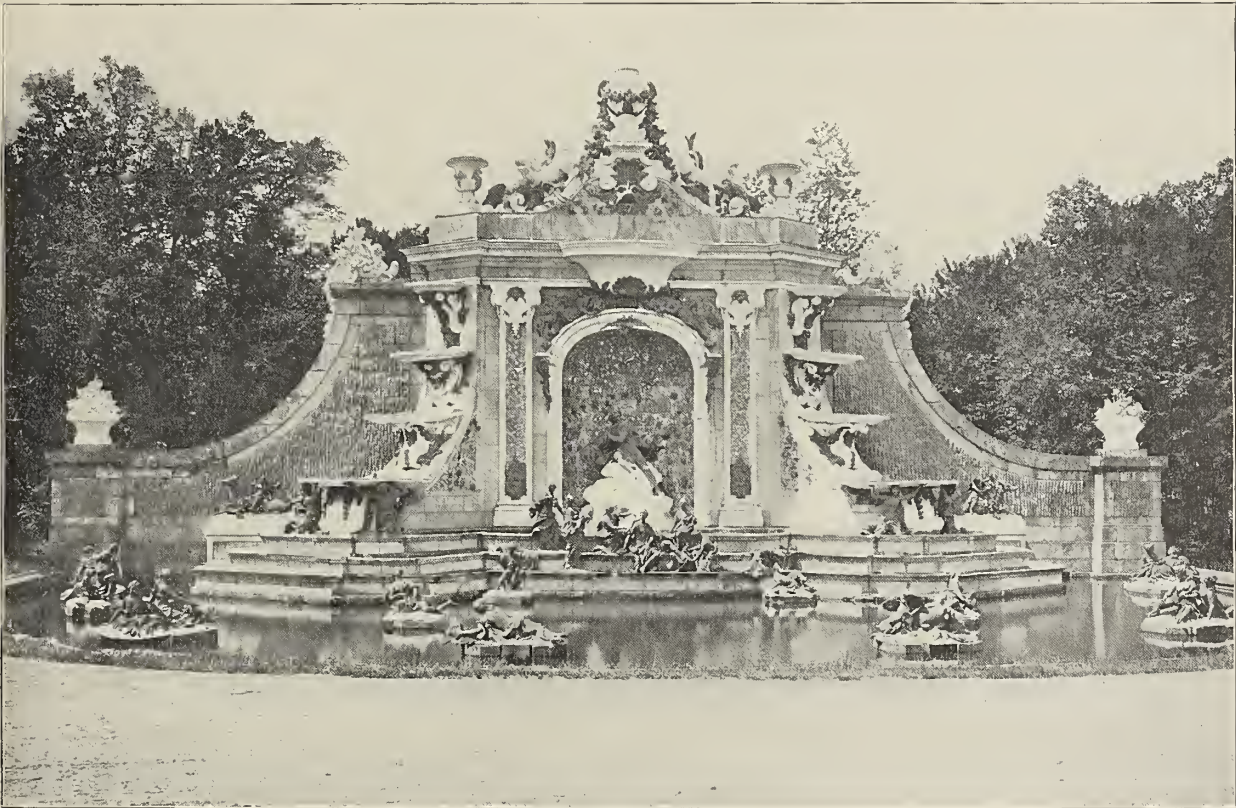
Philip charged his architect-in-chief to restore or re-arrange the old monastery as might seem best, that it might serve as a dwelling-place for the royal family, but he strictly enjoined him to destroy nothing. The plans were soon perfected and approved by the king, and the vigorous prosecution of the work was ordered.

At the same time his engineer, Marchand, commenced the task of grading the lesser hills, and planting the gardens, the cultivation of which was confided to Boutelet.

The best sculptors of the day, Forman and Thierry, were empowered to produce in bronze the fountains and also the ornamental work that was to border the basins and cascades, but this proved too great a task and required too long a time, and the king was forced to content himself with the execution of much of the minor work in lead, colored to match the genuine bronze.

The whole enterprise went forward so quickly that even in Spain, where the time to do anything is always to-morrow, the work which was not started till 1719 had, in 1723, so far progressed that the former habitation of the monks had assumed the air of a small palace, and the fields and woods of the grange had been transformed into a labyrinth of paths, bosquets and cool, shaded glades.

On the ground floor of the monastery a dozen rooms had been prepared as museums and galleries wherein to display a collection of remarkable antique statues and bric-a-brac which had once formed part of a collection which the able but eccentric Queen Christina of Sweden had gathered in Rome,



THE DIANA FOUNTAIN



UPPER AND LOWER BASINS OF THE FOUNTAIN OF NEPTUNE

and which, after her death, had been purchased for Philip by his ambassador at that court.

Six rooms were set apart as the king's suite of apartments, and four were reserved for the use of his queen, Isabella Farnese, of Parma. The rest of the building was appropriated to the use of the royal household, and ample provision was made for the service of religion, and for the accommodation of the attendants of the court and the work people.

The work on the gardens and landscape architecture kept pace with the construction of the buildings, though the changes undertaken were of much greater proportions.

The abundance of water, and the height at which it first came to the surface, permitted the establishment of reservoirs at a considerable elevation. The chief one, an artificial lake to which was given the pretentious name of *El Mar*, was placed so high—two hundred feet above the level of the palace—as to give enough pressure to throw jets of water high into the air from many piped fountains in its descent to the lower altitudes.

The streams which had once wandered at will through La Granja as open brooks, were now largely conducted underground, coming to the surface occasionally as bubbling cascades, losing themselves again to reappear unexpectedly and supply some fountain or to form a stepped cascade, leading toward the palace over ever lower basins. The glorious plane trees were so placed and tended as to produce shaded groves, in the

midst of which fountains played, glittering as the rays of the sun fell upon them through the trees.

Only near the terrace did there appear reminiscent of royal Versailles the parterre, and the grand walk looking away across beds of flowers and sheets of water, the vista terminating in the everywhere dominant mountains.

Here and there on these lower levels, statues and vases lined the avenues where the bordering trees were planted formally, and walks

led from fountain to fountain, whose artificiality contrasted strongly with the entourage of hills, rocks and pines whose only gardener had been Dame Nature.

But the unique and crowning glory of La Granja was the fountains, for which Versailles gave the suggestion, but which far outshone their original. No turbid puddle forced up by noisy pumping engines supplied the liquid element, but a crystal mountain stream fresh from the wild heights of Guadarrama here flashed and laughed and glistened as



THE BASKET FOUNTAIN

if, after bondage underground, it rejoiced to greet once more the fresh, pure air in the *Cascada Cenador*, which, under the glistening sun and the azure Castilian sky, glitters like molten silver, reflecting later in its quieter pools, the deep, cool shade of overarching boughs.

Philip's landscape gardening, when completed, covered an area of three hundred and sixty acres. He gave to the task a constant, loving supervision, and the work itself and the after contemplation of it formed one of

the purest and most tranquil joys of his whole life. It marks some fine strain in his character that, brought up as he had been among influences which promised to develop only his lower qualities, he should still be able to love deeply and permanently the quiet and restful intercourse with Nature which he found here.

His work at La Granja completed, he seemed to find the intrigues of the court and the cares which must beset the wearer of a crown growingly distasteful. He longed to lay down the government of his restless and turbulent dominion, and to pass his remaining days, not in monastic retreat as his more serious predecessor, Charles V., had done more than a century and a half before; but, in the quiet of this mountain fastness to escape from the unceasing battle with the forces which were arrayed around his ambitious, unscrupulous and intriguing queen.

He yielded to this wish for peace in 1724, surrendered the throne to his son, Louis I. of Spain, and retired to San Ildefonso to live a life of peculiar simplicity. But his freedom was destined to be of short duration. Louis died after a reign of eight months, and the father was forced to resume the burden of royalty from which he had so recently freed himself. In his after life, which was extended for more than twenty

years, he passed all his summers in the enjoyment of the peace of La Granja; and he and his queen lie buried together there.

Our concern here is not with the questions of Philip's worth as a man, or his success as a ruler. Doubtless the union of the crowns of France and Spain under the rule of the Bourbons, with which the welfare of Europe seemed for half a century so bound up, turned out to be a matter of no great moment, and not worth the intrigue and the treachery which brought it about. We are only interested in the skill with which he and his advisers conceived, and the success with which they carried out this bit of landscape gardening, and the architecture of this royal summer retreat, which, slight as they must have seemed at the time of their creation, have long outlived the political schemes which wasted for twelve years the blood and treasure of Europe.

Philip's successors found La Granja to their liking. His son, Charles III., amused himself by putting the finishing touches on his father's work, and during his reign the summer always found the court there.

He conferred a benefit on the village of San Ildefonso by favoring the establishment there of the manufacture of glass and of mirrors. These factories, once very celebrated, have left little to testify to their greatness, though



ONE OF THE LARGER VASES IN THE GARDEN

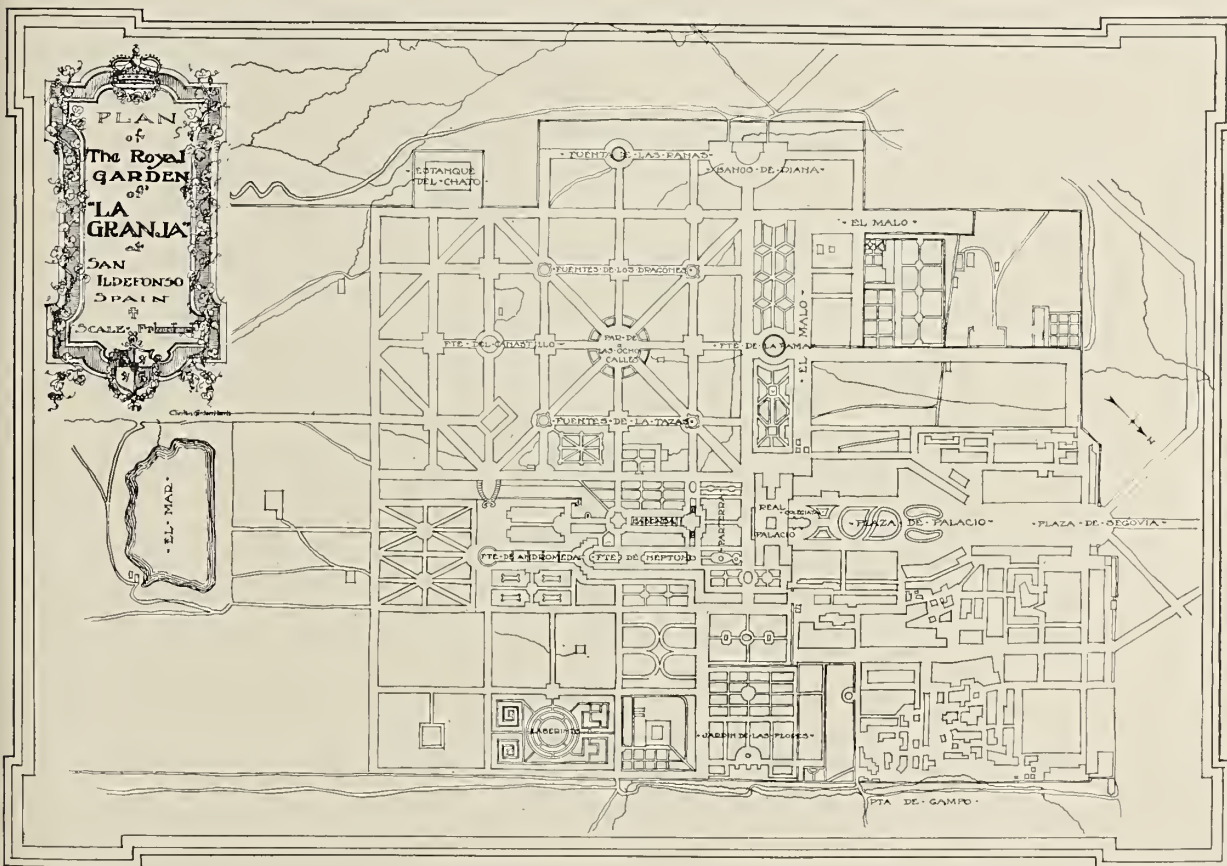
they have not ceased to exist. The charm of the situation of San Ildefonso promises to be permanent. On the northern slope of the great chain of mountains, which form the backbone of Spain, which arrests and discharges the clouds borne inland from the Atlantic, there would seem to be an assured supply of the moisture so rarely found elsewhere in the kingdom, and which gives such wonderful freshness to this oasis in a dry and burning land.

These musings over the past history of San Ildefonso, tracing on the spot its development from monastery and grange to royal palace and summer garden, repeating what so often occurred in Spanish history, that the spots which were selected by the good taste and practical wisdom of the monks later found favor in the eyes of the monarchs and were appropriated by them for royal abodes, brought us to the close of a glorious May day, and we began to cast about for a resting place. At the very door of the palace we found an excellent hotel where we secured quarters. In an evening's conversation with the landlord, we discovered that a beautiful wild

mountain road, practicable only in the summer, led from La Granja over the top of the mountain range into the valley of the Escorial, but it took some persuasion to convince him that we were earnest in our purpose to make an early morning start that we might view its wild scenery in the freshness of the young day.

La Granja is still the favorite summer palace of Spanish royalty. The apartments of the palace are light, airy and agreeable, without being oppressively magnificent. During the stay of the royal family the village assumes its gayest air, the fountains play, and the whole tone of the surrounding region is one of life and merriment.

Shortly after sunrise next morning we bade farewell to the place which had given us such keen delight for a day, and with a four-mule team, guided by a driver on the front seat of our mountain carriage, and controlled by a rider on each of the two near mules, we crossed the sierra by a road of marvellous excellence, constructed by the Bourbon kings of Spain with reckless disregard of expense, to facilitate the transfer of the court between the Escorial and the gardens of La Granja.





THE HOUSE FROM THE REAR



The Path to the Swimming Pool

A LONG ISLAND HOUSE AND GARDEN

BY ALICE M. KELLOGG

IN the remodeling of an old home there is often a more significant expression of the owner's tastes than in the building of a new dwelling. This is evidenced in the house and grounds at Bellport, Long Island, belonging to Mr. J. B. Mott.

As the locality in which this house is situated did not figure in the early Dutch and English settlements, the house has no claim on historical traditions, but its architectural merit has been sustained through a century



THE FARMHOUSE ENTRANCE

and a half of varying artistic standards.

Although it has received no very marked alteration from its original construction, necessary repairs have been made from time to time and modern conveniences installed. In removing the chimney work the old bricks were found to have been held together by a primitive, local cement made of powdered oyster shells, which had gradually disintegrated and allowed the smoke and flames to come

perilously near the floors and walls. A glimpse into the half-underground kitchen—now in disuse—with its big fireplace and huge Dutch oven, recalls an old-time expedient for attaining some measure of winter comfort, for here, probably, during the bitter cold days the entire household gathered, as in a living-room, to share the welcome heat. The same conditions may be imagined to have existed in the Van Cortlandt Manor House at

fronts on the main road or highway, a wide, tree-shaded street that ties together the towns and hamlets of Long Island like beads on a chain.

The owner's possession of some valuable furniture and decorations of the Renaissance, secured on his different visits to England and the Continent, made an extension of the old house imperative, and a separate room with interior fittings to accord with the collection,



GARDEN ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT HALL

Van Cortlandt Park, New York, now under the care of the Colonial Dames, where the lower kitchen is one of the chief objects of curiosity to the visitor.

The old entrance to the Long Island farmhouse is as finely proportioned and as simple in detail as the famous doorways designed by Samuel MacIntire of Salem, Massachusetts; the upper railing is a late addition copied from a Colonial mansion. This part of the house

and an exterior that would combine harmoniously with the original building was devised.

The dimensions of this great hall, thirty-five by seventy-five feet, impress one with the feeling of far-back feudal days when barons and noblemen occupied one end of their banquet room, and retainers and serving people were stationed in their own sections, all under the same roof.

The walls are paneled with black oak brought from medieval castles in France and Germany. The fireplace is a massive design of the period of Francis I., now, as in its previous existence in a distant land, a social, livable feature amid stately surroundings. An old fire-back leans against the brickwork of the opening, and the tall wrought-iron fire dogs have the initial letter of King Francis resting on a crescent and surmounted by a crown.

cles of warfare, heraldic devices and portraits of historic persons,—the parents of Mary, Queen of Scots, Henrietta Maria, the wife of Charles I., and Marie de Medici are among them.

It is interesting to note that in the plan of the great hall, walls and ceiling were arranged to fit the old carved panels, and so thoroughly in unison with this permanent furnishing are the movable effects that one might be trans-



THE OLD FARMHOUSE

The details of the supports and the over-mantel indicate the craftsman's love for his work, the combining of artisanship with artistic creation.

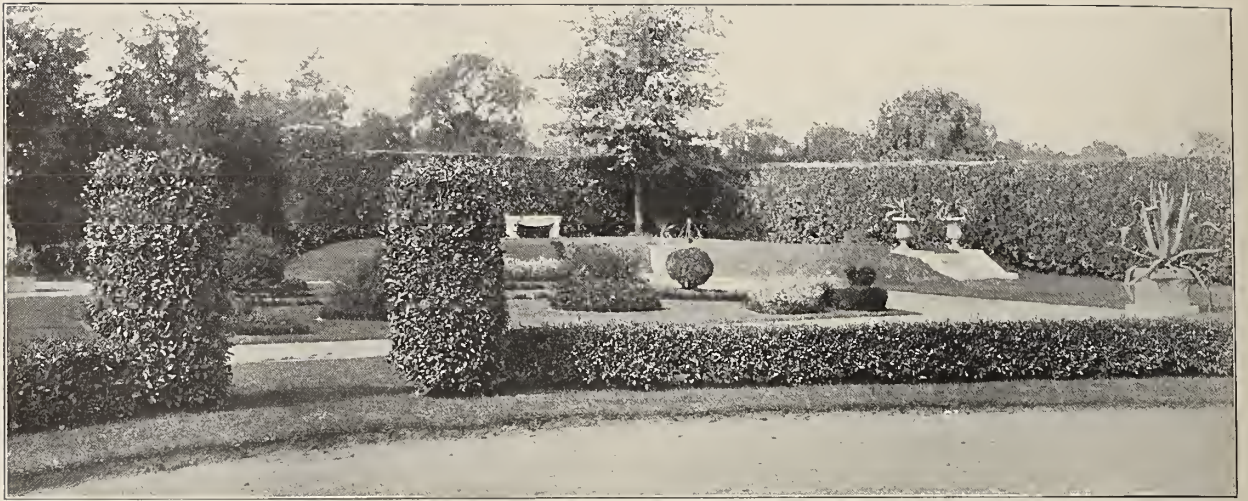
The ceiling shows the heavy oak timbers with gray plaster between, and, at the end of the hall, balancing the fireplace, is a staircase of an early English pattern leading to an open gallery with carved archways.

The plastered wall above the oak paneling is decorated with old tapestries, ancient arti-

lated in spirit back to the Middle Ages, while still, in the flesh, be within a few hours of our American metropolis.

Some of the Henry II. chairs are covered with old Genoese velvet in the matchless red that our modern dyes are incapable of reproducing, the seams finished with gold braid toned by age to a soft brown.

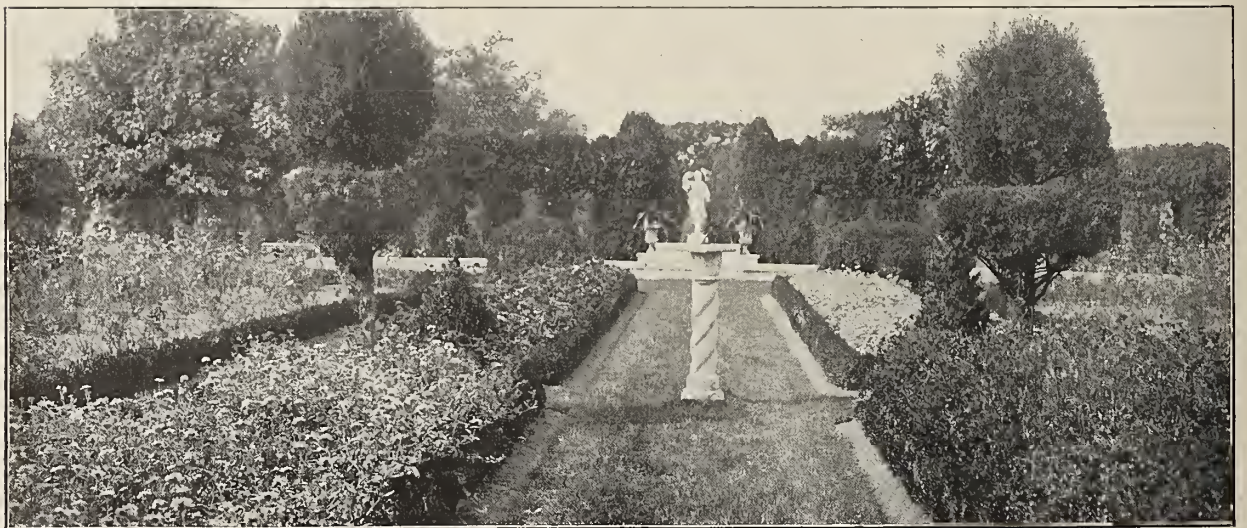
The great hall has an outside entrance that brings it into close relations with the gardens,



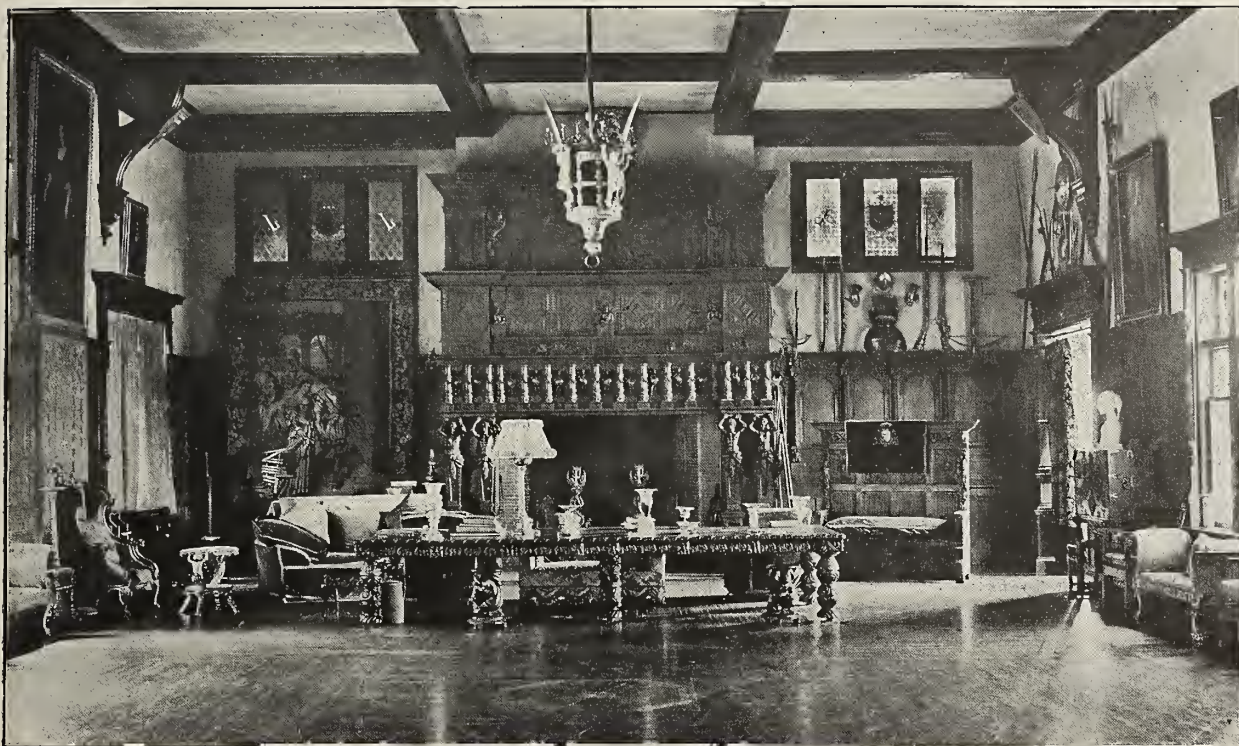
DRIVEWAY TO THE GREAT HALL



A SHELTERED SEAT NEAR THE RHODODENDRONS



THE SUN-DIAL PATH



FIREPLACE IN GREAT HALL



STAIRWAY AND GALLERY IN GREAT HALL

and it is also reached by the driveway as it makes a graceful turn into the grounds from the gateway.

Near the house a formal garden, with clipped hedges of cedar, yews trimmed to resemble birds and animals, carved stone seats, marble vases and statuary diffuse a tranquil enjoyment of Nature that is not afforded by a wilder, less cultivated treatment. Flowers in decorative, luxuriant masses framed by box and sheltered by high hedging make a gentle transition to another part where plants for cutting purposes are left to a freer growth. A grass path leads to a stone sun-dial, and further on to a swimming pool that is almost large enough to be dignified by the title of lakelet.

A high cedar hedge is trimmed into numerous openings that reveal and conceal the beauty of the gardens beyond. At the time when the photographs were made the season for clipping was past and the usual trim aspect of the grounds could not be represented. The greenhouses are placed near the service portion of the house, at the opposite side from the driveway and formal gardens.

The happy accomplishment of so much outdoor work within a brief decade must be an encouraging incentive to every home gardener. Long periods of time are popularly supposed to be required to bring garden effects to a state of perfection, but, with the newer methods for transplanting trees and shrubs of good size, satisfactory and quick results are quite practicable. The use of native plants, too, is coming into more general acceptance, and opens wide possibilities for the beautifying of country places at slight expense.

Planting on a small scale offers, perhaps, more difficulties than the planting of grounds of large dimensions, in much the same way that the designing of a house of limited proportions proves a harder task than the same proposition applied to more extended areas. Monotony, the low-water mark in garden work, is more avoidable when there is space for carrying out ideas; and, when the means are sufficient for the undertaking, any tract of land however sterile and uninviting may be rapidly transformed into a pleasure ground.



The Swimming Pool



San Lazzaro

THE ISLAND OF SAN LAZZARO

BY ALFRED MORTON GITHENS

THERE seems little chance now-a-days of finding near the greater Italian cities a place that is not already familiar through books and photographs. Turn away and explore the unknown outlying towns, and the chances are that we miss what we have come to Italy to see. Generally there is little refinement and less originality, for each object that interests us is crudely reminiscent of some well-known masterpiece of the great cities. Unless gifted with rare patience and leisure to indulge it, we sadly return to the beaten paths and the broken English of the guides and beggars. Happy voyagers in the days of "*le grand tour*"! What surprising journeys into unknown cities befell Sterne and Goldsmith and the men of their time! What adventures they brought back and tales worth telling! After all, Murray and Baedeker rob us of more than they give in return.

Tucked away near the end of Baedeker's chapter on Venice is a paragraph mentioning the island of San Lazzaro. There is little or no description, and we had never before heard of this island-monastery. One September afternoon, in the hope of a discovery, we set out from the Piazzetta. The place is near the Lido, an hour's row, by gondola, below the city. Past San Giorgio we went and across the Laguna Viva in the warm afternoon sunshine. A *barca* would pass us, or a *pescadoro*, its orange and scarlet sails filled with the summer wind. In the gorgeous weather one envied the steersman or the man at the sweeps, and grew impatient with forced inactivity. Such an opportunity to try that most cunning of feats, rowing a gondola! Of course, a remonstrance from the gondolier was to have been expected; but we insisted and were presently in the bow, oar against the impossible rowlock, toes



THE INNER COURT



THE PUBLIC LANDING FROM THE CAMPANILE

From a sketch by the author

out and knees bent. A long, slow stroke with the weight of the body against the oar—good; but in the recover the oar slipped and was helplessly down against the gunwale. With a quick twist one escaped a forced dive overboard. Several other trials were more successful, though it seemed attempting the impossible. All this time the gondolier was highly scandalized. Strange how unsuited to a *Signore* any sort of physical work seems, in Italian eyes! A long walk, and they shake

their heads and explain to each other that he is an "*Inglese*," and therefore crack brained. If he can pay for a carriage, why not ride?

San Lazzaro lies to the south, past San Servolo. A half hour and we saw the red stucco buildings and the slender half-oriental campanile set in the green foliage of the gardens. Along the brick sea-wall we passed by tall cypresses to a little land-locked harbor. At the side pomegranate trees overhung



A DOORWAY



THE GRAPE ARBOR

the water, and before were the walls of monastic buildings, where Venetian landing steps led to a small arched doorway. Here we alighted, and in answer to the gondolier's call a porter appeared and led us in. Down a passageway we went, to the *cortile* and through cool, vaulted cloisters open to the luxuriance of a semi-tropical garden, green with cypress and deodar and brilliant with rare flowers—Bengal and Chinese roses, oleum fragrans, wistaria and magnolia. A fountain splashed, hidden somewhere among them. One of the friars met us—a grave, stately man, tall and dark-bearded, with the loose black robes and silver-buckled shoes of the order.

This is the only monastery in Italy that escaped the general suppression, for it is under the suzerainty of the Sultan of Turkey and the Italian government dared not interfere. Strange the protection of an infidel was the sole influence that saved a Christian institution from other Christians!

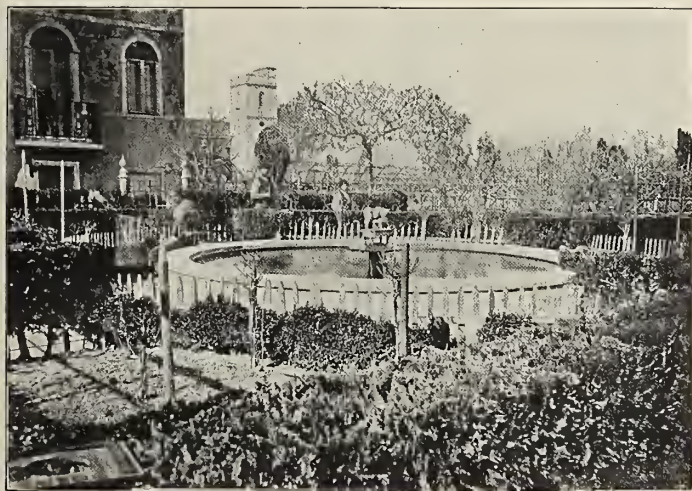
It seems that nearly two hundred years ago, through the influence of Doge Sebastian Mocenigo, the island was sold to certain Arme-



THE CLOISTERS



THE CLOISTER GARDEN



THE ARTESIAN WELL

nian friars led by Mekhitar of Sebaste, to serve as the western headquarters of the Armenian Church. Here the friars built their cloisters and chapel and fenced the island with a sea-wall. The waste places were cultivated, vines and fruit-trees planted, and so the buildings surrounded by a great garden. This is the San Lazzaro of to-day, somewhat decayed, but by the luxuriance of its old grape-vines, oleanders and euonymus and the height of its cypress, more than making amends for the half

neglect everywhere apparent. The friars are all-absorbed in their life-work, the improvement and education of the Armenian people and the preservation of their religion. They educate a certain number of young men and send them back to Asia as teachers. Books, both religious and secular, are printed in several Oriental languages for distribution in the East. Besides the twenty friars there are thirty younger students, all Armenians by birth and of proved ability and talent. They study twelve years and then become teaching members of the institution.

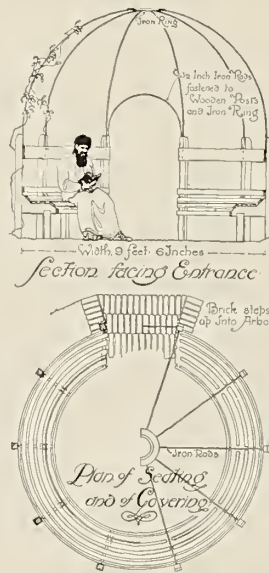


THE COW HOUSE



IN THE GRAPE ARBOR

However, our interest lay rather in another subject. From the gondola we had caught glimpses of the outer gardens and were impatient to explore them. Strange to say, though there are many visitors in the season, few see the gardens. The friars modestly assume that tourists are interested in their island only through the poet Byron's having spent a year there—to study the language, they say, though they confess he was more successful as a poet than as a student of Armenian. They point out certain rooms where he worked and studied, the chapel, the library with its collection of rare manuscripts, the cloisters, and perhaps the great wainscotted refectory where the friars dine in a row along the walls behind the tables. Before sitting down together, grace is said in common; the president recites some prayer, two of the scholars recite



The Fountain Arbor

a psalm, the Lord's prayer is repeated and the meal dispatched in silence. Meanwhile one of the novices appears in the pulpit and reads first a lesson from the Bible and then a selection from some other book. The meal finished, the president rings a bell, the reader retires to dine, the community rises, they give thanks and pass out to the garden.

To the gardens then we asked to be taken. Ushered back along the cloisters and through a small iron-grilled doorway, we emerged under a pomegranate tree with ripe fruit flaming through the leaves, in a part of the gardens near the entrance harbor. We were left to wander at will past peach and olive trees, grape vines and oleanders. Before us, at the end of the long path, was a brick-walled terrace, bastion-like, projecting out into the lagoon. It was then in a

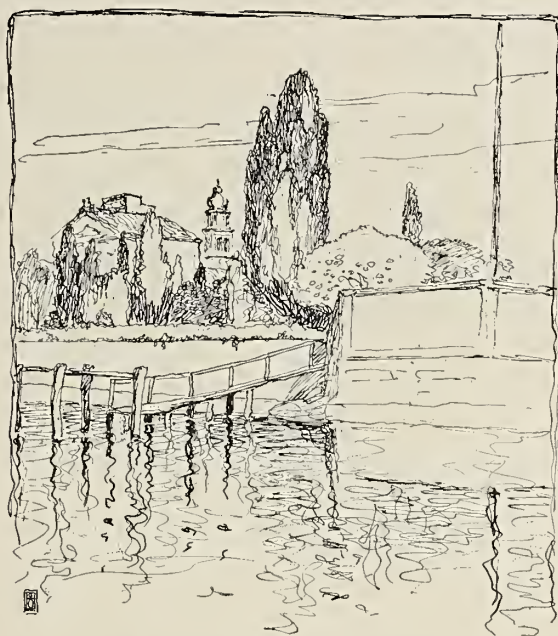


THE ISLAND IN SILHOUETTE

From a sketch by the author

glare of sunlight, but in the warm summer evenings cooled by the south wind, it is a favorite retreat of the friars. Opposite the terrace steps is a domed arbor of euonymus, so dense that even at high noon the sunlight can barely filter in, but reflected from the small leathery leaves, fills it with a diffused and greenish light, as inviting in the white Venetian daytime as the bastion-terrace is at evening.

We were, it seemed, in the pleasure part of the gardens. Elsewhere all is utilitarian, though at the same time so cleverly arranged that each path is interesting by reason of its bordering or the arbor above it. The paths are straight and generally lead to a decorative object of interest, though the arrangement is in nowise monumental. There is no great plan such as in the Lante or d'Este gardens—each path is independent and treated as its use or its position suggests. The gardeners never sacrificed the practical to the ornamental, but so screened what was forcedly ugly that it nowhere obtrudes; they carefully left open to view all that is pleasant to see. Perhaps the most effective planting borders the broad walk along the northern sea-wall leading from the bastion-terrace. Here especially is shown how they fully realized the natural beauty of the situation and the form and color of their plants. Utilitarian as elsewhere, a bordering hedge of grape-trellis, high



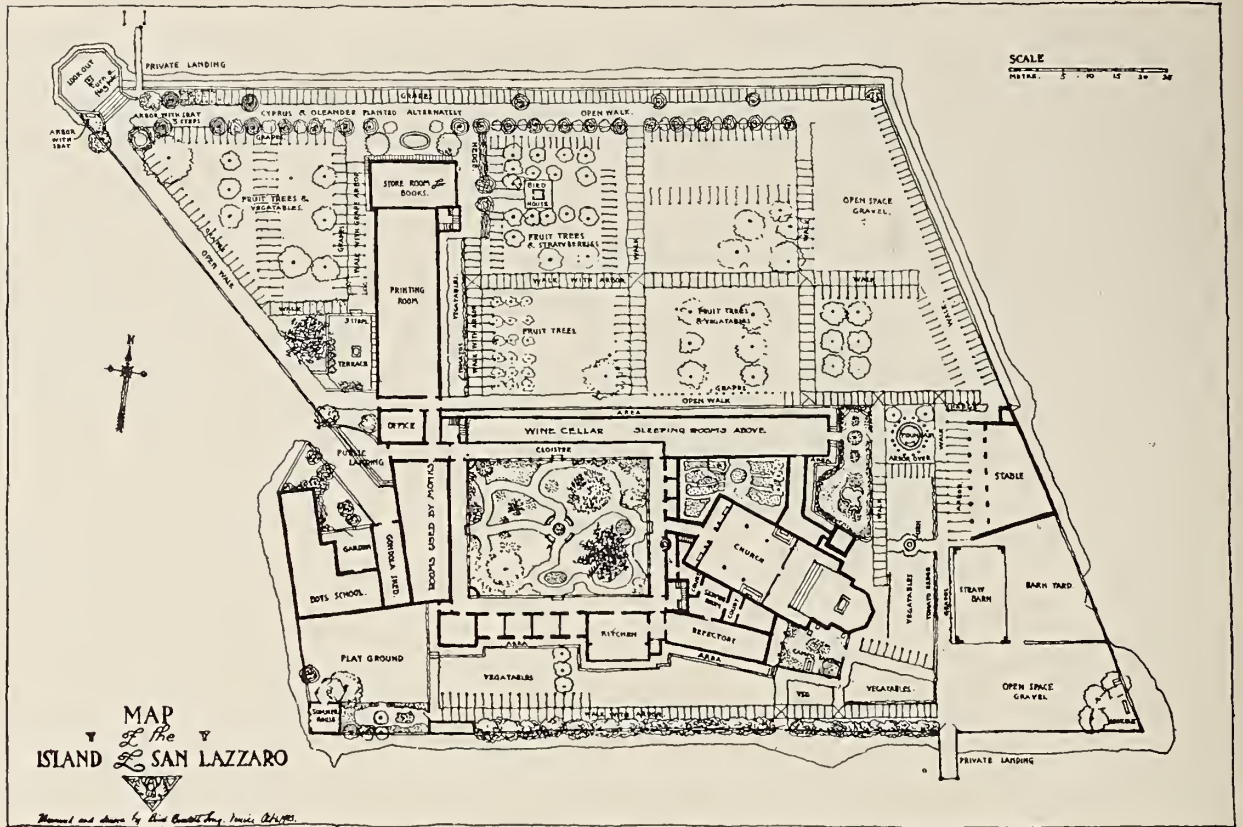
A PRIVATE BOAT LANDING
From a sketch by Birch Burdette Long

on the inner side, screens the kitchen gardens, and low on the side towards the water, allows one, walking past, to look out over it across the sea. The green monotone of the grape-leaves is broken by black cypress or delicate blue-green oleanders with their rose-pink flowers. Over beyond the sea-wall hedge, between the great cypresses, stretch the miles on miles of calm lagoon with Venice and the islands white and purple in the distance, and far to the north the first snow mountains of the Italian Alps. We were there at vintage time. All the lay service of the monastery is done by hired Italians, and along the walk a dozen men were gathering the bunches of blue-black grapes. Several were lying flat on their backs under the low trellis by the sea-wall, legs sprawled over the path, but hard at work reaching above their heads for the bunches barely an arm's length from the ground. Others were trundling away in barrows the filled baskets to the wine press.

We ascended the walk. At intervals through breaks in the vine-hedge, shaded paths arched with grape-arches led back from the sea-wall perhaps to a low doorway in the dark-red buildings, or to some terrace with its old carved well-head. The vines half hid the adjoining kitchen gardens or the orchards of olive, or peach, or fig trees. The grape-arches are built of untrimmed branches



A PATH ALONG THE SEA-WALL



Specially measured and drawn for HOUSE AND GARDEN by Birch Burdette Long

an inch or so in diameter, some of them arched and some laid purlin-fashion, all tied together with wythes and tied in the same way to square wooden posts set upright in the ground. The arched form reduces any shadow cast on the vegetable beds alongside, so exaggerated in the usual type of Italian pergola. So the gardens receive the full benefit of the sunshine.

We explored further, past the basin of the artesian well, the barns, and to "Lord Byron's olive trees," so called because there he used to sit "to meditate and write." Near by, at the foot of the campanile—now unfortunately used as the storehouse for firewood and so blocked up that it is impossible to ascend—a wood pile fifty feet high!—is the friars' graveyard. There are "no names written down, no stories with epitaphs. . . . They pass like leaves beaten by the frost of the cold season; a heap of earth covers their fall and all trace is gone."

To us, that September day, there was a singular charm about these gardens. We loitered through the long afternoon and regretfully left them. Perhaps the all-pervading tranquillity and the gold of the warm sunshine lent their share, for on a later day, under gray clouds in a blustering west wind, the lagoon all white-caps, the gardens seemed naked and deserted. The old cypresses groaned in the wind, and it was with difficulty we returned at all to the city. Our gondola pounded heavily on every wave and the wind caught the long sides and high decorative metal at the bow with a leverage that sorely taxed our oarsman in the stern. We rapidly neared a lee shore. One's rowing knowledge proved useless, but the gondolier unaided did what seemed miraculous, and thoroughly drenched, from a boat heavy with water, we landed at the Lido, with a thorough sense of enjoyment of our San Lazzaro visit.

COOPER
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Old Cottages at Ruscombe

PICTURESQUE ENGLISH COTTAGES AND THEIR DOORWAY GARDENS

BY P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A., F.R.H.S.

VIII

THE influence of foreign masons and artificers can clearly be traced in many of our cottage homes and humbler dwelling places. Cottages in our coast villages differ from those inland, and show the results of foreign intercourse and the exchange of ideas. Very potent has been that of the industrious Flemings who by their skill have frequently improved our trade and manufacture, and stamped upon our buildings the impress of their peculiar style. We should naturally expect to find evidences of their presence in East Anglia, Kent, Lincolnshire, where they had flourishing settlements. All around Boston there are fine brickwork buildings, fashioned after the model of those in the Low Countries. The builders, however, did not construct them in the Flemish fashion, and seem to have preferred the "English setting" to the "Dutch bond." You can almost imagine yourself in the Netherlands as you walk along the wharves and banks of the narrow Wytham, and see the old warehouses with their red-tiled roofs, like those in Rotterdam or Antwerp, and the picturesque gable lights. The stepped gables of many houses in East Anglia and the early use of brick show many evidences of Flemish influence in that interesting part of England. A row of cottages in the ancient town of Reading, Berks, is remarkable for its association with a com-

pany of Flemish weavers. On account of the iniquitous persecutions of the Duke of Alba, they fled from their country and came to England. Queen Elizabeth had compassion on them, and built for them this row of houses against the wall of the refectory of Reading's ancient abbey, which at the dissolution of the monasteries came into the possession of her father, King Henry VIII. The little houses, therefore, have much interest attaching to them, and did good service, not only in sheltering the poor weavers, but also in preserving for future generations one of the walls of the abbey which otherwise would probably have shared the fate of other portions of the monastic ruins.

Companies of Dutchmen, Flemings and Walloons fled from the fury of the Spanish soldiers and settled in East Anglia, the West Riding of Yorkshire, Rochdale and Saddleworth, Colchester, Kent, and the eastern shore of Scotland. Flemish influence is strong in the Isle of Thanet. The village of Minster has several houses with curious gables built of brick which clearly show foreign design. No part of the southeast corner of England retains so many examples of these graceful gables. The Thanet builders, influenced by foreign models, showed remarkable ingenuity and taste, and produced a great variety of design for such gables by



COTTAGE NEAR HORSEMONDEN



A HADLOW COTTAGE

means of trifling additions and small variations of details. One old house near Minster Vicarage has two such gables, bearing the initials R. K., 1693. The inn near the churchyard, called the "White Horse," also is adorned with the same sort of graceful gables. Such houses show Dutch feeling which is evident in Norfolk, but the brick and flint work here belongs to a different school from that which flourished in the East Anglian villages.

arch, and supporting the roof-tree. The roof is formed of branches and rough thatch. Aisles are formed by low walls of stakes and wattle, placed a little back from the columns or stems of the forks, and in these aisles are placed beds of rushes called *gwelys*, where the inmates sleep. A fire burns in an open hearth in the centre. The building was not unlike a small Gothic cathedral, if Medusa's head had been turned upon it and changed the timber into stone.



ON THE WAY TO SHERE

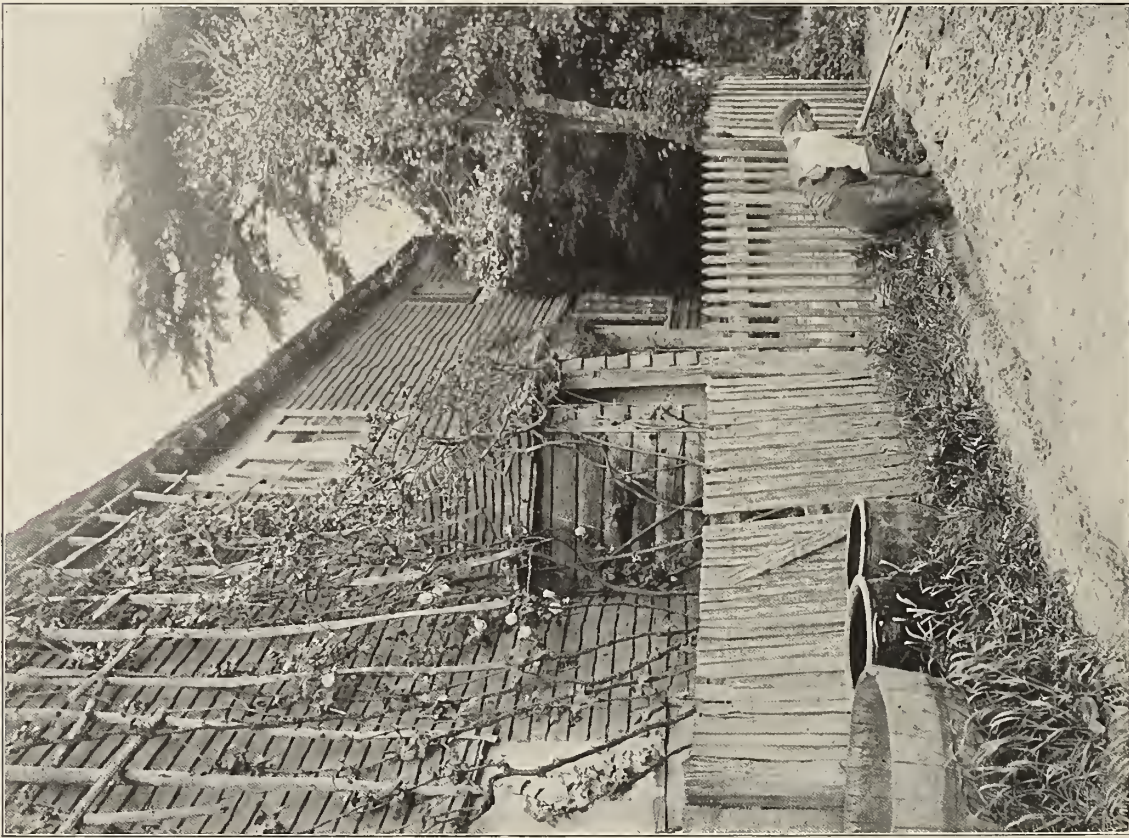
Danish and Scandinavian influence is seen even in a large number of English farmhouses which have the dwelling-house, the barn and cow-house under one roof, while the German and the Frisian farmsteads find their counterpart in our rural houses. Even that curious structure, the tribal house of the Celtic race, throws light on the evolution of our dwellings. This Welsh house was built of trees newly cut from the forest. Six well-grown trees were set up in pairs, their upper branches reaching over to each other, forming a Gothic

We English are a mixed race. Well sang the late Laureate:

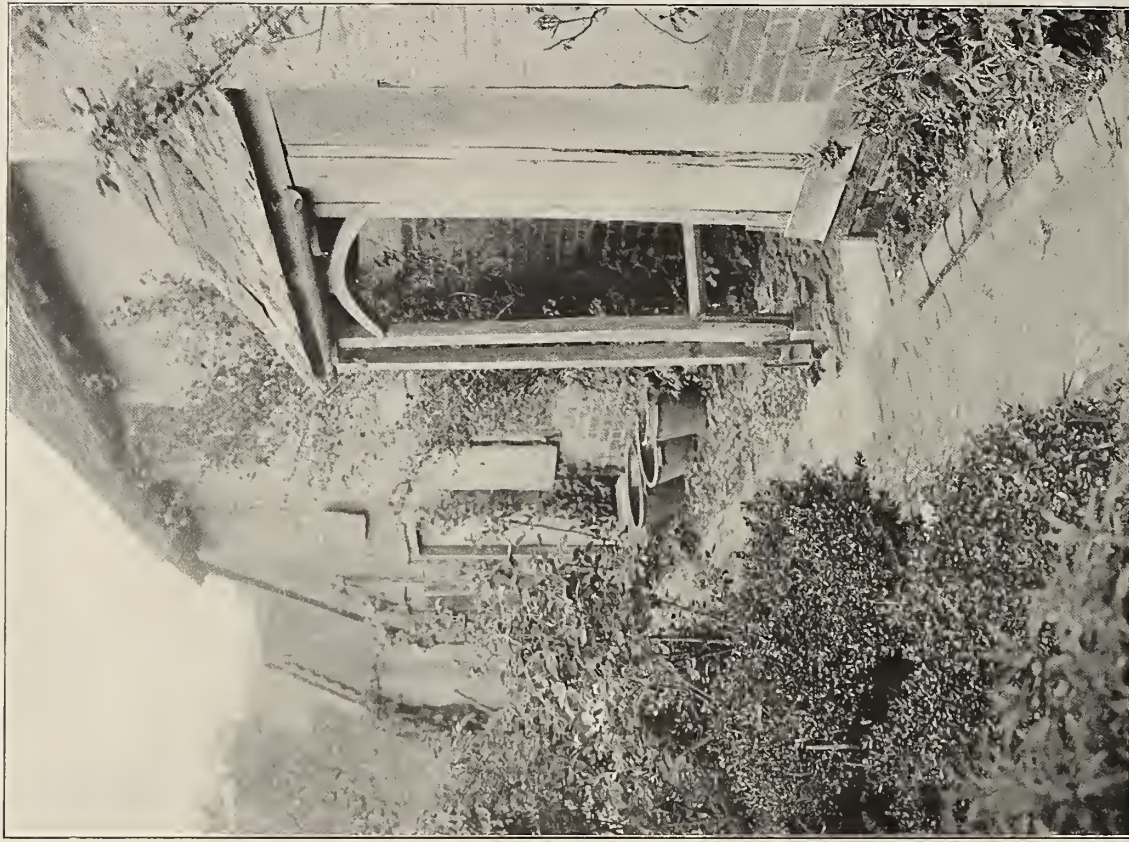
"Angle and Norman and Dane are we,"

and in no way do we show better our mixed natural characteristics than in the growth and origin of our houses.

French influence is considerable in Scotland. The two countries were ever closely connected, both royally and politically. The English were not always loved across the Tweed, and the cunning Frenchman took



AT BRECHLEY, KENT



AT SHERE, SURREY

care to cultivate the friendship of the brawny Scot, who was a "gude fighter" and useful in dealing with England. Hence we see flamboyant tracery instead of our English perpendicular in the windows of Melrose and other stately abbeys, and the style of the humbler domestic architecture assimilates more nearly to the château of France than to the manor-house or farmstead of rural England. I have before me the photograph of a cottage at Greville, in Normandy, in which

strange diversity in our rural habitations. Go down to the deep cleft of Polperro in Cornwall, which looks like a witches' cauldron as the wind flaws catch the eddying chimney reek from the grey cottages that cling to the valley sides, so that one can hardly distinguish living rock from built wall, save where the flashes of light gleam on white-washed walls. It is a land of color, this rugged, beautiful Cornwall, where the tossing purples of the channel meet with the whiteness of



A SOUTH DEVON COTTAGE

the great peasant painter, Jean François Millet, was born. It might have been a Lowland cottage in Scotland, the resemblance is so striking.

In comparing styles of building, it is, perhaps, wise to remember that like circumstances and like materials may produce like results without any actual interchange of ideas or architectural intercourse or connection.

Nature and art combined have produced a

their white walls; flaming cactuses wind their coils within the window frames, and the fuchsia and tamarisks scarcely quiver in the breathlessness of the valley in summer time. The old post office at Tintagel, with its quaint gable and porches, is a good example of a Cornish house. Granite is the usual stone for building purposes. "The ancient manner of Cornish building," wrote Richard Carew in 1602, "was to plant their houses lowe, to lay the stones with mortar of lyme and sand,



A SURREY COTTAGE GARDEN

to make the walls thick, their windows arched and little." In the larger houses of the courtyard type, the lights of the windows

faced inwards to the court. This probably was for purposes of defence. Along the roadsides of South Devon we find many lovely cottages similar to those at Cockington, with their long sweep of thatched roof, and a wealth of luxuriant foliage in the garden.



A COTTAGE ENTRANCE, SHERE

The days are not so very far removed when literally every Englishman's house was his castle, and means of defence had to be provided. Roving bands of desperate outlaws were terrors of the past when most of our present buildings



A VILLAGE STREET, SHERE

were erected, and the dangers of civil war were scarcely contemplated. Cromwell's "Ironsides" and Prince Rupert's "Malignants" scoured the hills and vales of most of our counties and terribly did our farmers of Berkshire suffer on account of the forced requisitions, the cows and horses, hens and ducks, which the soldiers took and forgot to pay for. But our forefathers took care to surround their dwellings with moats, not so much as a defence against such exceptional attacks, as against ordinary vagrants and thieves. A

large number of the old farmhouses of Berks, Surrey, Kent, Sussex and Hants, have these moats. There are two in my



AT THE END OF THE VILLAGE, SHERE

little parish of Barkham, one of which has been drained, and the old farm pulled down a year ago; while the othersurrounds two cottages formerly a farmhouse. It encircles the dwelling on three sides, and is picturesque with its overhanging trees and the reeds

and rushes growing therein, in which moorhens love to make their home.

The destruction of an old house is a grievous loss. Sometimes strange things come to light when the wrecker's hand is laid heavily on its walls and timbers. Hoards of old coins, dating back to the times of the Stuart monarchs sometimes come to light, and occasionally we find curious relics of bygone superstitions and primitive folklore. Beneath many a threshold of a Yorkshire farm, Canon Atkinson tells us, we should find a young calf buried there in order to ward off the evil of a cow "picking her cau'f," a propitiatory offering to the earth-spirits: or you will discover a bottle full of pins under the hearthstone in order to keep out witches. The proper ritual was to select nine new pins, nine new needles and nine new nails and put them into a clean bottle, which had to be se-



AT CASTLE COMBE

curily corked, and then buried with neck and cork downwards, the filling in of the hole being very carefully done. The effects of the spell soon began to work on the witch who tried in vain by all her arts to remove the cork, and suffered severe agony, which was only removed by the confession of her guilt, and the promise never to cast a spell upon the house again. If you would preserve your house from the effects of lightning, you should place the herb house-leek on the roof or chimney stack. It is a wonderful lightning conductor.

A relic of ancient customs may be seen in the flashings of mortar that connect the chimney with the roof. The bricklayers used to mark the flashing with a decoration made with the point of the trowel. This pattern is a reminiscence of the old wicker house constructed of twigs or pliant boughs woven between the posts. In the north of Yorkshire, Mr. Addy tells us, it is usual to wash bedroom walls with a drab color, and where they join the slanting roof to put waving lines of dark blue with spots of the same color in the folds. This is the same ornament used



A BERKSHIRE COTTAGE

by South-country bricklayers, and is an instance of interesting survival of ancient usage.

When we examine carefully the local peculiarities of the mason's or carpenter's work

in a building, it is possible for us to find out its date and origin.

An inexperienced eye can with ease read the story of many of our buildings, and note such peculiarities as the noble towers of Somerset, the soaring spire of Northamptonshire, the timber-roofs of East Anglia.

The architect, who by trained experience knows the peculiar nature of the work of each district, can tell whence the masons came who constructed any particular building. Thus an examination of the peculiar characteristics of Wadham College, Oxford, shows that it

was built by a gang of Somerset workmen.

Many of the illustrations in this chapter are taken from the picturesque cottages in the village of Shere, Surrey. It is an important little place, and can boast of some antiquity. Many important families were connected with it, amongst whom were the Butlers, Earls of Ormond, the noble family of the Touchets, Lord Audley and the Brays. The

manor was divided by Richard Fitz Geoffrey in the time of Edward, among his sisters, and became known as Shere Vachery and Shere Eboracum. The latter was called after the

Latinized name of Richard, Duke of York.

Audrey describes the old Rectory as "an extraordinary good Parsonage of old timber building encompassed about with a large and deep moat which is full of fish.

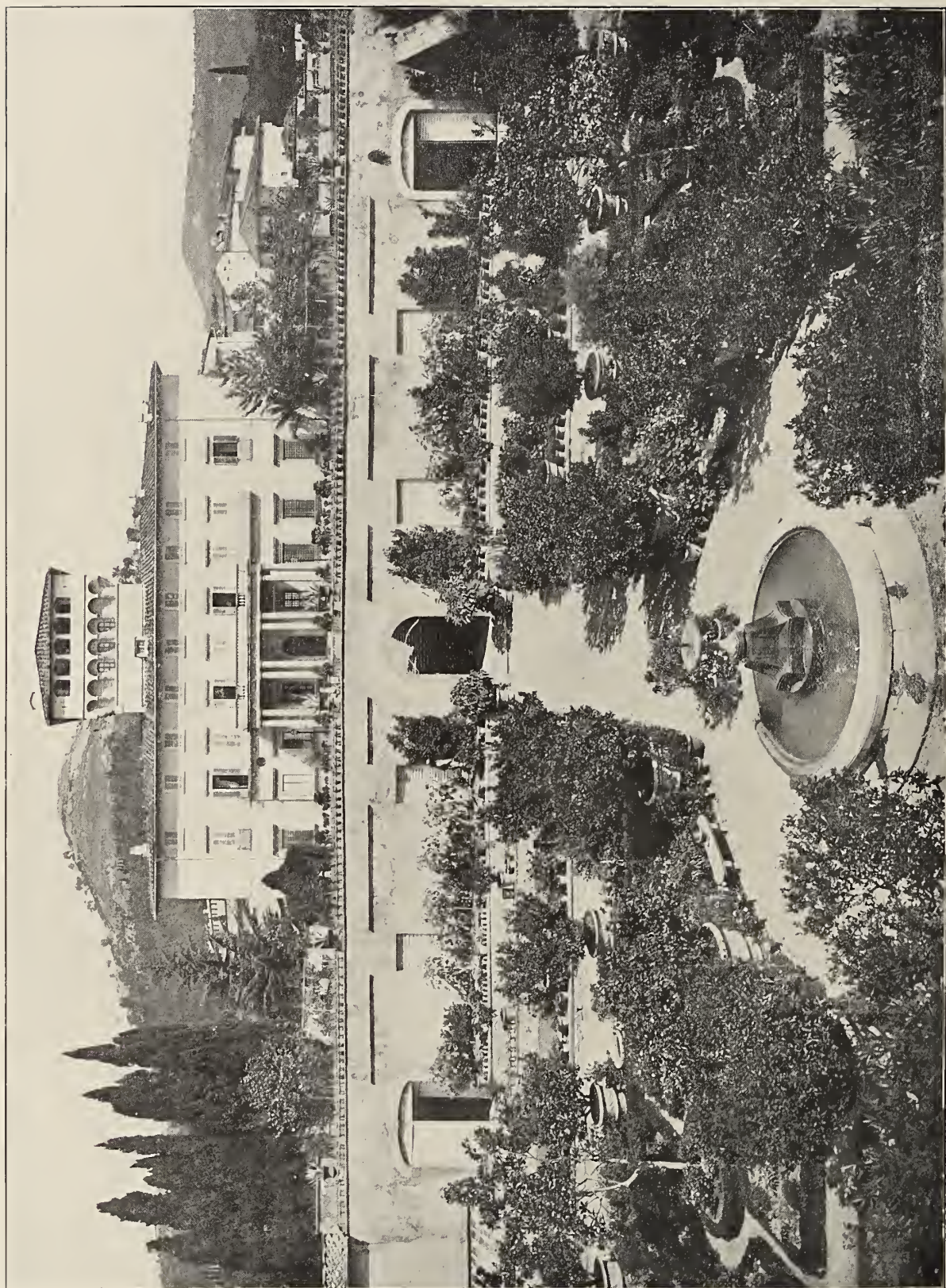
The tradition runs that this house was built on wool-packs, in the same manner as Our Lady's Church at Salisbury; that is, it is like enough some tax might be laid on wool-packs towards the building of it." The village is a happy hunting ground for the searcher of old cottages, for the number of which Audrey accounts by telling us that there was a very

ancient manufacture of fustian there. In one of the views, there is in the distance a cottage with barge-boards which have good tracery. Most of the houses are timber-framed with brick-work panelling. The lattice-windows still remain in many of them, and few villages can boast of a more pleasing variety of rural dwellings than this little village of Shere.



A SHERE WINDOW GARDEN

Copyright, 1904, by H. Troth



VILLA DI MAJANO, FLORENCE



TYROLESE COURTYARDS



THE FLOWER GARDEN, TORRE A CONA

THE VILLA TORRE A CONA

AND ITS GARDENS—NEAR FLORENCE, ITALY

BY B. C. JENNINGS-BRAMLY

Illustrated with Photographs by Arthur Murray Cobb

SOME eight or nine miles from Florence over the hills behind Bagno a Ripoli stands a villa known as Torre a Cona, till lately the property of the Rinuccini, one of the oldest Tuscan families. This family became extinct in 1848 at the death of Marchese Pierfrancesco Rinuccini. His eldest daughter, Maria Anna, married to the Marchese Giorgio Trivulzio of Milan, inherited the house and lands of Torre a Cona. Her son, Principe Gian Giacomo, sold the property about 1890 to Baron Padoa, its present owner.

It is not known when first the old fortress was begun, or whether the Rinuccini built it or bought it, but the group of fortified buildings at Torre a Cona appears as an old property of the family in the declaration made for taxation by Messer Francesco Rinuccini in 1378.

We can see it, such as it was then, in the *gradino* of the altar-piece in the Rinuccini Chapel in the sacristy of Santa Croce in Florence. This picture was painted about the middle of the fourteenth century.

In 1409, however, so the archives of the Florentine Republic tell us, the then owner, one Jacopo Rinuccini, was formally thanked by the State for having restored the fortifications of his castle. This is curious, and proved that the said Jacopo was a trusted citizen, for, in the preceding century, the stout burghers of

Florence had made it their business to raze the walls round many a noble's castle, thereupon turning the owners, whether they would or no, into peaceful citizens.

There are but few traces now of fortifications at Torre a Cona. The tower, which gives the name to the villa, still exists. Originally, it stood alone in the centre of a courtyard, connected with the house by two walls which ran out to the wings, east and west. The western wall is now incorporated in the house. The eastern has a gateway and on it the ancient escutcheon of the Rinuccini, seven lozenges per bend on a field argent. This is proof positive that this wall was built before 1376, for in that year Queen Joan of Naples granted the family the additional of a label gules, which appear subsequently on their shield.

A large courtyard, surrounded by battlemented walls, completed the fortifications. Two sides of this wall are still standing,

but the battlements have been closed on the inner side, and baroque vases have been placed here and there upon them. From the outside the battlements are still visible. Alterations and additions were made from time to time. A picture which still hangs in one of the principal rooms on the second floor, shows the house as it stood in the seventeenth century. From 1750 to 1760, the last altera-



ENTRANCE TO THE VILLA GROUNDS



THE PRINCIPAL FAÇADE OF THE VILLA

Showing the Terrace

tions were made by the Marchese Folco Rinuccini. The chapel was also built at this time, the park laid out, and the decorations, external and internal, completed.

The road from Bagno a Ripoli to Torre a Cona passes no village of importance. After running mostly uphill for six or seven miles it reaches the first iron gates of the villa. A straight drive, between a wall to the east and a low hedge to the west, leads you to some inner iron gates, from which a cypress avenue runs down to the terrace whereon the house is built. Half-way, at a bend of the road, you come upon a strange piece of statuary, one of many you will meet in the grounds. The one in the avenue once upon a time represented the Rape of Dejanira, but the curious material of which the group is made has fallen away in many places. The Centaur, for instance, stands on four bars of iron, and poor Dejanira waves, what should be a comely arm, but is nothing but an iron bone.

These statues were built of red brick to an approximate shape, then the bricks were

carved down to get rid of the angles, and then a coat of modeled cement finished the statue.

From this point the house begins to be visible, and fifty yards further on we pass the last cypresses and stand on the terrace with the villa in front of us. To our left a long two-storeyed building extends for some sixty yards till it joins the villa, and along part of its second floor runs an open loggia, the only ornament of this bare side of the house being its arches and columns.

The villa itself appears to be a characteristic eighteenth century building, its long rows of windows surmounted by heavy architraves—the sills supported by massively moulded brackets—have so effectually metamorphosed the original old fortress. The tower alone rises grey and grim in its original simplicity above the villa it is no longer called on to defend. To the later date, too, belongs the iron-work of the grille and gate, which enclose a portion of the terrace forming the main entrance to the house. It is to be regretted

that the original furniture, which formed a unique example of eighteenth century design, was removed bodily to Milan by the Principe Trivulzio before he sold the villa. The interior therefore presents but little of interest to the antiquarian.

Looking out of the drawing-room windows there is a sheer drop of about twenty-five feet over a bastioned wall. Below us, the road, which we left as we entered the first iron gates, sweeps down the hill and circles to the north, separated from the house only by a little strip of cultivated ground. Hill and dale, as far as eye can reach, are covered with



THE VILLA FROM THE ASCENDING ROAD

vineyards and olive trees, but with scarcely a house or farm in view, so sparsely populated is the adjoining country. The garden presents no feature of interest — indeed there is nothing that can be truly called a garden. A border of flowers runs along the lower wall of the terrace, which is covered by such vines as the Virginia creeper,

wistaria and plumbago. A gravel path separates this border from a kitchen garden well stocked with artichokes.

Lemon-trees in pots stand at regular intervals along the terrace, and at its farthest end from the house there is a small and tangled



THE ENTRANCE TO THE FLOWER GARDEN



THE GARDEN BESIDE THE TERRACE



A ROND POINT IN THE WOOD

shrubbery of laurels and roses, lemon-trees and aloes, briars and weeds, creeping and trailing and winding and blooming in inextricable confusion round an old fountain. A tenantless aviary, also smothered in creepers completes the solitude of this uncared-for corner, neglect to be accounted for by the absence of the owners, whose return, doubtless, will be preceded by much clipping and shearing, hoeing and digging, after which the little garden will regain its conventional tidiness. Some of the finest ilexes in Italy grew once upon a time on this very spot, but were unfortunately cut down by a previous owner to carry out some so-called

improvements. They formed the vanguard of the ilex wood which covers the hill to the north of the house, one of the chief beauties of Torre a Cona. This wood has been laid

out in formal walks, the central of which runs in a straight line away from the house, from the bottom to the top of the hill. From it other roads diverge symmetrically to the right and left, returning sharply to meet again at *rond points* on the way up. Statues by the same artist as those in the cypress avenue are placed at regular intervals, and the stone seats are ornamented by pedestals and busts from his hand. His statuary, in fact, abounds everywhere, all, alas! in



A BEND OF THE ROAD



AVENUES OF THE WOOD

very bad repair. The summit of the hill is crowned by a huge statue representing Hercules, and here we are at last informed by whom all these works of art were carried out. We read the following inscription on the pedestal:

*D'altre opere e di questo Ercole invitto
Io Giuseppe Catini fui l'autore,
Che, dopo aver nella cucina fritto,
Feci a tempo avanzato lo scultore.
Del calzolaro pria, da urgenze afflitto,
Mestiero esercitai di malo umore,
Estudiai fin d'architettura un poco.
Fui comico, pittor, poeta e cuoco
A. D. MDCCCLVI.*

which has been thus freely rendered in English:

I, Joseph Catini, who wrought this group,
Once in the kitchen did make the soup;
After long years became a sculptor,
And of many works I was the author.

But first, unwilling, tried another trade,
A shoemaker by sad affliction made;
These trades, to be an architect, forsook;
Became a comic painter, poet, cook.

With this information before us the works of the artist acquire a new significance and are indeed extraordinary. He certainly had no "*mauvaise honte*" as a bust of the Marchese Folco Rinuccini, once at the villa, and now in Milan, bears the following inscription:

Marchese Fulco Rinuccinius
Iosephus Catinius
Eiusdem cocus
faciebat.

Catini also planned the symmetrical walks in the wood. That he did so at a time when in Italy, as well as elsewhere in Europe, the *jardin anglais* was in fashion, is interesting. Our cook was not a man to be swayed by fashions. And how right he was! It is melancholy to think of the many stately Italian gardens which were destroyed about this time, to be replaced by insipid imitations of nature. A *jardin anglais* without the velvety lawns of England is a poor thing, and how can they be kept green during the hot and dry summer months of Italy?

Catini knew better. Nature was not to be imitated, she was to be drilled. His walks are a bit monotonous, for they are all exactly alike, trees, statues and all, but they are infinitely better than a good deal of the nature-burdened landscape gardening of the period.

Behind the group on the hill there is still a narrow belt of wood. There the hill, vine-covered, runs down precipitately. From this point a distant view of Florence can be had on fine days, the beautiful town appearing in a cleft of the hills that surround it.

Of the history of Torre a Cona little is known. It was too far from Florence to be affected by the continual strifes of the restless republic; little affected by the vicissitudes of the Medici or their ultimate triumph. The family that owned it for so many centuries has left it, but its walls look strong enough to cradle and shelter a new race for as many more centuries to come.



Scene near Volosca

THE CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC

BY BEATRICE ERSKINE

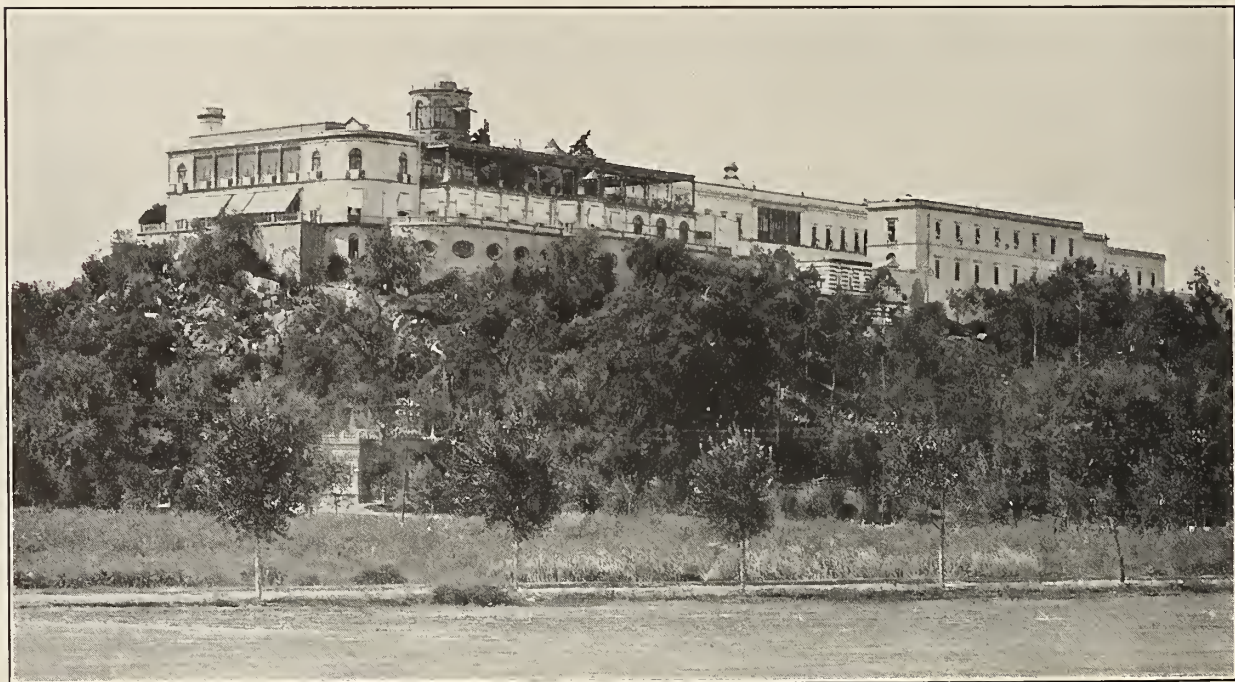
CHAPULTEPEC—the hill of the grasshopper—is a porphyry rock rising suddenly to a height of some two hundred feet from the plain which surrounds the City of Mexico.

The Paseo de la Riforma, the boulevard two and a half miles long which leads from the city to Chapultepec, is a favorite evening promenade of the Mexicans. It starts at the *glorieta* in the circular space where stands the equestrian statue of Charles IV. by Don Manuel Tolsa. Humboldt, who assisted at its erection in its original position in the Plaza Mayor, says that it was designed, modeled and cast by the same artist, but later authorities state that it was cast under the supervision of Don Salvador de la Vega. It is the largest piece of sculpture in the world cast in a single piece of bronze.

After this *glorieta* is passed the low white villas with the masses of purple and crimson bougainvillea hanging over wall and gateway give place to the open country. The road

is bordered with trees—not so luxuriant as in former days. To the left the great snow mountains—Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl—are generally capped with golden clouds; to the right beautiful effects of gold and silver mist and strange half lights play about among the different layers of mountain ranges. By and by the castle stands out boldly against a background of purple mountain; in spite of its size and its situation it gives an impression of elegance and lightness rather than of strength. The double arcading, the terraced gardens and the tower of the observatory, give a good deal of variety and light and shade, and the mass of verdure, growing with a wild luxuriance all over the rock itself, increases the picturesqueness of the view.

A small piece of ornamental water is all that now remains of the lake which once occupied so large a space and which was drained, for sanitary reasons, when the castle was first used as a military college. The



THE CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC



THE CASTLE FROM THE LAKE

draining of the lake very nearly destroyed the magnificent groves of cypresses for which Chapultepec is famed, many of which were already old in the days of Montezuma. These trees—a species of deciduous cypress called by the Indians Ahuehuatl, or Old Man of the Water—require a marshy soil, and when not only was the land drained but some eucalyptus trees were planted, they began to wither and die. Modern science has dug trenches around their roots and supplied them artificially with that water which Nature had given gratuitously, and the situation is saved. There is another danger which threatens them in the shape of the enormous quantities of gray moss which cling to their branches. It hangs in ghostly festoons; it is rootless, colorless, feathery, and increases at an alarming rate. In the Sacro Monte at Ameca-meca, where there is a much greater accumulation of this moss than there is at Chapultepec, the effect is both weird and picturesque.

The trunk of the Ahuehuatl is the trunk of a cypress, but the foliage is infinitely feathery, and the boughs spread like the boughs of a mighty cedar. The largest

known is the big tree of Tule, whose trunk, measured at a height of six feet from the ground, is 154 feet 2 inches in circumference.

The modern Castle of Chapultepec was begun in 1783 by the Viceroy, Don Matias de Galvez. There was evidently an older building existing at that time, as he obtained permission from the Spanish Government to “repair and put in order the Castle of Chapultepec.” He appears to have entirely rebuilt it; his son and successor, Don Bernardo, finished it in 1785. The building cost \$300,000, and the brilliant Don Bernardo, who was a favorite of the King and who belonged to a family which rose from obscurity by royal favor, found himself abused by both parties. The Spanish King cut off the supplies which he had used too generously and the Castle remained unfurnished for some time; while the Mexicans accused him of imposing a fortress on the country under the pretence of erecting a viceregal palace. Future viceroys, however, added considerably to the structure, and the Emperor Maximilian, who was here a great deal during his short reign, left his mark both on the exterior and the interior, which were entirely deco-



AVENUE IN THE PARK OF CHAPULTEPEC

rated to suit the taste of the unfortunate Empress Charlotte. That the Castle was capable of being fortified was proved by the two days' siege which it sustained against the Americans under General Pillow; a siege made memorable by the heroism of the cadets, many of whom died in action. A monument was erected to the young heroes in 1880, and in October, 1904, an American scientific society paid a graceful tribute to their memory by placing a wreath on their grave.

Ascending the winding road which leads up to the Castle, the visitor enters through the iron gates guarded by a sentry of the cadet corps and passes on to the broad terrace from which a beautiful view can be obtained of the mountains, with the parapet with its masses of purple and crimson bougainvillea as a foreground. A fine flight of marble steps leads to the upper storey of the Castle, but it is best to pass through the garden and admire the splendid prospect from the terrace

before ascending to the hanging garden and the marble terrace above.

The gardens are small, but there is much to interest the student. The plain on which the City of Mexico stands is 7,473 feet above sea-level, which accounts for the climate of the *tierra templada*, which, although it lies within the zone of the tropics, is yet so far from tropical. In this country, latitude and longitude count for very little, the

extraordinary difference in altitude making every variety of climate and, of course, of vegetation. It has been said that every plant known to science can be cultivated in Mexico, and in Mexico City the medium climate makes it possible to grow some of the plants belonging by right to the *tierra caliente* or the *tierra fria*. The elm, the poplar, and the ash grow with the banana tree, the pepper, the olive, the orange and the lemon and with every variety of cactus and aloe. Roses in profusion, great bushes of double pink ger-



THE BIG TREE OF TULE

anium, golden masses of *girasole*, or sun-flower, grow side by side with the beautiful "floripondio," only raised in hot-houses in Europe, and the magnificent "trompetilla" creeper, which climbs to the top of the highest trees and tosses its flaunting scarlet cups against the blue sky. The poinsettia—in Spanish the *Flor de Noche Buena*, or Christmas flower,—is here a tree rather than a plant,

and the pomegranate and the fig-tree are seen together with clumps of pale, fluffy-headed pampas grass or with the rich clusters of berries of the castor-oil tree.

It is this combination of the vegetation of the tropical and the temperate climes which is one of the fascinations of the hanging garden of Chapultepec. And when the garden has been duly admired, no one will deny that the view over the plain of Anahuac which is to be obtained from the terrace, is one of the finest in the world. Chapultepec is the



BANANA TREES IN THE ALAMEDA GARDENS

reputed site of the palace of Montezuma, who is said to have laid out tropical gardens in the grounds at its base with fresh and salt water pools for wild fowl and fish and to have planted with his own hands the gigantic cypress which now bears his name. The city, with its many domes, the gleam of the distant lake, the broad plain surrounded by a girdle of purple mountain, arrest the attention in turn; then, if it is evening—and the evening hour is a most fascinating one at Chapultepec—a faint pink flush catches the

snowy tops of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, generally free of clouds towards sunset. The pink flush pales and is succeeded by a note of pure white with a tinge of blue, infinitely far off and lonely, as the brief twilight fades and the Castle and its romantic surroundings are quickly wrapped in the shadow of approaching night. We turn away with an ever deepening sense of wonder at the countless visions of beauty in Mexico.



CYPRESS TREES IN THE PARK OF CHAPULTEPEC



THE GROTTA—VILLETTA DINEGRO

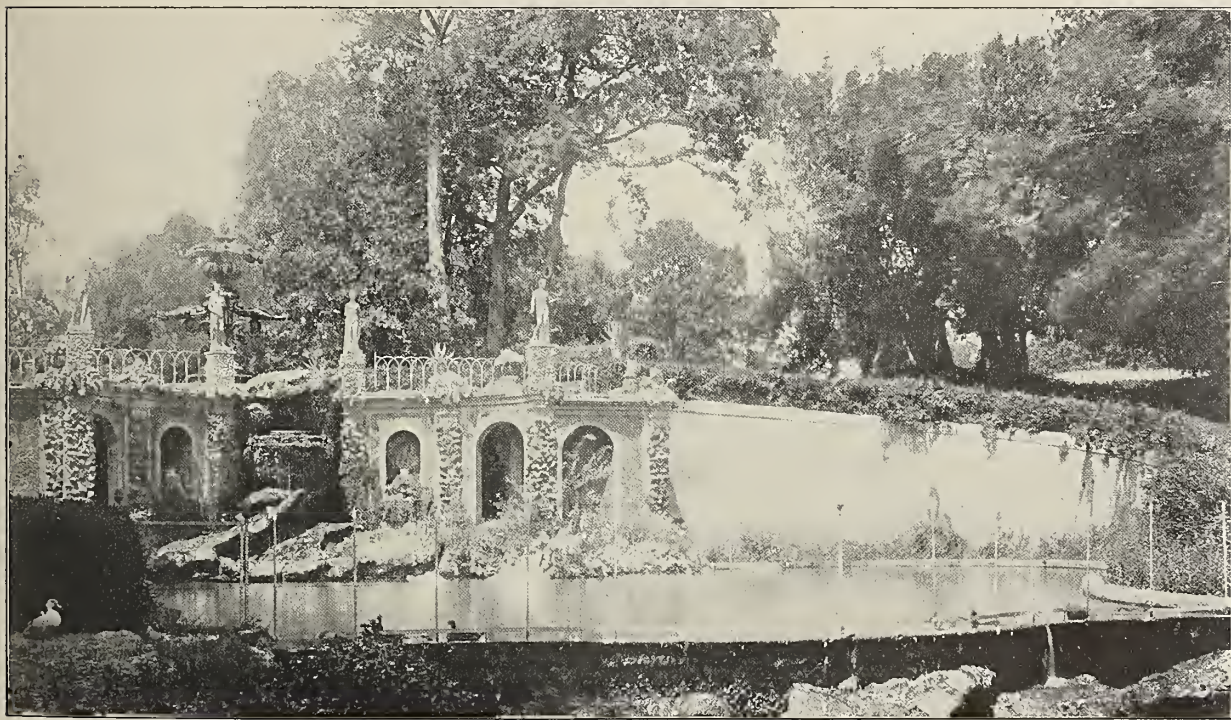
ARTIFICIAL ROCKWORK

BY H. A. CAPARN

WHEREVER people make gardens and loose stones are to be found, there is sure to be an attempt at artificial rockwork. It usually takes the form of a pile of stones of about the size that a man can carry without too great an effort. Some tall nasturtiums or other plants are making more or less of an effort to cover its bareness with the decency of vegetation. As likely as not the whole pile is whitewashed.

Although these futile and rather absurd heaps of stones are to be found in every town, yet there are so many pleasing and rational-looking artificial structures of natural rocks, that there must be some underlying principle of design to be discovered, some general classification into good and bad with the causes of its effect behind it. Take, for instance, the rockwork cascade at the Trocadero, or the Fountain of Trevi, the island in which stands the Temple of Æsculapius in the Borghese gardens at Rome, the grottoes and waterfalls in the Villetta Dinegro at

Genoa, the elaborate fabrics at Schoenbrunn, and the most extensive of all artificial rockeries, the cascades at Caserta, all diverse in conception, purpose and effect, yet all more or less beautiful, appropriate and impressive. Such things as these are often grotesque, but they are architecture of the garden, where grotesquerie often belongs; they are often used like a sort of garden tapestry or free carving as a relief and foil to formal design. They must not be judged by the canons of Vignola, for they are in a class of their own, and, if they are sometimes misplaced and mismanaged, it should be remembered that most of them were made at a time when architecture, with most of the other arts, was exhausted and anæmic, kept alive by artificial respiration; and many are too ready to decry them, partly for this reason, and partly because they lack the expression of formal design. Yet they have an expression of their own that is valuable, though popular;



FOUNTAIN IN THE GARDENS OF THE VILLA DORIA PAMPHILY, ROME



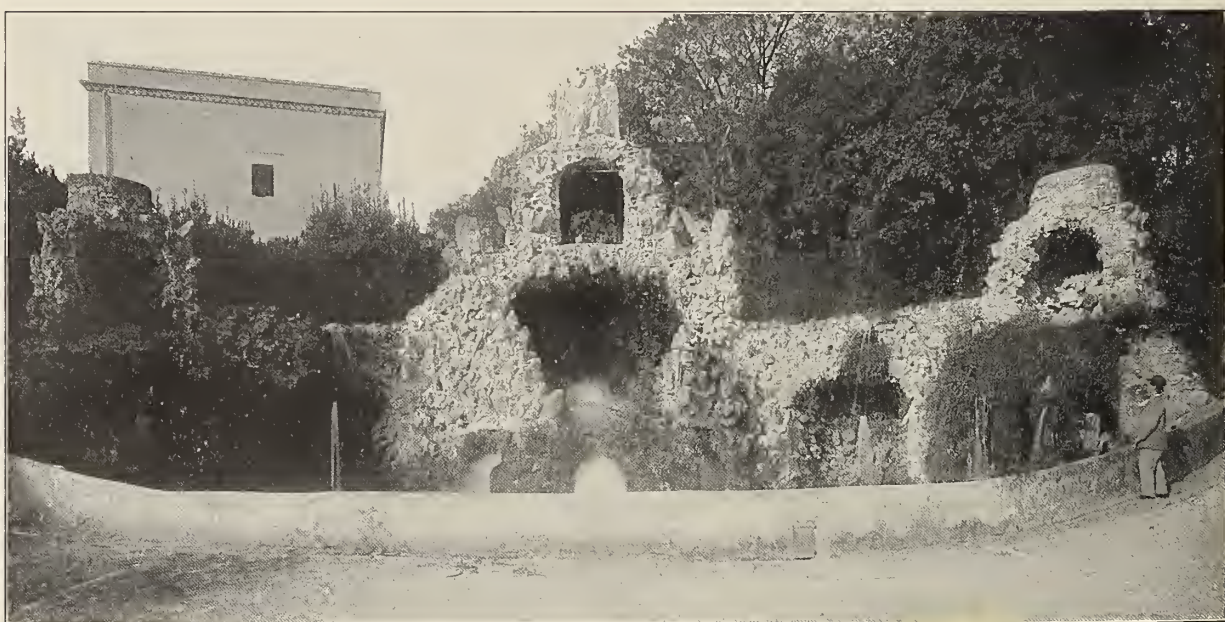
FRÉJUS MONUMENT, TURIN



GARIBALDI MONUMENT, VENICE

they have a place, and an important one, in the field of decoration, and in many cases, especially in a wilderness of orders and rectangles and symmetry like a city, are refreshing by mere contrast. So good are they, in fact,

that it seems as if they were the only discovery of note the baroque artists made, the one form in which their ostentatious feeling could produce any real addition to the world's hoard of things artistic. No structure of



THE EAGLE FOUNTAIN IN THE VATICAN GARDENS



BEAR GARDENS, BRONX PARK, NEW YORK

rough boulders can receive the variety and refinement of sentiment of formal architecture; their ordinary expression is limited to such beauty and sympathy as one may find in the stones themselves and in the freedom and unconventionality of their arrangement; their picturesqueness, that Ruskin calls a "parasitical sublimity." If they are to be sublime, they must be on the scale of the



Matterhorn, or the Palisades. Yet, there are numberless piles of artificial rocks, and natural ones that could be imitated artificially, that are impressive and esthetic, and in their proper place would be a delight to the eye and a solace to the mind.

Nothing could be better, in its way, than the arch on the wall of an Italian courtyard enclosing its fern-clad tufa and trickling water and statue.



OBELISK, SCHOENBRUNN



SHEEP SHELTERS, BRONX PARK, NEW YORK



BEAR DENS (UNFINISHED), BRONX PARK,
NEW YORK

There is in the Borghese gardens even a mass of tufa with an arch and statuary on the top, and over and over again a pile of rough

rocks is used as a base for statuary, not merely playful and bizarre like that at Caserta, but serious and monumental like the statue of Garibaldi, at Venice. Such things are not always good models for imitation; but in a thousand ways and places rockwork is used with ornamental intent and effect, not always so adroitly as in the statue of Porthos being crushed by the rocks in the Luxembourg gardens, or as impressively as the Humboldt monument at Berlin, but, nevertheless, beautifully and appropriately.

In our own country and in England rockwork is nearly as popular as on the Continent, but we do not use it so artistically, though sometimes more beautifully and pleasantly. This is not because we understand the piling up of rough stones better than the foreigners, or so well, but because we are in the habit of regarding them as a base or background for trailing roses, Boston ivy, silver euonymus, golden honeysuckle, green English ivy, or as a sort of foil to dwarf nasturtiums, moss pinks, stonecrop, or in fact, almost anything that does not grow too tall and flowers gayly, or spreads its little lengthening arms over the rocks to enjoy their strength and hide their bareness. Such a rockery is, or should be, nothing but earth studded more or less



A CHANGE OF GRADE

closely with stones, so that plants growing between the interstices may send their roots into the soil beneath, in search of moisture and nourishment. This most cheerful and popular kind of stone heap depends mostly on gaiety of color and the continued novelty of blossom appearing at its proper season and then giving place to something else.

Can we classify the causes of all these effects and draw any general conclusions from them? If it is possible to analyze and synthesize them so as to deduce rules and general principles it would surely be something gained; for then people without intuition to guide them could build these pleasant and economical things for themselves without making fundamental mistakes, and people with intuition would not need to study every problem from the beginning.

Rockwork may be separated into two classes—the simulations of natural rock formations, and the frankly artificial structures of rough stones piled up with or without cement, and imitating natural rocks only conventionally, as carved foliage imitates the real, or a statue, a man or beast; the imitation is not intended to deceive, and is but a symbol of the original, so that the designer has far more latitude and there is, meanwhile, no deception. Looking at the subject in this way



A ROCKWORK CAVERN

it is easy to see why such fantastic piles as those at Schoenbrunn with a symmetry and eccentricity impossible in a natural form-



THE WATER PLANTS AT ABBOTSBURY, NEWTON ABBOT

ation, are yet in no way ridiculous or pretentious, but have a real art value apart from the ingenuity of their construction. They are carved profusely with festoons of leaves and flowers, shellfish, birds, etc., in a style admirably suited to their purpose and position, and difficult to parallel. This is going a step farther than usual, for not only is the rock itself conventionalized, but the very vegetation and animal life that might cover

boulders chosen for their beauty and irregularity, and assembled with much care and expense into an appearance of artless economy; "cottages" of this kind are popular in the summer-resort regions of New England and in other places where loose and time-checked stones abound; and in spite of their often over-studied rusticity, they harmonize with their situation and surroundings as do habitations built out of the nearest



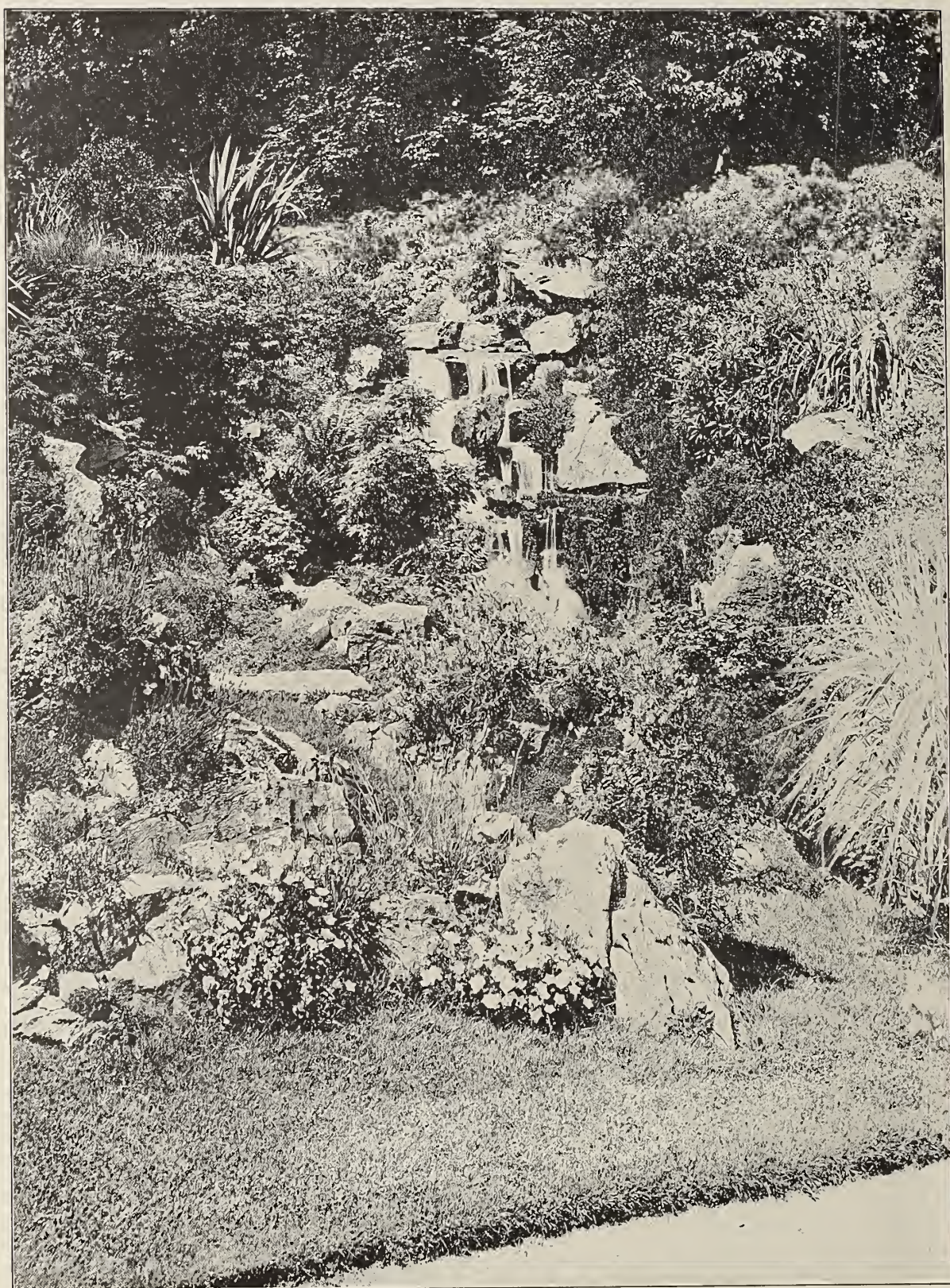
THE ROCK GARDEN, BROADGATE, BARNSTAPLE

it. In many an American park and garden rough boulders are used to support a steep bank, like a retaining wall, or to make steps, or for some other very practical purpose; and they are more likely than not to be covered wholly or partially with vines or other foliage. The illustrations show such erections when first built and when overgrown with foliage.

Many buildings, garden houses, stables, and even dwellings, are built of weathered

and most available materials. Even the rough-faced masonry so popular since the days of Richardson, with its crowning achievement in the Pittsburgh Court House, is but a step farther in the conventionalizing of natural rocks and rock construction, and expresses in its most sophisticated form the general feeling for the surface of untooled stone.

Thus a consideration of a great many examples will go to show that rough rocks are



WATERFALL IN THE ROCK GARDEN, ABBOTSBURY, NEWTON ABBOT

used like any other constructive material, often for their own sake, and usually as decoratively as circumstances will allow. A boulder gray with the storms, and variegated with the lichens of ages, is a beautiful thing in itself, as is a squared block of limestone, or a marble panel, and each of these can be arranged in harmonious composition with others of the same kind or even with each other. And the principles underlying the

with much care, and even much ingenuity, of stones so placed together as to seem a real natural rock formation. Such things are costly to make and, as a rule, do not justify the pains spent on them, but they have their occasional uses. There are some excellent examples at the New York Zoölogical Park, where the wolf, fox and bear dens are built out of stone so carefully matched, and with the joints so ingeniously colored or disguised,



ANOTHER PORTION OF THE ABBOTSBURY GARDEN

composing of boulders or tufa do not differ from those of building up dressed granite or brick. Each and all can be arranged to develop their peculiar beauties, and rough rocks are one of the resources of the outdoor decorator just as any other building material, and it remains for him to use them with the reserve and discrimination that he would bestow on any other kind of ornamental construction.

Sometimes one meets with a structure made

that they seem, even after some examination, to be parts of the primeval rock upon and against which they are built.

The consideration of all these instances may fairly lead us into an attempt to draw broad distinctions, to separate the good from the bad, and even to formulate a few general principles of design or lines of reasoning. Numberless examples will unite to show that artificial rockwork may be used for piers, retaining walls, paneling in dressed

masonry, bases for architecture, and even statuary and walls of houses, and separate constructions of many kinds, grottoes, fountains, sepulchral and other monuments. One of the most appropriate and impressive gravestones that can be devised is an unwrought boulder with a simple inscription. All these uses, and many more, do not differ from those of traditional architecture of arch and column and the orders. And if we look about us we shall see that when structures of rocks are bad, they are bad in much the same way as those of stone or brick, unconstructive, irrational, pretentious, inadequate, inappropriate and lacking in the evidence of such things as can be only felt and are felt in every building of good design. Rockwork must not fail in these respects, any more than a design for a church or hospital. While in estimating it one must not forget that this is garden decoration in which a fanciful, eccentric, or grotesque feeling inadmissible in formal architecture is often welcome and good, such questions as these must be put: Is it necessary? Is it logical and sen-

sible? Is it constructive? Is it fitting to its surroundings? Is it well proportioned and harmonious, and, in short, is it in good taste, when measured by rockwork standards? And if not all or any of these things, why not? All these questions the maker or possessor of artificial rockwork should ask, and answer as well as he can. Perhaps he is impelled to support a bank with a wall of rough stones, or use them as a mere accompaniment to flowers and foliage, or combine them into an isolated object, a stand for a sundial, vase or statuette, steps, or a support for a vine, because he feels that such a thing is needed in some particular place, to serve some particular useful and artistic purpose; let him in doing it fulfill all the conditions as well as he can, but whether in the end he does it right or not, and makes it in any sense a work of art, must depend, as in all artistic effort, on the personal equation. Such uses as these and such questions as these belong to formal architecture as well as to rockwork, and the answers to them are not dissimilar, just about as complete, and no more.



Mountain Sheep Range, Bronx Park, New York

THE PROPOSED UNION STATION IN BUFFALO

BY GEORGE CARY

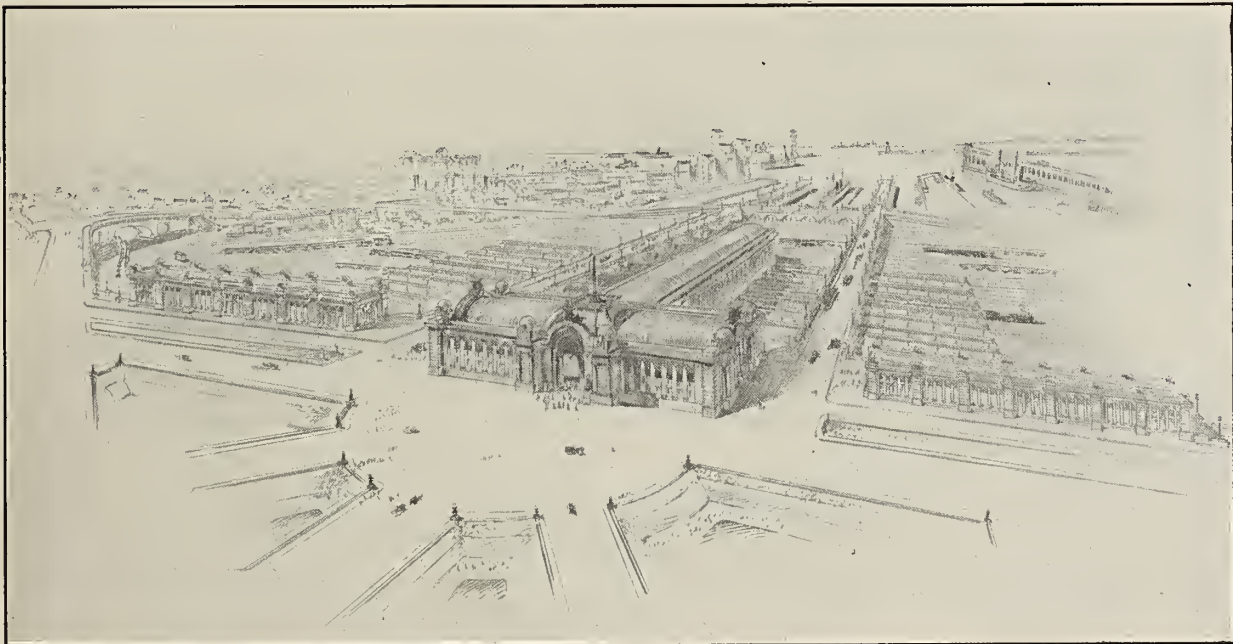
AMONG its other distinguishing characteristics, the City of Buffalo stands first among American cities in the number of railroads which enter it, and in having the greatest mileage of tracks within its city limits. It is also distinguished in having the most inadequate and the meanest passenger stations of any city of its size in the world. For the past thirty years attempts have been made at different times to secure a Union Station, and various committees to consider this question have been appointed by the Mayor. In 1898 a Boston firm of architects designed a station for the present Exchange Street site, which it was hoped might be built in time for the Pan-American Exposition, but this site was not satisfactory to the majority of the railroads interested, and it is only within the last few months that it has been possible to induce these corporations to sign a Union Station report or proposition, which the city authorities now have under consideration. The site chosen is known as the Genesee Street site, and the proposition in brief is this:

That the City of Buffalo should make adequate approaches to the Union Station with parks in front, and docks reached by viaducts across the train yards, back of the station.

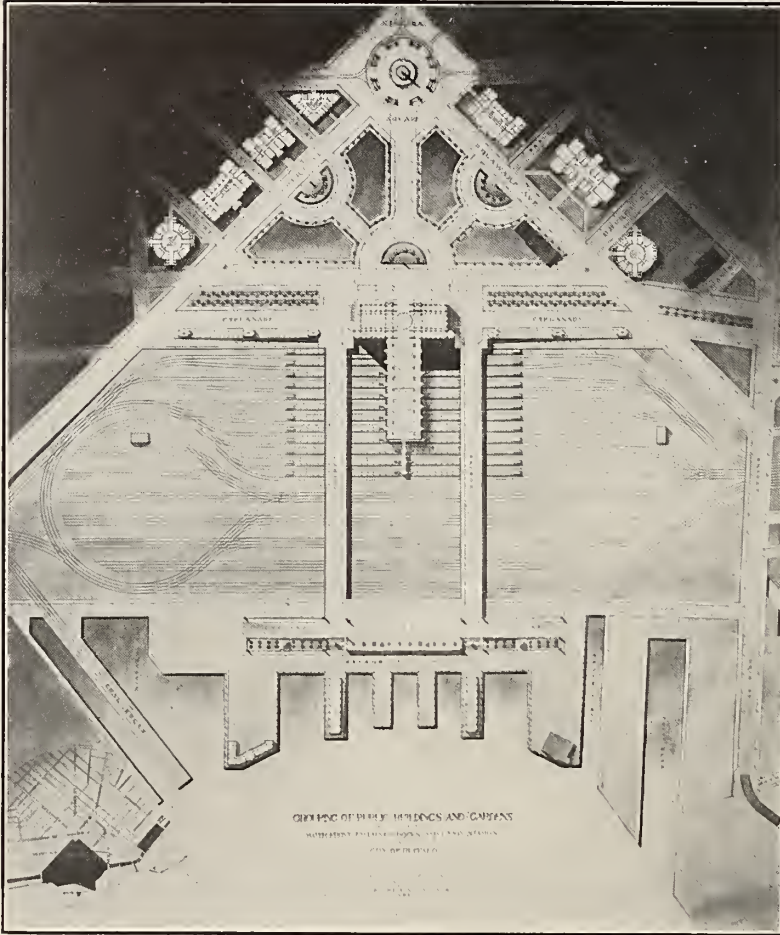
Further, the abandoning and appropriating by the railroads of a section of the canal which is yearly becoming less and less distinguishable from an open sewer. This will involve the necessary overhead crossings to a new marginal street along the water front, and along the lake to the Steel Plant at the South end of the city. At present the Steel Plant can only be reached by traversing two sides of the triangle.

The advantage to the railroad of this arrangement is a straight level line parallel to the water front and adjacent to factories, with works bordering on the present canal.

By introducing a loop in the wide track yard, all through trains keep head on, instead of backing in and out as they do now. The present stations and yards will be used for freight.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE STATION



PLAN OF THE STATION, THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS,
AND THE WATER FRONT

The railroads contemplate spending some \$15,000,000 in the purchase of land, change of tracks, building of round-houses and Union Station, etc., while the city would have to spend from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000, depending on what improvements it undertakes.

Several millions of dollars would be expended by the parties locating elsewhere, whose property would be purchased by the railroads, so that altogether it means an expenditure in the city of about five times what our Pan-American cost us.

This plan places the station in the most accessible part of the business centre of the city; surrounded by publishing houses, banks, office buildings, retail shops, residences, hotels and apartments, for they all centre about this locality.

The City Hall and other Municipal Buildings already face the triangular site and the

effort is being made to group all future Municipal Buildings about the parks facing the Station.

Instead of having the provincial plan of one always congested main thoroughfare lead to the Station, as is the case now, this scheme opens up all the important thoroughfares of the city with their trolley lines radiating to the hub, and about this triangle bisected by Genesee Street, radiate no less than twenty-eight principal streets.

One of these—Genesee Street—is the centre of population and the old coach road to Rochester, Syracuse, Utica, Albany and New York; it runs from the water front due east five miles within city limits, dividing the city into two equal North and South sections.

L'Enfant laid out the City of Buffalo and this triangular site west of Niagara Square is in the very heart of the city.

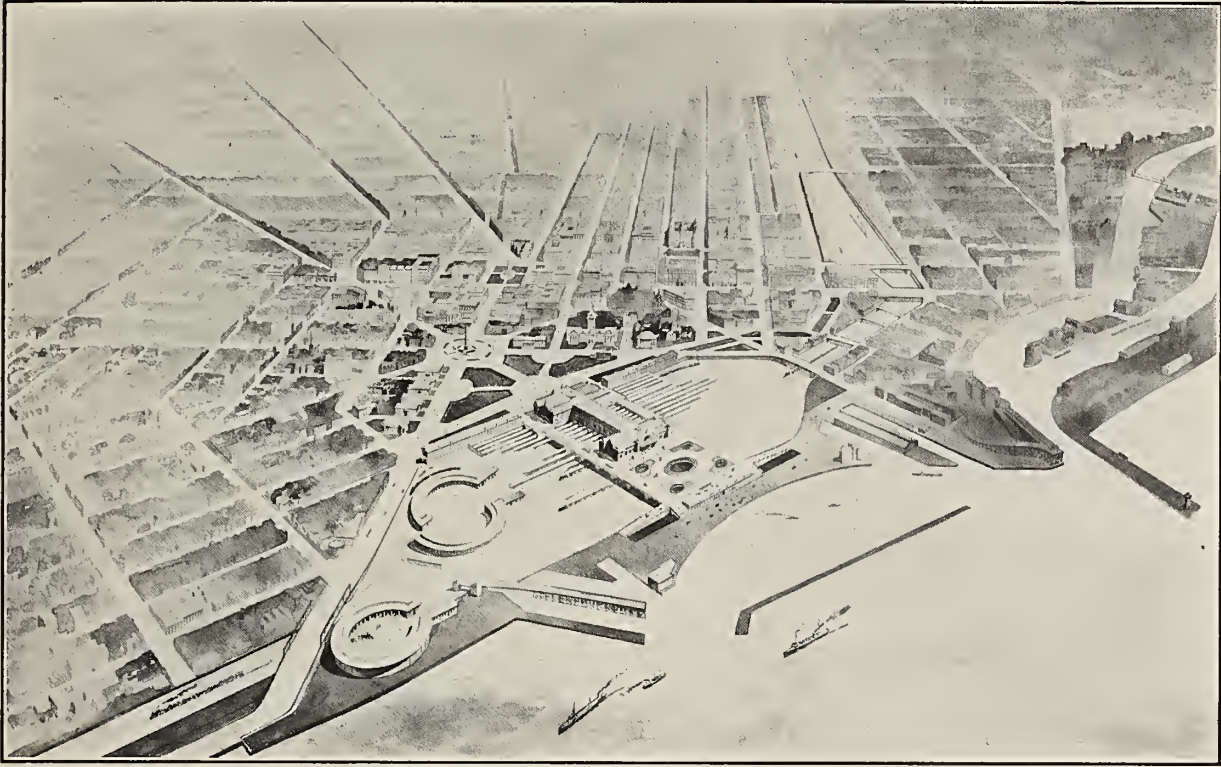
It is to-day dilapidated and yearly has decreased in assessed value.

The 120 acres within the triangle are assessed at but \$2,000,000, and some of the property within a stone's throw of City Hall can be bought at 40 cents a square foot. Ninety per cent. of the land on this site is under option for about three months longer, and for this reason speedy action must be taken.

This site has the advantage over all others as regards the suburbs or Greater Buffalo, for with the opening up of the Northwest, and the increased trade with Canada, which is bound to come, and the increasing population of Grand Island and Fort Erie in Canada, Greater Buffalo will see future factory sites with Niagara Falls power, on both sides of Grand Island.

A word about the water front which is an important factor to this plan:

Within the city limits are ten miles of water front on Lake Erie and the river.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PROPOSED SCHEME

The river is now cut off from the city by the railroads and the canal with its tow paths and shanties, and the lake is separated from the city by Buffalo River and the railroads, so that no portion of the water front is accessible to-day without crossing the tracks at grade, and except for the so-called Front at Fort Porter no view is obtained of the river and lake. We have, moreover, no facilities or highways for firemen, police, traffic and people in this congested section. Such a water front, aside from its value from a commercial point of view, should be, at least in part, an important factor in the beautifying of a city; and in providing pleasurable recreation for its citizens.

With this plan carried out, anyone coming

by water or rail must get an impression of the importance of the city by taking in at a glance the situation, for from the Plaza, the viaducts across the tracks, and pergolas on each side of the Station, would be obtained a view of the lake, river and Canada; the parks in front of the Station; public buildings around the parks; and Niagara Square with Carrère's monument to McKinley at the apex of the triangle.

We had and lost an opportunity of redeeming our water front at the time of the Pan-American. Now, we have another chance. Should the city avail itself of this chance, it would render Buffalo, through its added beauty, dignity and power, in very truth the "Queen City of the Lakes."

NOTES AND REVIEWS

THE BROOKLYN EXHIBITION.

THE Brooklyn Chapter of the American Institute of Architects will hold its fifth annual exhibition at the Pouch Gallery, Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, April 7th to 22d. Exhibits of drawings, photographs, sculpture and objects of industrial art are desired from all interested. Detailed information will be sent to intending exhibitors on application to Mr. W. A. Parfitt, Secretary of the Exhibition Committee, 26 Court St., Brooklyn. Drawings for illustration in the catalogue should be sent to Mr. Henry Clay Carrel, 1123 Broadway, New York City.

The Chapter will give a dinner on the evening of April 8th, and a Ladies' Reception on the 10th. The Exhibition will be open to the public free from the 11th to the 22d, and a number of special occasions are being planned.

A CHARMING GARDEN BOOK.

A DELIGHTFUL combination of the æsthetic and practical sides of nature is attained in Mrs. Ely's second garden book.* So attractively has the author performed her work, both as to matter and manner, that the book is worth reading for its literary charm, quite apart from its practical applications. Nature lovers, condemned to an urban existence, can here revel in imagination in the preparation and enjoyment of a flower and vegetable garden of their own though they may have no real opportunity beyond a few disheartened plants on a meagre window sill. As a working manual for the more fortunate, Mrs. Ely's book may be thoroughly trusted, as her long experience in the cultivation of gardens of moderate size has fully qualified her as an authority. Professor Chandler's judiciously considered photographs add very materially to the usefulness and charm of the volume.

*Another Hardy Garden Book. By Helena Rutherford Ely, author of "A Woman's Hardy Garden," etc., with illustrations made from photographs taken in the author's garden by Professor Charles F. Chandler. New York: The MacMillan Company; London: MacMillan & Co., Ltd., 1905. All rights reserved. Price, \$1.75 net.

AMERICAN GARDENS.

IN a handsomely printed volume of 340 pages,* Mr. Barr Ferree presents the most notable recent examples of American residences. Apart from the immediate interest which attaches to each of the profusely illustrated subjects, this book has a definite historic value. It records and illustrates the third stage in the evolution of the American house, of which a sumptuous predecessor of a quarter-century earlier, entitled "American Homes," may be taken to represent the second. The advance is marked, but disappointing. The lavish outpouring of wealth on the part of the owner has, in nearly every example illustrated, produced a result due to an ill-digested study of some foreign example.

It is perfectly evident that the fundamental lesson taught by the best European examples has not yet been learned. Our architects are still practising in their foreign copybooks, not having yet reached, it would seem, an intellectual maturity capable of producing a spontaneous, natural, and independent hand. All this however does not in the least detract from the value of Mr. Ferree's work, since he must use such material as has been prepared for him. His part has been well done and his publishers have given him generous support.

SAN MARCO, VENICE.

IN the March number of *The Architectural Review* (London) Mr. Horatio F. Brown confirms Signor Manfredi's alarming report of the dangerously unstable condition of this precious building. Immediate steps for its preservation must be taken, under penalty of the irreparable collapse of important parts of the structure, and for these the Italian government has promised to provide funds.

*American Estates and Gardens. By Barr Ferree, editor of the "Scientific American Building Monthly." Corresponding member of the American Institute of Architects and of the Royal Institute of British Architects. New York: Munn and Company. MCMIV. 340 pages; 10½x13½ inches; 275 illustrations. Price, \$10.00 net.



“BLAIR EYRIE”—LOOKING UP TOWARD THE HOUSE FROM THE GARDEN

From a Water Color by HORACE C. DUNHAM

House and Garden

Vol. VII

April, 1905

No. 4

THE GARDEN AT "BLAIR EYRIE"

THE ESTATE OF DE WITT CLINTON BLAIR, ESQ., BAR HARBOR, ME.

By I. HOWLAND JONES

Designed by Andrews, Jaques & Rantoul, Architects

SURROUNDED by the raw, majestic nature characteristic of the Northern coast, the problem presented by the "Blair Eyrie" garden was a difficult one. In its essence, the question was how best to mediate between art and nature; how to use the stern virility of the place and gradually absorb it into an artificial cultivation without a shock to one's sense of the fitness of things. The very real artistic worth of the rugged unyieldingness of the Maine hillsides is too interesting

to be swamped by the artificialities of a wholly formal treatment. Nature should be let alone when she is so pre-eminently distinguished by her own wildness. No architect can create the magnificent gauntness of a New England setting, though he is justified in its invasion and may convert it into a *mise en scène* for gentler artificialities.

From every point of attack the problem seemed to bristle with unusual difficulties, but aided by the especially propitious climate

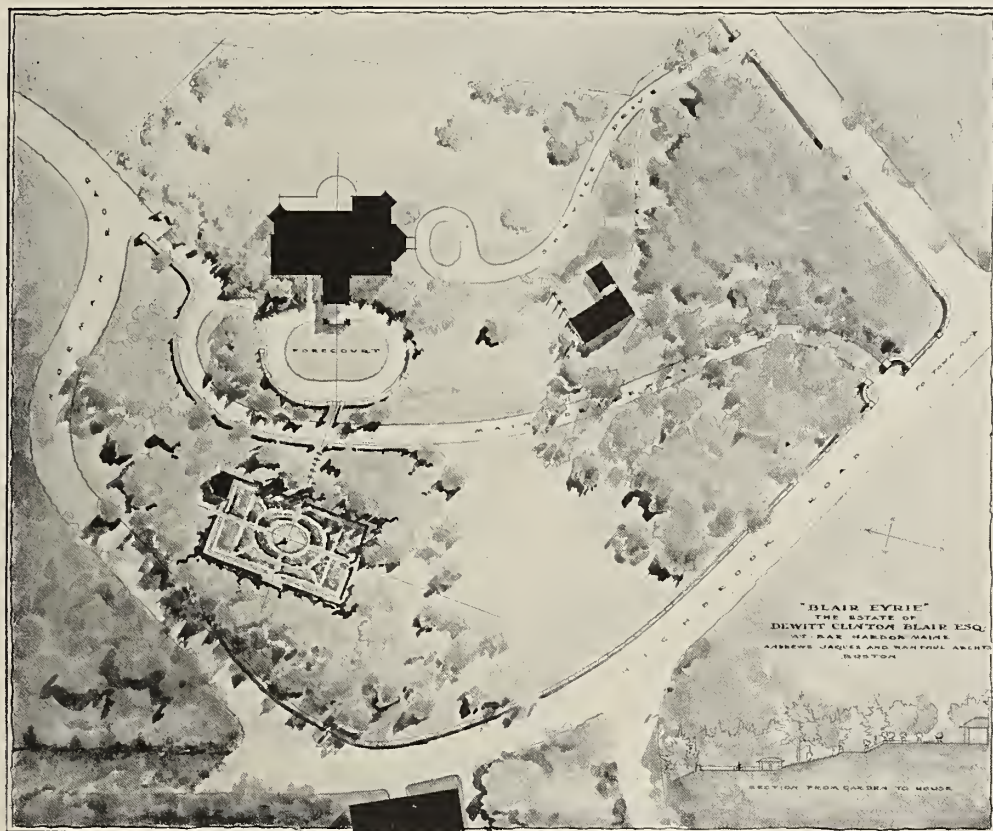


VIEW TOWARD THE TEA-HOUSE

Copyright, 1905, by The John C. Winston Co.



THE GARDEN FROM THE FORECOURT



PLAN OF THE ESTATE

of Mt. Desert, with its great amount of dampness and sun, a garden was developed that has shown itself worthy of much approval, more than could have been anticipated in its first summer. The photographs, from which the illustrations were made, were taken in the second summer and will serve to show how much has been accomplished.

To plan an interesting setting for an existing house, which had no charm of its own save the fact that it was placed upon the top of the highest point of ground at Bar Harbor with an unsurpassed view of sea and mountains, but with no trees in the immediate vicinity of the house; this was the problem. It should be pointed out, as a detail of peculiar interest, that the trees shown near the house in the plan were transplanted from the nearby hills which are heavily wooded with a rich growth of graceful, hardy pines and spruces. The transportation of some of them seemed to our urban sense worthy of photographs, although the Maine lumbermen who moved these trees considered it only one more of

the whims of the city people. Those which are shown in the illustrations are some of the smaller trees that were brought to the site on sledges; one of the largest of the trees moved was about fifty feet in height and was carried over a mile on big hard-pine timbers on rollers, as a house is moved. These were all transplanted with a frozen "ball" of earth about the roots to protect them, and the biggest tree weighed between thirty-five and forty tons.

After a careful study of the situation it was seen that the best solution of this garden problem lay in a picturesque treatment, trying as far as possible to keep the forms used symmetrical. The forecourt was the first thing decided upon and was indeed forced by the topography; for the drop from this to the two roadways was, in the one case, about fifteen feet in a distance of one hundred to Norman Road, and in the other, about forty-five feet in a distance of three hundred feet to Highbrook Road, which is the main entrance to the estate as one drives up from the town.



THE STABLE

The approach to the house by the long, deeply-shadowed drive from the Highbrook Road entrance, with its glimpses of distant blue mountains between the pines and over the characteristic-looking stone walls, gradually widens into a more extended view, having the glowing garden in the immediate foreground just below, whence one arrives at the formal forecourt to the house. The ensemble thus formed was a delight to the eye, paving the way gently from rugged naturalness to the intimate refinements of art.

The grade was easily overcome by winding the drives sinuously from both roadways along the slopes of the hills.

At first the possibility of the garden proper seemed remote; but after careful study of the land a fairly level spot was found where no valuable trees existed, and by placing the path from the forecourt at an angle to the natural axis it was possible to carry it down between two beautiful pine trees which stand out so clearly in the illustration. If you will picture to yourself a perspective of high, pine-covered hills on three sides, with the garden in a vale, the *raison d'être* of leaving

these two great trees at the entrance is evident, for they add a note of marked distinction to the prospect. A flight of steps, whose curvings are punctuated by glowing masses of rhododendrons, lead away from the garden on the fourth side past two windings of the driveway, to the house. Picture to yourself, again, the gracious view of this flowering valley from these points of vantage, and with no little air of majesty does the house contemplate the pretty bowl.

The garden is not large. Its longer way, which is at right angles to the path which leads to it, is only ninety-one feet and its width is but fifty-four feet. The tea-house is placed at the northern end not only to secure the benefit of the warm sun which is always grateful in that northern climate, but to form a view-point for distant vision of the pale blue mountains over the glowing foreground of flowers.



VIEW FROM THE SOUTHERN END OF THE GARDEN

There are to be some changes in the planting of the flowers this year, so that more than ever the lower growing flowers will be placed in the centre of the garden with flowers of medium height, such as phlox and lilies, gradually working up into the tall peonies, dahlias and hollyhocks of the outer borders, which are themselves only overtopped by the native arbor-vitæ hedge and the rougher shrubbery which surrounds the garden. Thus on either axis the flowers will build up from the centre to the higher things at the sides, and to one coming down the path from the forecourt there will be the dominant impression of everything focussing upon the quiet pool with its gleaming goldfish and the beautiful bronze dragon of the fountain.

The size and material of its paths is one of the important considerations in the layout of a garden. Here, it was originally planned



THE LAUNDRY

to use for these a fine crushed gray stone rolled hard. This looked well until the flowers blossomed, but then by contrast of color the paths looked cold and blue and most unattractive, so the upper surface of the crushed stone was mixed with a fine brown binding gravel in which a good deal of clay was combined, and the change in the appearance in color of the whole garden was remarkable. Now, in the garden's second year, the paths will be hard and fine and in color like the paths that are so delightful to tread on in old gardens. The widths of the paths vary; the two main ones are four feet wide; the four outer ones are three feet, and the smaller intermediate ones are about two. They all have narrow sodded borders.

The soft delicacies of tone and rarities of cultivation of the flowers of the garden are accentuated and brought out by the stiff Maine pines and the prim, hardy little junipers that are used, this conjunction preparing one for the anachronism of the huge green bronze fountain from Japan in a very formal but un-Japanese basin, the quaint little shingled tea-house of no style at all but having a delightful charm, vine-covered as it is, and the great antique terra-



THE TEA-HOUSE



THE GARDEN FROM THE LOWER DRIVE

cotta vases filled with blossoms, contrasting the benches of Italian marble. Would a consistent Italian garden have been more appropriate, or a Japanese grotesquerie, when on looking up and away from its stunted artificialities one's glance should rest upon the sombre grandeur of a Maine landscape? It is of a charm all its own, and its anachronisms need no defence, since they have produced an ensemble that is its own justification.

The disregard for a definite character referred to above was also carried out with respect to the stable and laundry. The latter stands, as may be seen in the illustration, on a steep hillside with the vertical line of trees around it. Its steep roof and dormers were designed to harmonize with the character of the original house. The stable is set down on the level plain across the road and below the garden. It was designed in an entirely different character, since it seemed more natural to accentuate the horizontal lines in this situation rather than the vertical. It was, too, necessary to keep as low a roof line as possible to avoid cutting off a bit of the distant view from the garden.

Another part of the work that developed great interest for the designers were the high



TREE MOVING

retaining walls at the sides of the drives. The only stone available for the purpose was the common split face granite of the locality, which is a difficult material with which to build in the hope of achieving any result that shall prove at all satisfying in a place wherein the effect of the finished work must harmonize between the natural rock walls and their artificial substitute. As usually built, nothing of its kind is more cold, unsympathetic or uncompromising than a split face granite wall. It was imperative, therefore, that some means should be tried of imparting warmth of color and texture to its surface. This was accomplished by splitting the blocks of granite into as long and narrow pieces as possible, and these were then laid, as far as practicable, in courses, keeping long, continuous, horizontal joints.

To further accentuate these joints, long, thin stone chips were built into them, thus giving the effect of a double joint between the larger stones, of which the wall was composed. On completion, all the joints in the stonework were raked back two or three inches and the effect of the duplex horizontal joints was then of two long-lying parallel shadows with a narrow line of light, made by the stone chips



TREE MOVING



VIEW FROM THE TEA-HOUSE



THE FOUNTAIN

between. The vertical joints were all made as narrow as possible. The deeply raked-out horizontal joints were also most valuable when the vines planted at the foot of the wall began to grow, for besides acting as a sort of trellis they enabled the vines to hide their stalks in the joints and allowed the patches of green leaves the more easily to soften the hard lines of the stonework.

We have then in "Blair Eyrie" a notable example of the success with which a thoroughly refined domestic note may be struck in the wilderness and made to harmonize with its surroundings. This requires, as we have seen, a skillful adjustment between the rugged face of Nature and a delicate artificiality which alone, in the immediate foreground of a home, can adequately give the atmosphere demanded by the refinements of modern domestic life. These are becoming more and

more inseparable, for pretence is no longer made of living the simple life, even on the rugged slopes of Mt. Desert.

The "Blair Eyrie" work was especially successful in overcoming another important difficulty, one often the source of much disappointment, in like cases, to the owner—namely, that after the first summer, the place had the air of a much older piece of work, and the raw newness which is so uninteresting and which it so often takes years to overcome, was obviated. This was partly due to the wild surroundings of the garden and partly, largely indeed, to the skillful blending of the artificial with the natural, whereby the spectator is led to attribute the obvious age of its setting to the garden as well. Time has now only to mellow its fully developed charms, and give it that completer air of genuine age which the succeeding years alone can fully bestow.*

* Photographs by E. E. Soderholtz.



THE TAJ GARDENS IN 1904

INDIAN GARDENS—III

THE GARDENS OF THE TAJ MAHAL

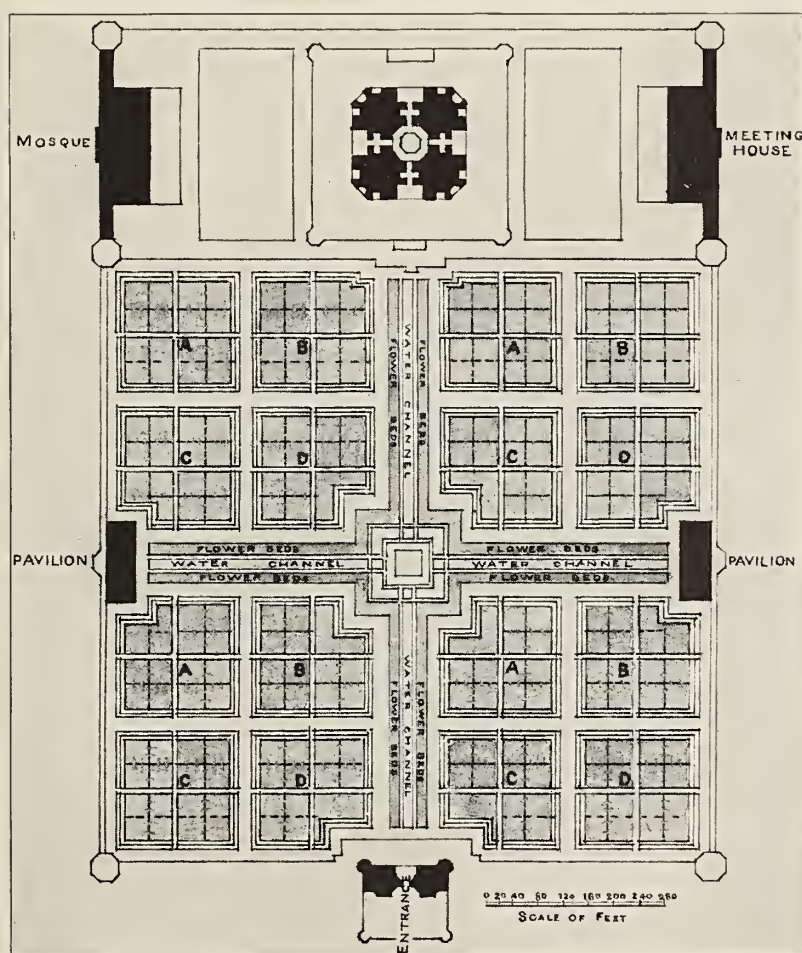
By E. B. HAVELL

OF THE GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF ART AT CALCUTTA

THE famous Taj Mahal at Agra was commenced by Shah Jahan in 1632, as a memorial to his beloved wife, the Empress Mumtaz Mahal. The earliest existing plan of the Taj gardens was made in 1828 by Colonel Hodgson, Surveyor-General of India, and probably shows the original lay-out of the beds, though not the original planting of the trees. The gardens have since been considerably Europeanised; and, as attempts are now being made to restore them on Indian lines, it will be very opportune to take them as an example in discussing the question: How were the Mogul gardens planned and planted? They are so essentially a part of the whole great architectural conception of the Moguls, that their restoration is a matter of much artistic importance.

The plan shown by Colonel Hodgson is very simple. It is a square subdivided into four smaller squares (the "four-fold field-plot" as Babar called it), by two main avenues crossing each other in the centre. One avenue forms the main approach to the Mausoleum; the other leads up to two large pavilions on the east and west sides of the garden. Each of the squares formed by these avenues is similarly subdivided by branch avenues into four compartments, and smaller pathways again divide each of the latter into yet other four. The monotony of the squares is varied by the entrance gateway, the central platform and the corners of the pavilions breaking into

the angles of those adjacent to them. A water channel containing a row of fountains runs through the middle of the two main avenues, which, with the platform in the centre of the garden form a Greek cross; only the arm nearest to the Mausoleum is slightly longer than the others. On either side of the water channels are long parallel strips of earth panelled into geometric shapes with stone borders. These shapes have always been treated as flower beds, until recently they were filled in with grass and planted with a continuous row of cypress-



COLONEL HODGSON'S PLAN

trees down the centre, as shown in the illustration. I believe this arrangement to be wrong, on artistic and archaeological grounds which I will presently discuss.

Let us first investigate the earliest historical accounts of the Taj gardens. Bernier, the French physician, who saw them about 1660, gives the following description, viewing the gardens from the raised platform of the Mausoleum:

"To the right and left of that dome (the Mausoleum) on a lower surface, you observe several garden walks covered with trees and many parterres full of flowers. . . . Between the end of the principal walk and this dome is an open and pretty large space, which I call a water parterre, because the stones on which you walk, cut and figured in various forms, represent the borders of box in our parterres."

This is only intelligible on the supposition that the two lines of geometric figures already described were not flower beds but were filled with water, like the channel which divides them. I cannot help thinking, however, that the honest Bernier, writing at Delhi, had in these details mixed up the Taj gardens with the other great gardens which Shah Jahan constructed there. An earlier historian, a native author of Shah Jahan's time, Muhammad Salat Kumbo, in the *Shah Jahan Namah* seems to contradict Bernier on this point. He says: "In the four beds situated in the centre of the orchard (i. e., the beds in the four arms of the Greek cross), each of which is 40 *dirra* broad, there is a water course 6 *guz* broad in which *jets d'eau* besprinkling light are by the waters



CONTRAST OF FRUIT-TREE AND CYPRESS

From an Oriental Carpet Design

of Jumna playing and sprinkling pearls." The distinction here made between the beds and the water course does not agree with Bernier's suggestion that the whole arrangement was filled with water.

Jahangir in his memoirs has given several indications as to the planting of Mogul gardens before the Taj was built. He tells us that one of Babar's gardens at Agra had a long avenue of areca-nut palms about ninety feet high. The gardens of Akbar's tomb at Sikandra were planted with "cypress, wild-pine, plane and

supânry trees (areca-nut palm)." Another garden constructed under Jahangir's directions at Sehrind, is described thus: "On entering the garden I found myself immediately in a covered avenue planted on each side with scarlet roses, and beyond them arose groves of cypress, fir, plane and evergreens variously disposed . . . Passing through these we entered what was in reality the garden, which now exhibited a variegated parterre ornamented with flowers of the utmost brilliancy of colors and of the choicest kinds." This is very suggestive of the geometric flower beds of the Taj gardens. In yet another garden at Ahmedabad he particularises "orange, lemon, peach, pomegranate and apple-trees, and among flowering shrubs every kind of rose."

It is necessary to bear in mind that very little, if any, of the present plantation of the Taj gardens is more than a century old. During the latter half of the eighteenth century, when the Mogul Empire was falling to pieces, Agra was occupied for years by the Jâts and Mahrattas, both Hindus in religion,

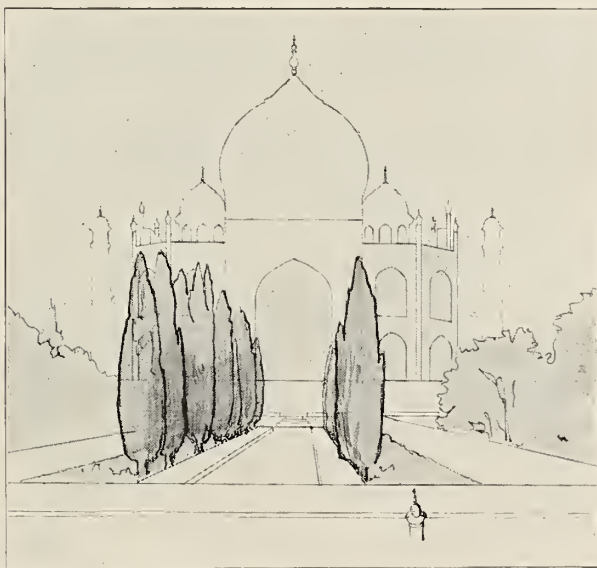
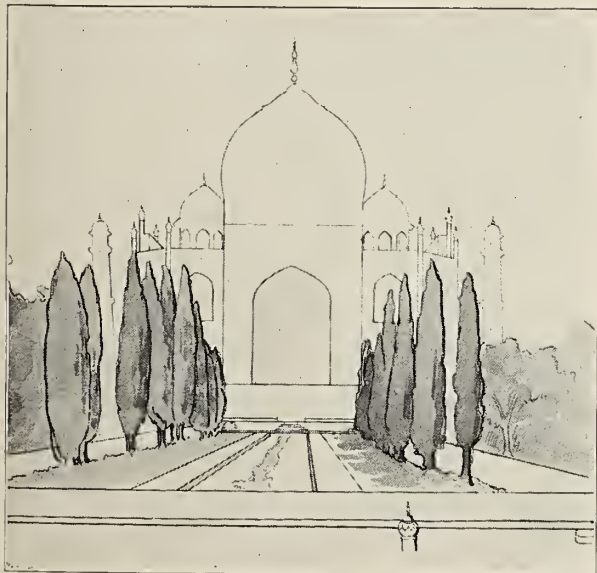
who had no respect for the Mogul masterpieces and looted whatever they could lay hands on. It is more than probable that in these troublous times the gardens were often used as a convenient camping ground for Jât and Mahratta troops. Even if they did not wantonly destroy the gardens, it is unlikely that they took any trouble to preserve them. We may safely assume that when the British captured Agra, in 1803, a great deal, if not all, of the original plantation had perished.

In attempting to reconstruct the gardens, according to the original idea, it is first necessary to consider the strictly religious purpose of the Taj and the symbolism and mysticism of Oriental art. Next, we must remember that the great artists who designed the whole magnificent architectural scheme would never have neglected the proper relation of the garden to the building. The whole art of the Taj being so largely derived from Persia, we may be sure that in the planting of the trees the Mogul gardeners symbolised the mystery of life, death and eternity in the manner in which it is always represented in Persian art, i. e., the fruit-tree or flowering shrub contrasted with the evergreen, flowerless cypress. The illustration on page 187, from an old Indian painting, shows the cypress alternated with a flowering shrub. This is the usual arrangement. The cypress was often planted at the corners of

flower beds. Sometimes a pair of cypresses is alternated with the emblem of life, as in the illustration taken from an old Oriental carpet.

In an old, sixteenth-century, Indian painting the intervals between the cypresses are occupied alternately with a flowering shrub and an areca-nut palm. We may take it that the cypress trees in the Taj gardens were planted in one of these ways.

While the Taj has been in British possession an avenue of cypresses has always been planted down the main approach to the Mausoleum. Since 1803 it has been replanted at least twice, for in times of great drought the trees perish for want of irrigation. Each time a different line has been taken. I think it will be interesting and instructive from a gardening point of view to endeavor to determine which of these lines are the right ones. The plan on page 184 shows a portion of the main avenue with details of the water channel, the geometric beds and the three lines of cypresses as they have been successively planted. The lines AA' represent the trees as they were in 1828, according to Colonel Hodgson's plan in which the cypresses were very carefully indicated. The correctness of the plan in this particular is attested by an old native painting of about the same date in a book now preserved in the Victoria Memorial Collection, Calcutta. The cypresses were



EFFECTS OF PLANTING ON OUTER AND INNER LINES

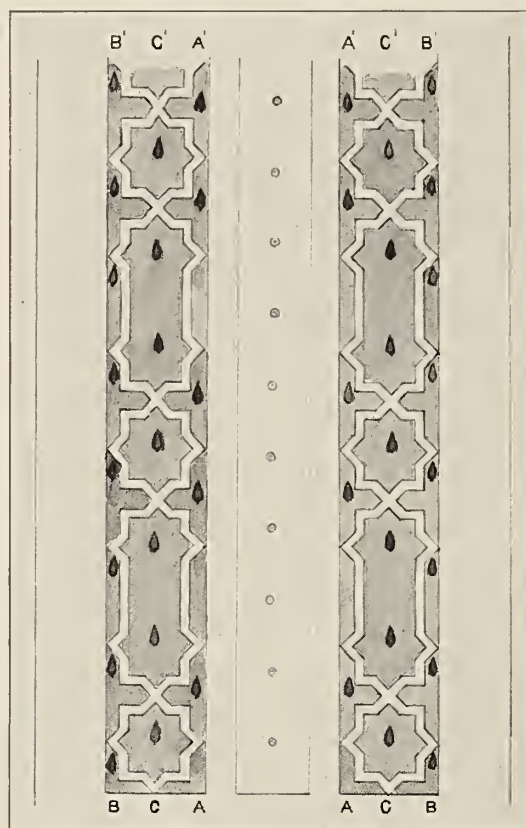
then planted in pairs along the inner edges of the borders, BB' of the flower beds. About 1850 these had perished and new ones were replanted in the lines BB' on the outer edges of the flower beds. Our illustration, from a photograph taken about thirty years ago, shows the effect of this change. Another great drought killed the trees, and two or three years ago they were replanted in a continuous row in the centres of the flower beds.

Now it is obvious that in the avenue which is the main approach to the Taj, the Taj itself is the chief point to consider, not the trees. Let us then compare the different effect of the three lines of cypresses, AA', BB' and CC' in their relation to the Taj, the point of view being the central platform. The two diagrams on page 183, in which the architectural composition is reduced to its simplest elements, are sufficient to show these differences, for the effect of the lines AA' and CC' are nearly the same, so far as the architecture is concerned. In the first diagram it will be noticed that the cypresses as a mass frame in the chief division of the front of the Taj. Each row of trees, at the end nearest the building, terminates just under the springing of the great dome, and carries the eye up to its incomparable contour. No artist or architect could believe that the Moguls, if they planted cypresses in these parterres at all, would have done otherwise; for any lines which go inside of these, as AA' and CC', are disastrous to the composition, because the cypresses, instead of supporting the dome, seem as it were to undermine it, and to elongate very unpleasantly the proportions of the great alcove in which the entrance door is placed. It is

quite conceivable that there were no cypresses at all along these flower beds. They might very possibly have been planted only along the edges of the square plots, thus making a still wider avenue than either of the three lines we have discussed; but the artistic objections to both the lines AA' and CC' are to my mind unanswerable.

If the cypress avenues on the latter lines fail to satisfy artistic considerations, they are equally unsatisfactory from an archaeological point of view, for the plan of the whole garden shows clearly that the water channel and the flower beds on either side of it must be treated in the design as one space (as they are by the native historian quoted above) and not as three separate spaces. This being the case, the outer lines BB' are the only possible ones for cypresses, as the Moguls always planted cypresses at the corners or on the edges of their flower beds, never in the middle.

Having thus cleared the ground, let us try to plant out the central avenue as the Moguls might have done it. We will assume that there were flower beds and cypresses planted along them. The form of the geometric pattern seems to suggest that the latter would be planted in pairs, as they were in 1828. So we will accept Colonel Hodgson's plan as correct in this respect, only we will remove them from the inner to the outer borders of the beds and thus restore them to the line shown in the following illustration, which is surely the most beautiful of all modern representations of the gardens. Taking a hint from the Oriental carpet design, let us plant a plum-tree between each pair of cypresses.



ALTERNATING METHODS OF PLANTING
CYPRESSES



THE TAJ GARDENS IN 1875

In the flowering time the sprays of snow-white bloom, emblems of life and purity, will echo the silver whiteness of the Taj itself and contrast beautifully with the deep green tones of the solemn cypresses, emblems of death and eternity. Through the branches of the plum-trees anyone walking down the avenue will get beautiful vistas of the Taj, which would be entirely blocked out by continuous lines of cypresses. If we followed Babar's plan and filled up the flower beds with roses and narcissus "alternately and in beds corresponding to each other" the Great Mogul himself might say, "indeed, the garden is charmingly laid out."

The most fatal objection to the latest laying out of the Taj gardens is that all the poetry and religious feeling of Oriental art are lost in the pretty formality of its grass-

plots and unbroken lines of cypresses. We have seen in a previous article how Shah Jahan, even in his pleasure ground at Lahore, suggested the symbolic idea of the cypresses and flowering-tree by alternating plane-trees with the tall and slender aspen. Certainly then, in the Taj gardens, which all Indian historians compared to the Gardens of Paradise, the art of the Moguls would not have lost its religious significance.

Indian art never was and never is detached from the inner spiritual and religious life in the same way as our cold, modern eclectic art. If we recognised this we should never teach Indian art-workmen to place Hindu symbols upon our sugar-basins and teapots, and to carve the sacred incarnations of Vishnu upon sideboards and dining-room screens. We should be terribly shocked at



THE ANGURI BAGH IN THE AGRA FORT*

the idea of putting such representations in our churches. We should be equally shocked if Hindus were to use effigies of our Lord and our Christian symbols as meaningless decorative features in their houses. But we fail to understand that the real Indian artist, uncontaminated with European ideas, does not recognise one art for the church and another for the home. To him all art is one, and in all art there is a meaning beyond and above, but yet a part of, the decorative idea.

Now let us continue the reconstruction of our garden. The clue to the planting of the square beds on either side of the main avenues is given in the native history of Shah Jahan's reign already mentioned. The

author alludes to the garden of the Taj as a "paradise-like orchard." There is every probability that these square plots were really planted with fruit-trees. The Gardens of Paradise, to which the Taj gardens were continually compared, were always represented as full of trees bearing all kinds of delicious fruits. The Moguls were keenly alive to the beauty of fruit-bearing trees. Babar writes with delight of the "pomegranates hanging red on the trees," and is in raptures at the sight of an apple-tree in the autumn, when its branches showed a few scattered leaves of a beauty which "the painter with all his skill might attempt in vain to portray."

There is another reason which makes it exceedingly probable that this part of the gardens was planted with fruit-trees. The Taj was a great charitable institution. It had an endowment of over two lakhs of rupees, of which a great deal was spent in pensions to deserving persons and in gifts

*It is supposed that the Anguri Bagh, or "Grape Garden," originally had a pierced stone-trellis, or railing, on the outer edges of the four main plots into which it is divided. This trellis may have supported the vines which gave the garden its name. It will be noticed that the water-shoot, which conveys the overflow from the fountain in front of the main pavilion, has below it three rows of small arches. These were doubtless arranged for lamps to light up the cascade from behind, in the same way as we have already noticed in the Shahlimar Bagh at Srinagar.

to the poor. It would be quite in accordance with Mogul custom to establish a public orchard as part of a religious and charitable foundation. Jahangir in his memoirs, after telling us that large and lofty shade-trees had been planted by his orders all along the road from Agra to Lahore, a distance of four hundred miles, adds that in his reign many benevolent persons had laid out spacious gardens and plantations containing every description of fruit-tree, so that travellers in all parts of his dominions could find at convenient distances rest-houses and a refreshing supply of fruit and vegetables.

Let us take the fruit-trees which Jahangir mentions in the description of the garden at Ahmedabad, i. e., orange, lemon, peach, pomegranate and apple-trees. Colonel Hodgson's plan indicates that in 1828 the trees were planted in the middle and in the centre of each of the sides, of the smallest square beds. Cypressess were placed on the outer corners of the squares, alternating with the other trees. This would be quite in harmony with Mogul traditions.

But there is another point to consider before we proceed further. If the whole of the square plots are filled up with fruit-trees, the effect will certainly be very monotonous. It will be remembered that Bernier, in his description quoted above, says that the garden to the right and left of the dome was covered with trees "and many parterres of flowers." I think, therefore, it is highly probable that in the centre of each of the four main subdivisions of the gardens a space was kept for flower beds. According to Mogul ideas of gardening this could only

be the squares ACDB, which I have marked on the plan, containing sixteen of the smallest square beds. The Anguri Bagh in the Agra Fort, another of Shah Jahan's gardens, gives a very good idea of how such a flower garden would be laid out: it was panelled into geometric parterres of flowers such as Bernier described. Colonel Hodgson's plan also shows that the four angle beds, EEEE, adjoining the central platform, were planted in a different way to the others. I would suggest that here, on the edges which face the platform, we should plant the arecanut palm which, as we have seen, was often found in Mogul gardens. Towering with their graceful heads above the cypress-trees, they would mark the centre of the gardens and make a pleasant break in the long lines of the main avenues, without obstructing the view of the monument. With their slender stems they would repeat the idea of the graceful detached minarets at the four corners of the Taj platform and contrast finely with them.

Some of the good people at Agra have been very much distressed at the cutting down of the large trees which have been allowed to grow up in the gardens, especially of a great pipal (sacred fig-tree), which, it is asserted, is probably as old as the Taj itself. This, I venture to say, is an impossibility. The sacred tree of the Hindus rarely found a place in the Mogul gardens. I myself could view with complacency the removal of a great many of the trees in the present Taj gardens, for they have been planted, or allowed to plant themselves, without any consideration for the artistic ideas of the creators of one of the world's masterpieces.



From an old Indian Painting



THE ORNAMENTAL FLOWER GARDEN

A NEWPORT HOUSE AND GARDEN

BY ROSE STANDISH NICHOLS

TO some of us it is a new idea that in America there exists more than one kind of architecture with a right to be called Colonial. For Colonial architecture, especially in New England, seems to mean almost exclusively the style of building brought here by our English ancestors and carried to perfection while George III. was still our acknowledged king.

Contemporaneously, however, with the development of the English Renaissance on the Atlantic coast, Spanish Renaissance architecture was becoming naturalized on the shores of the Pacific. In Arizona, New Mexico, Texas and California, it was established during the latter half of the eighteenth century, chiefly by the Jesuit, Franciscan and Dominican fathers who came as missionaries to portions of the Western continent, still wild and uninhabited except by Indians. Wherever these pious pioneers could obtain a foothold, they planted a mission and secured its existence by various groups of buildings. The earliest Spanish constructions on the Pacific coast thus consisted mainly of mission-houses.

This Mexican-Spanish Mission architecture differed from that of Spain in accordance with the altered circumstances under which it was produced, while it retained many of the best Spanish characteristics. In the newly explored country many of the old-world resources were not available. There was no vast accumulation of wealth to lavish upon superfluous details, with the appearance of an entire indifference to expense, even if there had been architects capable of drawing elaborate plans or workmen skilled to execute their designs; nor was there the same variety of stone and of other building material as in Spain. But in spite of much necessary dissimilarity, we often recognize the same spirit in both styles of architecture, as expressed in the studied freedom of contours and the simple treatment of masses.

The mission buildings are always distinguished by their dignity and frequently by their beauty, notwithstanding the rudeness of their construction. No laborers were to be had except the half-wild Indians; they dried the rough bricks in the sun, and built them into walls; they made the coarse tiles



THE MISSES MASON'S HOUSE



THE HALL FROM THE LIBRARY

of adobe and used them to cover the roofs. Within a surprisingly short time these native workmen were taught by the monks to adapt the material to their purposes and to the local conditions with such good results that the best of the mission-houses are now regarded as almost classic.

Such appreciation of the beauty and fitness of Mexican-Spanish architecture in the past has led to an inquiry as to whether it is not also suitable for many modern requirements. It seems especially well adapted to life in a warm climate, as in Southern California, or in northern watering-places deserted except in summer-time. A revival of the Mexican-Spanish style has been successfully attempted in many parts of the country, notably on the Pacific coast, to a lesser extent in Florida and on the coast of New England. One of the first architects

to understand its possibilities, and to carry them into effect was Louis Sullivan, but many others have followed in his footsteps or developed in a similar direction.

In Newport, on Rhode Island Avenue, a house in Mexican-Spanish style has recently been built for the Misses Mason by Sullivan's former associate, Irving Gill. His idea was primarily to fit the house to its environment. When the building was projected, the grounds, laid out years ago by one of the earliest landscape gardeners, were as delightfully secluded as an English park, with broad stretches of greensward, groups of fine trees and masses of shrubbery; all arranged to enhance a beautiful view of the sea, with its waves dashing up against the distant rock-bound coast. The site wisely chosen for the house is on an axis with this vista instead of being in line with the boundaries of the lot and the direction of

the surrounding streets, as is customary. From almost every window in the building the advantages of this choice are visible.

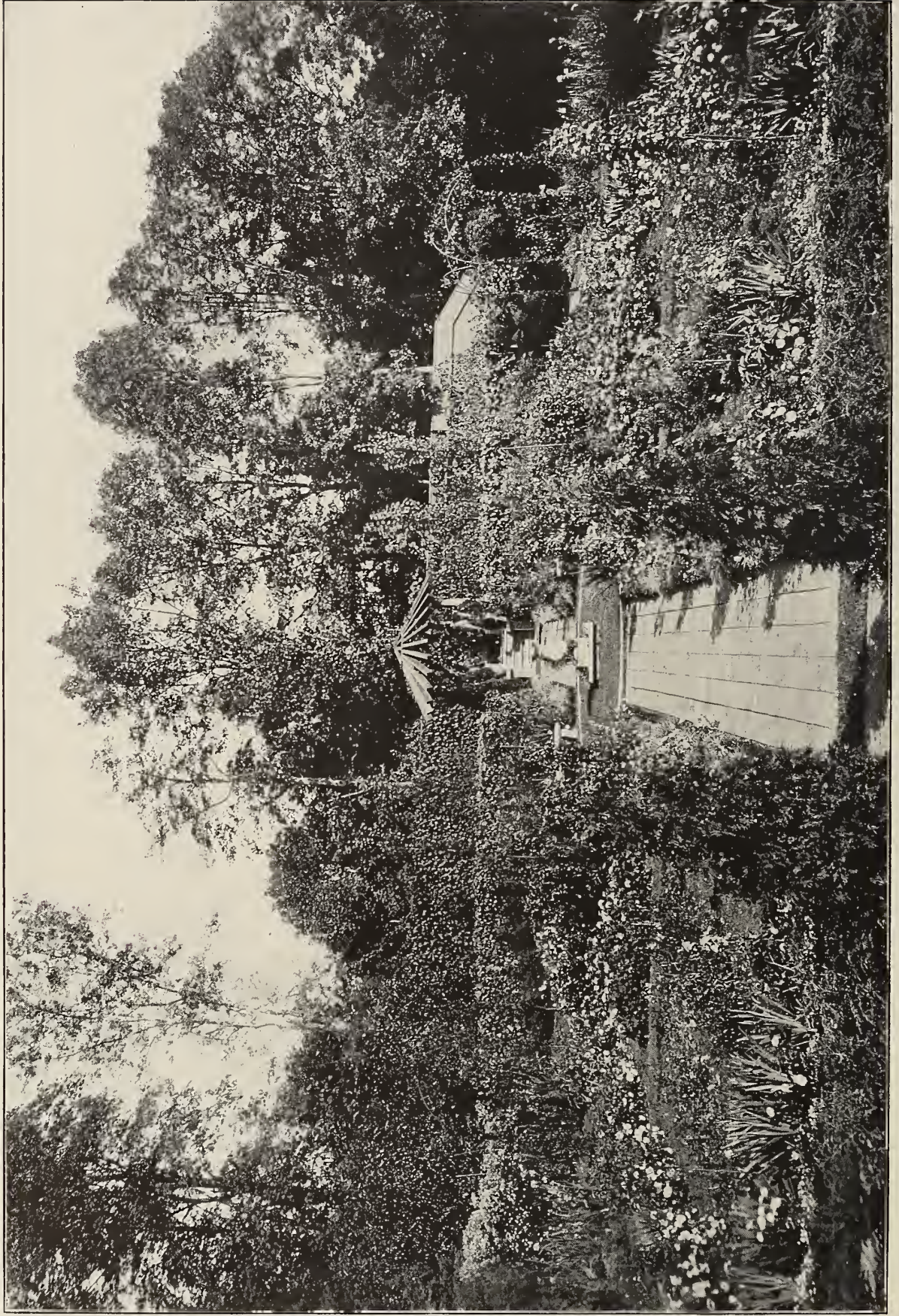
The exterior of the house is distinguished by breadth, simplicity and unity of design. Certain details—such as the richly carved columns and the wrought-iron balconies accenting the windows—are rather elaborate; but they are always rightly placed in relation to the whole scheme and not unduly prominent. The walls of coarse brick covered with rough stucco plaster (composed of plain lime and cement mortar tinged with golden ochre and a little Venetian red) are a mellow fawn color, which will only improve with time and is in pleasing contrast with the rich red of the roof and with the surrounding verdure. The roof, covered with heavy, durable tiles, is improved in appearance by handsome chimneys, characteristically Spanish in design,

and by dormer windows, kept so low as to obviate the suggestion of a third storey. The eaves, with a projection of four feet beyond the walls, upheld by rafters four by eight inches thick and fourteen inches apart, are noticeably on a broader angle than that of the main body of the roof. This deflection is one of the features which tend to make the general effect unusual and full of charm.

The grouping of the windows adds to the beauty of the façade. As a rule their tops are arched, and on the lower storey they are also chiefly contained in arched recesses. The treatment of the second storey is similar but not identical. Everywhere the relation has been carefully studied between the wall spaces and the windows and, while the latter are sufficiently numerous to admit plenty of light into the building, they do not detract from solidity in its construction.



THE DRAWING-ROOM



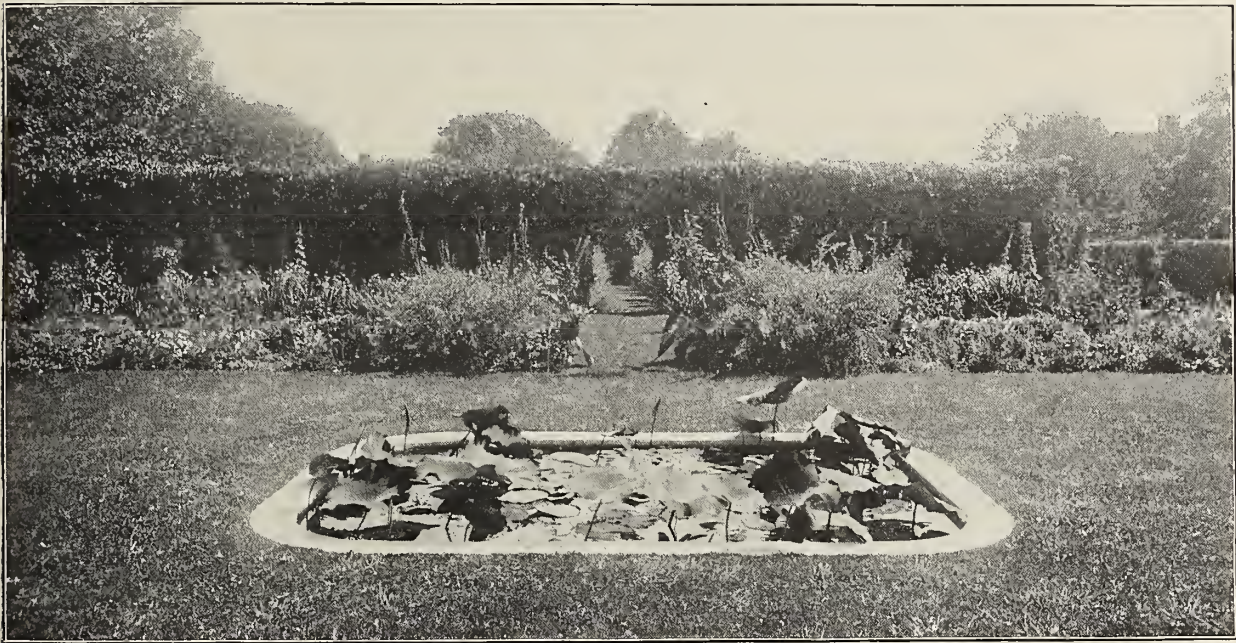
THE ORNAMENTAL FLOWER GARDEN FROM THE HOUSE

Loggias, connected by a tiled terrace at the rear or ocean side of the house, answer the purpose of covered piazzas. One of these is used as an out-of-door sitting-room, the other serves to supplement the dining-room. From both there are delightful views of the sea and park and from the latter of the flower garden. Arches, recalling the arched recesses containing the adjacent windows, support the roofs of these loggias and of another semi-detached pavilion used as a porte-cochère.

Passing under this porte-cochère and entering the front door, we come into a large central hall. The transition is gradual, for the en-

the appearance of spaciousness in the reception-rooms and permits numbers of people to circulate freely at any large entertainment.

The principal living-room adjoining the hall is fitted up as a library. It is thirty feet long by sixteen feet wide. The wood-work is ash nearly the color of Flemish oak. On every side of the room bookcases are built in, covering all the wall space not occupied by the windows, doors and fireplace. From large windows set in recesses three feet deep, the outlook in the several directions is charming. A glimpse of the park is shown in the accompanying view, and it will be observed that the thickness of the wall keeps the land-



THE LOTUS BASIN

trance is set apart from the main body of the room by columns resting on a low parapet and supporting the ceiling above. A glimpse of this vestibule is seen in the interior view of the hall. Throughout this hall the wood-work is of ash left its natural color.

The staircase is rather prominent with a curious handrailing and balusters of unusual design, as will be seen in the illustration.

The body of the house contains, on the lower storey, two large rooms placed at each end of the hall; opening into it with wide doors to give an unbroken vista from end to end of the living-rooms, a distance of over an hundred feet. This ground plan adds to

scape in its proper place far better than the frame of the usual picture-window.

The other rooms leading from the hall are a reception room, a drawing-room and a dining-room. Each is eminently appropriate for its particular purpose and in a distinctly different style of decoration, although all are carefully kept in harmony with the general character of the building.

Out of sight and sound, there are a kitchen, pantry and other servants' quarters in a separate wing. It is obvious that this arrangement is extremely practical.

The atmosphere of the house is after all its greatest charm and, unfortunately, this

can neither be put into words or photographs. While both interior and exterior are founded on a certain amount of precedent, the result is extremely individual, not to say original. The richness of detail and coloring may appear somewhat Spanish, the logical treatment of the plan may be adapted from the French, and the homelike quality may seem characteristic of English domestic architecture; but the dominant note throughout is very properly American. Thus, the architect has not only succeeded in building a beautiful house but a genuine home for its owners.

Of the gardens, laid out by the writer, a brief description must suffice. They are intended to supplement the indoor living-rooms with a series of enclosures where visitors can sit and walk out of doors in seclusion, surrounded by an abundance of flowers. A privet hedge sets these enclosures apart from the rest of the grounds. Furthest from the house are the gardens least intended for ornament. One plot of ground contains the cold-frames and the plants held in reserve until they are required elsewhere. This section is screened from the others by a long arbour of pleached fruit-trees set out many years ago.

Next comes the picking garden. Here there are a succession of narrow, oblong beds,

each filled with one or two varieties of flowers intended to be picked to ornament the house, or to be sent away as gifts. Though convenience was here the primary consideration, the general effect of the arrangement is pleasing.

The shrub or fountain garden, as it is sometimes called, is beside the picking garden. An oval grass-plot, suggested perhaps by a *Boulingrin*, LeNôtre's adaptation of the English bowling-green, surrounds an oval tank of water filled with lilies and lotuses. The grass is enclosed by a square, filled with shrubs and herbaceous plants.

Nearest the house and visible from the dining-room and

the nearest loggia is the ornamental flower garden. In style, it shows a reminiscence of Spain, though too faint perhaps to be at once perceived. This appears in the general design of the flower beds and in the placing of standard roses and dwarf fruit-trees along the borders of the main paths and in the arches covering their intersection. In the middle is a circular grass plot where are placed four seats, behind which hang garlands of roses festooned over iron chains. The central feature is a sun-dial inscribed with the appropriate motto:

"Lightly falls the foot of time that only treads on flowers."



A GLIMPSE OF THE PARK



The Vega Canal

THE FLOATING GARDENS OF MEXICO

BY BEATRICE ERSKINE

THE glory of the floating gardens of Mexico has in a great measure departed, but there remains much that is unusual, quaint and beautiful. They consist of measured squares of ground composed of layers of turf and soil bound together and secured to the bottom by means of long willow stakes which frequently take root in the mud. These squares of cultivated land are intersected by narrow dykes which cut through them at right angles, and they still float on the surface of the water, although they are not navigable as they were in the old days. In those days when dusky princesses, in their gondolas, visited their *chinampas* or floating gardens, they must have been, according to all accounts, brilliant with color and sweet with the scent of many flowers. In these days, although flowers are still grown there and, in the season of poppies, the banks of the Vega Canal present a vision of pink and scarlet, the chief products are vegetables, a fact which is apt to disappoint the traveler. Cabbages are very good things in their way, no doubt, and so is Indian corn; but to any one who has pictured something romantic, the reality lags behind.

All the same, the reality is both picturesque and interesting, as the accompanying illustrations will show, and the aquatic gardeners in their queer little dug-out canoes which rather resemble coffins in size and shape, dart in and out of their waterways with an address and an agility which is delightful to watch.

The history of these gardens dates back to the thirteenth century. When the Spaniards conquered Mexico in 1519, they found the city of Tenochtitlan, the ancient city of Mexico, in an advanced state of civilization. However much modern authorities may differ as to the exact truth or likelihood of these accounts, they are all agreed that there were stone buildings, aqueducts, causeways and other constructions which showed engineering skill, as well as manufactures which proved artistic ability. The genius of the natives was shown to great advantage in the swamps and marshy lands, which surrounded the capital city, for here they overcame many difficulties. It appears that great clumps of soil and turf would often break away from the shore, and the thrifty native learned to



POPPY FIELDS ALONG THE VIGA CANAL

bind several of these together and to plant the ground with whatever had most chance of being productive. Here he would often erect a hut and live on his floating domain, which he could steer at will with his long pole among the reeds of the salt lagoons and the lakes. The beautiful floating gardens which developed from this primitive idea, are a matter of history, and there is some mention of them in the old picture writings of the Aztecs, where Coxcoxtli, a king of the marshy regions, is represented in his dug-out canoe. This image used to be regarded as a deluge-myth and the king became known as "Coxcox, the Mexican Noah," but it evidently referred to his connection with the floating gardens.

The canal of La Viga—the old Aztec canal—is navigable from Mexico City to the towns and villages on Lakes Chalco and Xochimilco. The floating gardens of Xochimilco and of Ixtacalco are perhaps more beautiful, both in situation and vegetation, than those at Santa Anita, but as these latter are more accessible and can be easily reached by water from the city, it

may be worth while to consider them a little more in detail. The pilgrim to the watery region takes a train from the Plaza Mayor to the Embarcadero, where he finds three or four punts awaiting his convenience. Choosing the most attractive boat, or the most persistent boatman—probably the latter—he seats himself on a little wooden bench under a gaily striped awning and watches his gondolier, if one may call him so, as he deftly gets clear of the various craft which block up the way. He is a picturesque object himself, quite as picturesque as his Venetian prototype, even if his punting is without the graceful rhythmic motion of the gondolier. The Mexican is dressed in white linen, the shirt knotted in front over a scarlet sash, while trousers and sleeves are rolled up displaying bronzed limbs, the lithe, slim limbs of the Indian. On his head is the inevitable sombrero, casting a deep shade on his dark face.

That part of the canal of La Viga which is nearest to the city is not famous for its cleanliness. The water is dirty and full of decay-



A HIGHWAY IN XOCHIMILCO

ing vegetable matter which falls from the boats or from the piled up masses on the shore. To the left are the long buildings of a distillery; on the right an avenue of trees half hides the Paseo of the Viga and the low line of mean houses and brightly painted pulque shops beyond. Under the trees the men are unloading their market-garden boats, or squatting on their heels, cigarette in mouth, or stretched in the shade enjoying a siesta. The women are busy washing their clothes—and sometimes their hair—in the murky water, or in making tortillas, plentifully mixed with chili and pepper; a popular form of food which has given rise to the saying that no wolf or vulture will touch a dead Mexican, so seasoned is he with these somewhat hot ingredients! The women are generally dressed in colored cotton and wear a shawl draped over their heads which is often of a peculiarly soothing shade of indigo blue. To see one of these women walking barefoot with a great red jar on her shoulders or with a little brown baby tied on to her back is a joy to anyone whose eye is jaded by the incongruities of the modern world. The really



A MARKET-GARDENER ON THE VIGA CANAL

beautiful scenery of Mexico owes part of its charm to the invariable harmony of the people who compose the foreground. Here, along the banks of the Viga, it is a perpetually shifting scene of movement, while afloat on the water, the flat-bottomed boats laden with grass and vegetables give great variety to the whole. After a little while the crowd ceases, the houses are left behind, and if we lose in animation we gain infinitely in the cleanliness of the water and the tranquil beauty of the surroundings. A row of willows and poplars to the right makes a thin screen which hardly obscures the view of the purple hills; to the left a high bank rises, shutting out the view. There are quantities of water-lily leaves on the water, clusters of pale lilac blossoms like crocus, and bunches of a green fruit which

resembles a fig. The banks are covered with verdure, the sky is blue and the green trees are reflected peacefully in the clear water. By and by the tiny thatched village of Santa Anita appears on the left bank. Passing up the little street and leaving the old church to the left, the traveler finds himself in a sort of little plaza, which has a landing stage, for Santa Anita lies



THE MARSHES OF XOCHIMILCO

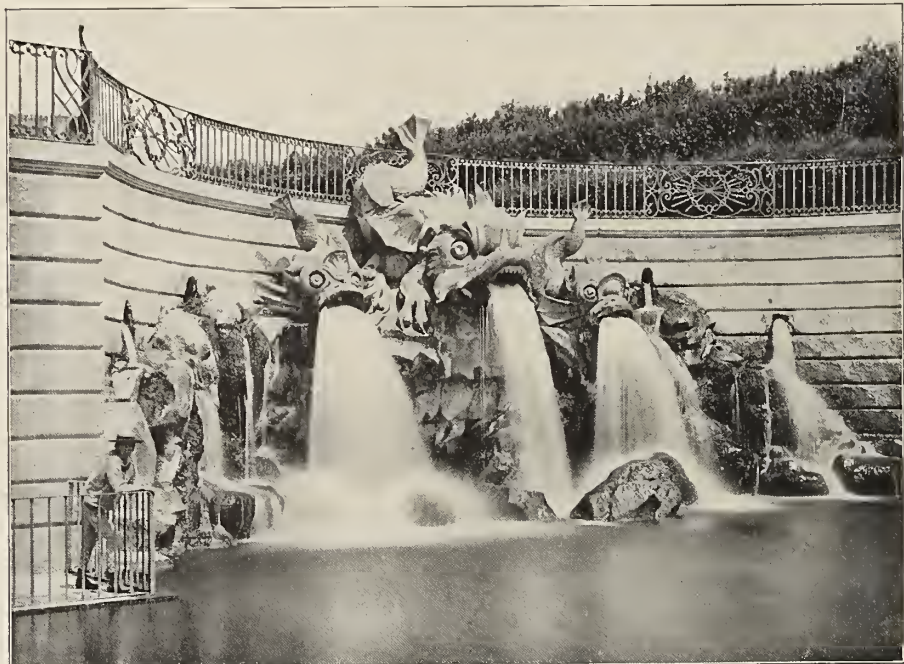
between the canal and the floating gardens. A vivid hedge of double scarlet geranium, flanked by the blue green of the cactus, gives a note of color to the scene, as he embarks in the narrow punt which awaits him and seats himself on a tiny wooden bench. The gardener in charge of the boat punts slowly down a narrow dyke which is hardly wider than a ditch, and square gardens succeed each other, planted chiefly with vegetables. Sometimes the boat glides up a narrow waterway almost choked with water-lilies; sometimes it comes suddenly on a patch of maize, and the violet mountains—for once almost lost sight of—reappear framed with the tall stalks of the Indian corn.

This floating garden has the appearance of being solid ground and very likely, in process of time, the space between the soil and the bottom of the water has been choked up and filled with mud. But the character remains and the effect is unique.

What strikes a stranger most in Mexico is the extraordinary opportunities given by the climate to the cultivator and the sparing use made of them. Much is said of the fine fruit

in this country, but the fact is, that the fruit is extremely poor. And this in a country where there are two crops of corn and maize every year, and where, with a little ordinary perseverance and care, so much might be done. It is true that strawberries can be obtained all the year round, but this is thanks to the climate and not to the cultivator. They are tasteless and watery, resembling mountain strawberries without their peculiar delicacy of flavor.

Much of the land is given up to the cultivation of the maguey or American aloe, from which the pulque is made; an intoxicating liquor which is the curse of the modern Mexican, as it was of his ancestors. A great deal of the land is given up to corn and maize also, and not a little of it is either sandy desert or mountain peak. But still there is a vast field for the cultivation of fruit, and as the Mexicans do not make use of the natural advantages of their magnificent country and climate, it seems a pity that some enterprising American should not do it for them. The game is, apparently, quite worth the candle.



The Cascade—Caserta



PORTICO OF DR. MARSDEN'S HOUSE, CHESTNUT HILL, PHILADELPHIA

CHARLES BARTON KEEN, Architect



GATEWAY TO DR. MARSDEN'S PLACE, CHESTNUT HILL, PHILADELPHIA

CHARLES BARTON KEEN, Architect



THE DRAWING-ROOM, DR. MARSDEN'S HOUSE, CHESTNUT HILL, PHILADELPHIA

CHARLES BARTON KEEN, Architect



STREET FAÇADE, DR. MARSDEN'S HOUSE, CHESTNUT HILL, PHILADELPHIA

CHARLES BARTON KEEN, Architect



THE DINING-ROOM, DR. MARSDEN'S HOUSE, CHESTNUT HILL, PHILADELPHIA

CHARLES BARTON KEEN, Architect



EQUESTRIAN ARMOR OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.
THE ARMERIA, MADRID

THE LIGHTING OF DREAMWOLD HALL

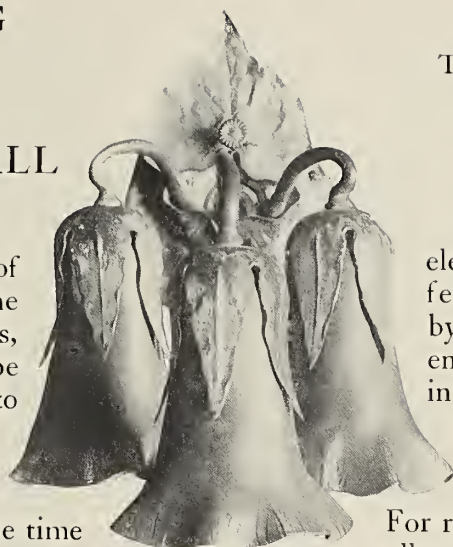
ON THE FARM OF
THOMAS W. LAWSON, ESQ.
AT
SCITUATE, MASS.

OF all the problems of furnishing a house the question of lighting is, perhaps, the most difficult. To be practical, to be beautiful, to be original, and still not to be bizarre. The fixture is intended primarily for light, but for the greater part of the time it is not in use, and it must then be considered apart from its chief charm of light itself.

The accent of shape is often changed entirely by the introduction of light, and the fixture that is one thing by daylight is an entirely different object when seen illumined by its own light. It has a dual existence and consequently is difficult to design.

Not only is there this difficulty of change of shape, but the lamp colors that appear crude by daylight have sometimes all the perfection of ripe and luscious fruit when seen illumined from within, and *vice versa*.

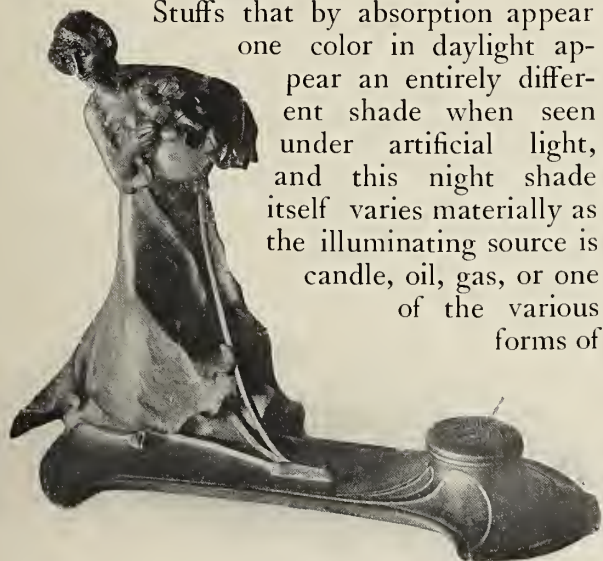
Stuffs that by absorption appear one color in daylight appear an entirely different shade when seen under artificial light, and this night shade itself varies materially as the illuminating source is candle, oil, gas, or one of the various forms of



Dining-room Bracket



Organ Lamp



Writing Desk Light

electricity. Just what these effects are would form an article by itself, but this sketch deals entirely with the various devices in Dreamwold Hall for concealing the ugliness and glare of the incandescent electric light.

For rooms of some height it is generally agreed that the invisible source of light is the best. This means a continuous line of concealed lights, high above the eye, that reflect upon the ceiling, and then, in a soft, diffused light, down over the whole room. The trouble is that for most domestic work high

rooms are not used, and this form of lighting is impossible. It becomes, then, a question of an artistic fixture, and the even more difficult problem of the bulb (the source of light) and the shade.

It is obvious that the fixture best adapted to a particular place can be most satisfactorily obtained by a special design. Ready-made designs, like ready-made clothing, can, at best, only fit approximately. Moreover, the financial success of such work depends upon duplication, and duplication is the foe of originality, as well as an obstacle in the way of individual excellence. It is more essential to the factory fixture that it can be reproduced cheaply than that each piece should be produced perfectly.

It follows that excellency in fixtures means special designs by skilled designers, means craftsmen, not laborers, means artistic supervision, not the hurried orders of a foreman.



Organ Lamp

Could anything fulfil its purpose better than the little bronze by Louchet that at the same time is an inkstand, a paper weight and a writing lamp shaded by the cluster of blossoms held in the hands of the dainty figure that gives the *clou*? The base is of very dark bronze, almost black, this bronze grad-



Hall Bracket and Old Brass Plate

ually growing lighter and more golden in color until the head and shoulders of the figure are almost illumined in the daylight, while at night the head catches just enough of reflected light to give the charm of mystery.

Perhaps more beautiful still is the Pandora's box by a Parisian modeller, its grace and drapery suggesting that it was done as by an ancient Greek working under modern conditions. The box itself is of gold, and the light within shines through tinted alabaster, that in the daylight shows the trees on the box against a light sky, while at night they stand silhouetted bare and black against a sky illumined by the harvest moon. So the box shows a sunlight scene by day and a moonlight scene at night.

The turtle-back reading lamp by Tiffany, shows what seem to be two rough iridescent turtles set in a green bronze frame that re-

calls Pompeii in color. Clustered around the base are a set of jewels that reflect back the light hidden under the turtles. The shade can be turned at any angle so as to throw light on a book or a vertical sheet of music.

Similar turtle backs have been skillfully used in the small hall brackets that hang like fairy lanterns against the curly-grained, almost black woodwork.

In a well-designed house no detail or fixture must be too prominent, too insistent, while the house itself should be one consistent scheme rather than the succession of historical styles now so common. What can be more illogical than the Louis XVI. library, the Louis XV. den, the Louis XIV. billiard room, all more or less historically correct, and all apishly stupid.

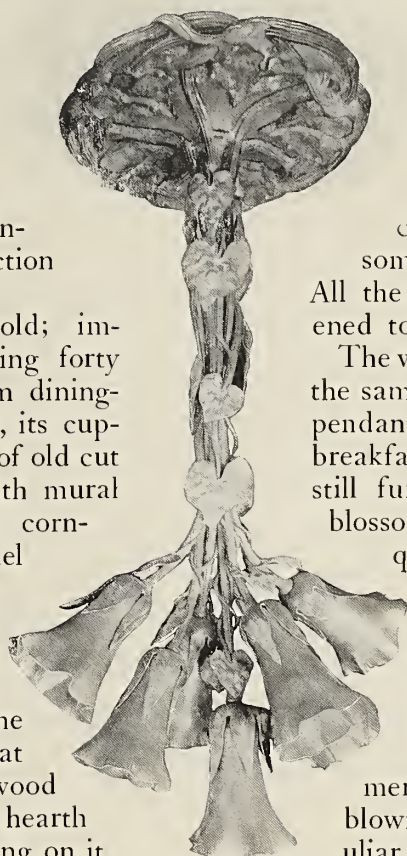
Originality in design did not die with the monarchs of France. The same nation that leads all others in



"Pandora's Box"

mechanical inventions will, when given the leisure for culture, produce results as interesting and as original as any produced by the masters of the Renaissance. We are only at the beginning, and these illustrations are chiefly interesting as showing the direction of new thought and design.

But to return to Dreamwold; imagine a room capable of seating forty guests and still cosy. A farm dining-room in a house 300 feet long, its cupboards filled with the choicest of old cut glass and china, its friezes with mural decorations of farmyard and cornfield, while each individual panel in the tall dado below has on it, burnt and painted in conventional design, an ear of corn, a cluster of grapes, or other fruit, and so on around the room to the great fireplace that swallows cords of four-foot wood and cries for more. The tile hearth shows a grassy bank, and resting on it two large golden pumpkins whose tendrils climb over the fireplace facing and show, now a blossom, now a leaf, in the most naturalistic manner. The pumpkin gives the key to the room, and so it was again taken for a motif in the great central light that hangs over the table. A huge golden pumpkin



Breakfast Room
Chandelier

with the light inside, it glows at night with all the mellowness of a Hallowe'en lantern, while around it and over it cling the vines and leaves that, hanging from the ceiling, support it and the cluster of golden pumpkin blossoms, each with its little light inside. All the colors are those of nature softened to the tone of the room.

The wall brackets show the same idea, the same golden blossoms hiding in their pendants the lights within, while in the breakfast room the conceit is carried still further where a great cluster of blossoms hangs like an inverted bouquet over the table.

Sometimes, in an otherwise long and monotonous exterior wall a quaint freak is pardonable, such as the ship's lantern hung over the terrace doors, its skeleton resembling the earth's meridians and parallels, while the blown glass gives a succession of peculiar bulging forms that seem anything rather than stubborn glass. The door in the bottom is formed of a large turtle-back, while the fixture itself is

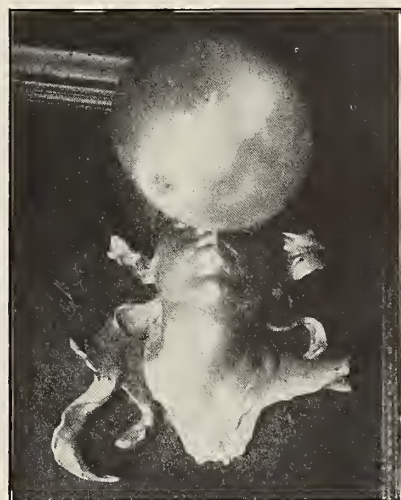
in a soft grey green.

No form of electric bulb has yet been devised that in its unshaded form is beautiful. The imitation candle needs a shade, the



"Bubble Blower" Lamp

ordinary bulb a covering that will give beauty. The shade then becomes a necessity and its own beauty must be its apology. The fixture should then be an ornamental piece of table sculpture or wall or ceiling decoration, but it must also always be an illuminating fixture. Perhaps the bubble blowing fixtures here illustrated are as near an approach to perfection as can be hoped for. For here the



"Bubble Blower" Lamp

daylight iridescence in the glass recalls the actual soap bubble, while at night they are artistic fixtures pure and simple. Even here the real bulb is inside the bubble.

The Viennese lamp is an illustration of how a most excellent fixture can be hurt by its shade and by the exposed bulb. Here we have a figure of a dull bluish green at the base, turning to gold at the arms and head—a masterly composition that fulfils its functions perfectly, but the shade is too formal and would be better if it were a great sea leaf, or a clustering armful of drooping blossoms that would hide the too prominent bulb.

The organ lamp is a bit of sculpture almost worthy of Rodin, but again the shade should have some relation to the straining figure. Glass spun into a whirlwind or a great breaking wave would be better.

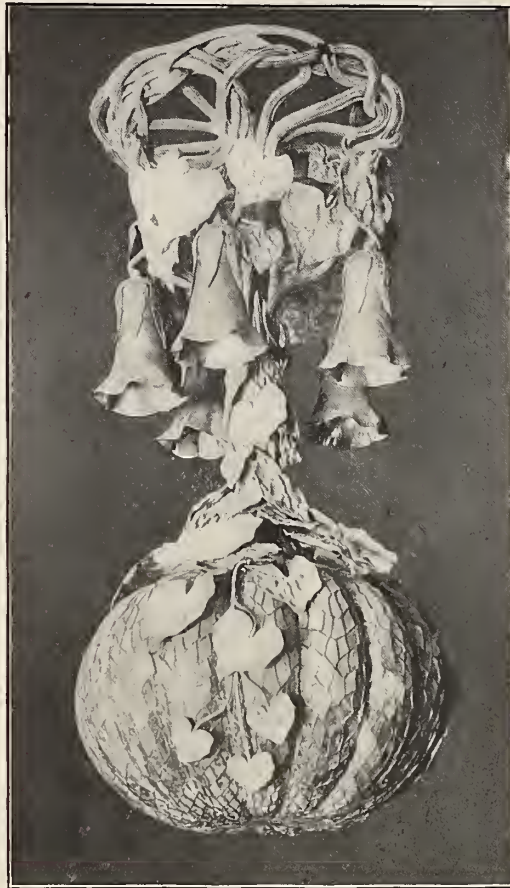
The long and graceful polished iron support for the library reading lamp is hurt by the prosaic shade. A little bell blossom that would seem to have grown out of the slender stalk would have been better.



Japanese Lamp in Living-room

The Tiffany shell lamp is better, and when the shell form is made of a real shell, then we have an ideal fixture.

The Japanese lantern and lamp shown in the illus-



Dining-room Chandelier

trations are just as they should be. They were carefully combined and adapted by Hermann Murphy, and show electric lamp lighting at its best.

The Osaka lantern in the conservatory is of gold bronze and subdued tones of cloisonné in orange reds, blue greens and grey whites. It is lined with silk fibre paper toned with water color to repeat the color of the Grueby tile on the walls.

The lamps were planned to carry out the color scheme of the rooms for which they were intended. The large lamp in the hall has a base of dark green bronze made by Johei who lived in Kioto about 1800. It has a beautifully modeled Hoo bird on each side. This bird is the

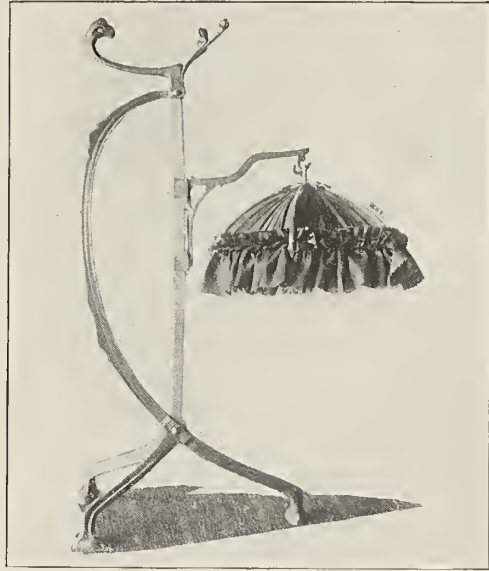
Japanese Phoenix and is the forerunner of peace. The shade of this lamp is half of a Japanese ball lantern, made of thin brass cut and engraved with a design of the chrysanthemum and kiri, which symbolizes the imperial coat of arms. This was also made in Kioto. The brass is toned to a deep rich gold tone. As the light coming through the perforations would be too bright and not be concentrated on the table as desired, the shade was lined with a deep drag-



Japanese Lamp in Hall



Viennese Lamp in Dining-room



Library Lamp

on's blood tone of silk. The smaller lamp has a base of rich gold bronze made in Tokio about 1825, and has the design of chrysanthemum and kiri on it in cloisonné of dull white and grey greens and reds. The shade is similar to that of the larger lamp in the hall, but lined with a grey green to harmonize with the tone of the living-room.

While many of these criticisms may seem severe, it is not because the fixtures are poor,

but because they are so nearly perfect that it seems a pity that they should not have been pushed to that end. Originality is almost as rare as the roc's egg, but here we have a whole nestful of ideas developed almost to the flying point; in fact, some are even ready for that.

We are indebted to Messrs. Coolidge & Carlson, Architects, of Boston, for the use of the photographs from which our illustrations are taken.



Conservatory Lantern

SPANISH PATIOS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By KATE GREENLEAF LOCKE.

THAT the honor of producing a new style of architecture will hereafter be set down to the credit of Southern California is beginning to be acknowledged. This style, so recently born and yet so distinctive, is a conglomerate composed of efflorescent Spanish and Moorish features molded in with the severe and heavy (but always picturesque) lines of the old California mission buildings. All of this, in turn, is modified and adapted through a practical sense of the luxuries of our most modern civilization. Thus as it stands it represents to-day a blending of three widely separated historic epochs—the conquest of Spain by the Moors, the subduing and proselyting of the Indians by the old Spanish fathers and the settling of this Arcadian part of the world by the wealthiest class in America.

It is admitted that the architecture of a country should be the practical outgrowth of its climatic needs and conditions, and when we visit the land of orange groves, of olives and lemon trees, of bananas and caladiums, of a maximum of sunshine and a minimum

of shadow we are glad that there are both architects and clients who have grasped all of its delightful possibilities. The villas that hang upon the hillsides in France and Italy would find a congenial environment here where mountains alternate with plains, and rugged foot-hills may be softened in outline by a tropical growth; but while these latter have not yet “arrived” the Spanish house with its *patio* and plastered arch, its porches and oftentimes its roof-gardens, appears at frequent intervals. The inhabitants have not yet realized that the slope of a terraced descent below the guardianship of a monster mountain, may be most picturesquely broken by a bit of stuccoed wall; that the roses which bloom riotously in the formal garden near the house would show a dashing bit of crimson, or pink, or yellow, if trained to cover such a wall among the trees of a hillside; but they have come to know that the life which may be designated as “half indoors and half out,” is wholly fascinating in this delectable climate; hence the *patio*.

The two views given of a house of this



A PASADENA HOUSE IN THE MISSION STYLE

description show plainly why a habitation built on these lines is most desirable here.

Among the glossy, dark green foliage of orange trees and great, feathery fronds of sago palm, the pale yellow of the plastered walls, the cream white coloring of the balustrades and arches, together with the dull, red tiling of the roof, make a gratifying color-picture, and the suggestion offered by the *patio* with its tropical plants completes the charm. Sometimes the Abyssinian banana waves its gigantic leaves in here above beds of fern and flowering plants, and sometimes the play of a central fountain sends constant spray on lotus flowers, the lily-of-the-Nile and other aquatic plants. This portion of the United States offers several apparent contradictions, in that it is new, and it is old,



AN INSIDE PATIO

it is semi-tropical in its growth and temperate in its climate; for though the thermometer stand at one hundred and ten degrees in the sun one may walk abroad without danger of sun stroke or exhaustion. It unites with the zest and virility of a newly settled and growing

country the picturesque ruins of a former period of prosperity, and the relics of a people about whom lingers all the romance suggested by a mixed Spanish, Mexican and Indian nationality.

In Sonora-Town (a portion of the city of Los Angeles) may still be seen the squat adobe houses which were at one time the main architectural feature of this "City-of-the-Queen-of-the-Angels," *El Pueblo de la Reina de Los Angeles*.

Here the Mexican population have their homes, their wine-shops and their gay little



A COVERED PATIO

vegetable stalls, to which scarlet peppers give color. On these pavements they sit, or lounge, or twang their guitars, and when the tourist steps from the sunshine down into the cool interior of one of the houses which line the street, he may well imagine himself in old Spain or Mexico. Through the closed green shutters there comes just enough light to see the earthen floor, the white-washed wall, the great bed with its spread of hand-made lace and the crucifix and candles in a corner.

It is a far cry from this primitive simplicity

be secured, and a great breadth of porch. The wash of a soft tannish yellow color which was used by the Indians and early fathers on the missions with such excellent and lasting effect is adopted generally on the exterior of these houses; partly because it has stood the suns of nearly a hundred years on many of the churches, and more especially because there is no other tone which shows up so well against the turquoise blue of the sky and the lace-like shadows of the pepper trees. The balustrades in the *patios* and the supporting pillars of the porches are



AN OUTSIDE PATIO

to the modern Spanish villa built by an Eastern millionaire for his winter home at Pasadena. And yet these modern palaces are but eight miles away and they acknowledge a picturesque relationship to the old yellow-washed adobe. Some noticeable features of this architecture are, first, a restraint which replaces redundant ornament with the simplicity of untouched wall, a spreading out over the ground, with walls not too high; the introduction of pillars and arches wherever a fair view or an enticing vista may

cream white, finished with a modern enamel which is warranted to stand the action of the sun and air far better than the cracked and crumbling coats of paint which is all that looks ruinous on many of these ancient edifices. The pinkish red of the earthen tiles will also hold its own in color for generations to come, and when we compare this substantial, practical and beautiful style of modern architecture with more showy structures, we realize that the owner of this house has builded well.



Cottages at Merrow

PICTURESQUE ENGLISH COTTAGES AND THEIR DOORWAY GARDENS

By P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A., F.R.H.S.

IX.

WE have examined the exterior of our cottage, the walls, roof and chimney-stack. And now we will glance at the windows. In many old cottages and farmhouses in England you will see some windows blocked up. The illustration of the house at Seend shows such a bricked window. This was done on account of the tax on windows imposed in the seventh year of the reign of William III., which was not repealed until 1851, when the tax on inhabited houses was substituted for it. We have had many curious taxes to pay—a hearth tax, which is as old as the time of Domesday Book, wherein it is

called *fumage* or *fuage*, and by the vulgar “smoke farthings,” poll tax, window tax, and a law obliging us to be buried in woolen. It is strange to our notions that the light of heaven streaming through our windows should ever have been a source of royal revenue. Lord Bacon inveighed against the

large windows in some houses “so full of glass that one cannot tell where to become to be out of the sun or cold.” Such windows were formed by filling in several of the spaces between the timbers of a timber-built house with lights. They have a very pleasing and picturesque



A VILLAGE HOUSE AT SEEND

effect. The window-tax diminished their number. An old house, Ockwells, in Berkshire, has a very interesting set of these windows which are glazed with heraldic glass, and Hardwick Hall is popularly described:

“Hardwick Hall,
More glass than wall.”

The square compartments formed by the upright and horizontal timbers of a cottage naturally formed a good framework for a

great store of glass, and the ruins of the villas of luxurious Romans reveal broken sheets of window glass which show traces of staining in brilliant colors. Aubrey tells us that “Glass windows, except in churches and gentlemen’s houses, were rare before the time of Henry VIII. In my own remembrance, before the Civil Wars, copy holders and poor people had none in Herefordshire, Monmouthshire and Salop: it is so still.”



HOUSE NEAR PORLOCK

window, and were so utilized. But the size of these squares was not large, and subsequently larger frames were inserted. Old houses have always very small windows. This is partly accounted for by the closeness of the timber framing, and also by the scarcity and cost of glass. Glass was extensively used in England in the time of the Romans. The excavations at Silchester have revealed

The old name “window” discloses this lack of glass; it is the eye, or opening, for the wind, and was originally constructed more for the admission of air than of light. Sometimes, horn was used in lieu of glass. There is an old account among the MSS. preserved at Loseley House, Surrey, of the time of Henry VIII., which has several items relating to horn for windows. Thus we read, “a

thousand of lantern horns for the windows of timber houses," and, again, "gilding the lead or lattice-work of the horn windows."

The lights of the windows of stone-built houses were separated by stone mullions, and in large windows there are transoms also, and a hood-moulding placed above them, as in the old building at Marple Hall. Great skill was exercised in the glazing, plain, small, lozenge-shaped leaded panes being the most common in the old-fashioned windows. The old timber houses of Lancashire and Cheshire often retain much of the original glazing. At Little Moreton Hall, in the latter county, there are no less than six different patterns of glazing in leaded lights. The cottages at Chilham, Kent, show good and picturesque examples of lozenge-shaped lattice-windows. Many houses have been shorn of their old lattice-windows, and have received instead of these, square or oblong panes, or the modern sash-window. The best of the old work has too often been destroyed.



WESCOTT

Owing to the long sweep of the old thatched roofs, the height of the side walls in the upper storeys was very small, and the upstairs windows were placed very low down, and sometimes the lower sill was level with the floor of the room. In order to light them better, the picturesque dormer windows were introduced which form a charming feature of these old buildings. The houses at Broadway, Worcestershire, would have no light in the upper storey were it not for these dormer windows. The cottages in the beautiful village of Castle Combe, near Chippenham, have graceful dormers. This village lies apart from the usual haunts of tourists in a charming and secluded valley. The stream rolls placidly along beneath the ancient bridge, as placidly as life seems to glide in this quiet old-world place. In the centre of the village still stands the market-cross beneath its sheltering roof of moss-grown tiles, a delightful picture of



A COTTAGE GARDEN



KENT COTTAGES

English rural scenery. In old cottages we often find so-called oriel windows in the upper storey, windows that jut out from the wall, supported by corbels or brackets. They have a very pretty effect, break the surface of the walls, and are altogether quaint and pleasing. Many of them have been destroyed, and ordinary lights, flush with the wall, substituted for them. The ordinary bay window as depicted in the Broadway cottage is usually an addition of much later date, but there are many old examples which swing out from the first floor or are carried up from the ground. The old glass may be detected by observing its dull green color, which is produced by the action of time and defies imitation.

The lead glazing is usually inserted into iron casements. Much skill and ingenuity is expended on the construction of the uprights and handles, which are often of very beautiful design.

Architects are sometimes very successful in imitating the old designs of cottages, and especially in regard to picturesque windows. I am enabled by the artist's skill to give examples of modern cottages at Merrow in the outskirts of Guildford, which certainly can

claim their title to picturesqueness. One is planned after the model of the half-timbered building with a projecting upper storey, oriel window and tiled roof; the other is weather-tiled, and the arrangement of the upper windows is not ungraceful.

In order to see good doorways, we must travel to the regions of good building stone, to the counties that lie along the great bed of oolite which extends from Somerset to Yorkshire. In these parts of England, we

find the tradition of Gothic architecture preserved in many of the doorways. The perpendicular arch is seen in the porch of many a small farmhouse or rural cottage, with moulded sides and overhanging hood-moulding. Frequently in Cheshire and Lancashire the lintel is formed of a large stone shaped in the form of a triangle with the angles cut flat. The stables at Marple Hall are a good example of this. The sides and edge of the lintel are moulded. A good stout door of solid oak shuts out intruders. The cottage door



LAYWELL, WILTS



CHILHAM

is usually open, and hospitably invites an entrance. Perhaps the habit arose of keeping the door open from the belief in the good fairies who were by no means to be kept out of the house. They would churn the butter and do many other pleasant little "odd jobs." Certainly, it was not an uncommon practice to leave a hole in the wall for the "piskies" or pixies to come in and out as they pleased.

Before you enter a house you must remember that the threshold is a very sacred spot.

with the Chinese we keep out witches and such beldames by hanging horseshoes, or burying bottles, nails or pins. When a bride comes to her new home, she must be lifted over the threshold, or ill luck will befall her.

In England, too, we have had other builders besides those of human form, strange goblin-builders who played strange pranks and mightily disconcerted those who were rearing houses and churches with ordinary bricks or stones and mortar. At Rochdale



UFFINGTON

It is not well to stumble at the threshold, as we have it on the authority of Shakespeare who knew his folk-lore:

"For many men that stumble at the threshold
Are well foretold that danger lurks within."

In olden days it was protected. There was a sacrifice made when the threshold-stone was laid. Amongst many peoples it was customary to sacrifice a sheep, or a hen, or a cock, and bury it beneath the stone, in order to keep out evil spirits. In common

in the time of the Conqueror, piles of timber and huge stones were gathered in profusion by one Gamel, a Saxon thane, to build a chapel unto St. Chad nigh to the banks of the Roche. The foundations were laid, stakes driven in, and several courses of rubble-stone laid ready to receive the grouting or cement. In one night, the whole mass was conveyed, without the loss of a single stone, to the summit of a steep hill on the opposite bank. With much labor, the stones were

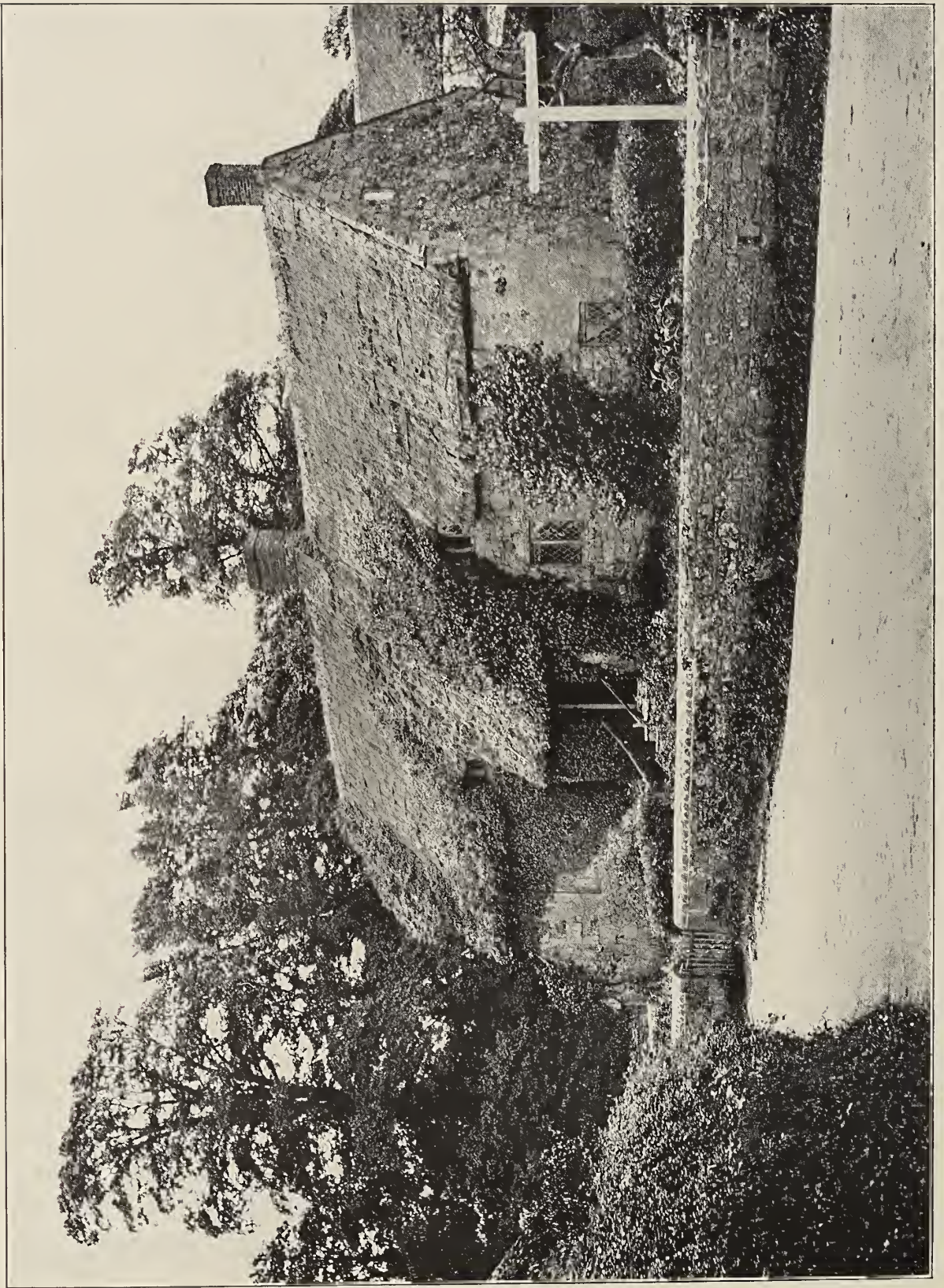


BROADWAY

Copyright, 1904, by H. Troth



NEAR EAST PECKHAM, KENT



GODSHILL

brought back to their first position, but the goblin-builders again removed them to the top of the hill, and there they remain until this day; and you must climb one hundred and twenty-four steps if you would worship in that church. The goblin-builders were also busy at Wendover, Alfriston and other places; but we have ceased to believe in them now, and with the fairies, pixies and other like creatures they have left our shores.

The idea of a spirit haunting a house is

ale, and bread and cheese. This meal is called a *fooin pint*, and is eaten as a kind of sacrifice to the spirit; otherwise, it is believed that neither happiness nor health will rest upon the house and its inhabitants.

The laying of ghosts was a troublesome business, and was not always very effective. A clergyman of my acquaintance, who has recently died, was once called upon to exorcise a spirit, and when he confessed his inability to perform the task, was told that



WRAXALL

very prevalent even in modern times. Every self-respecting old house has its ghost, some restless spirit that haunts its ancient home of love or wrong or crime, and will not rest. The idea of propitiating the spirit of sacrifice is very general. The ancient Picts used to bathe the foundation stones of a house with human blood, and at the present time, when the foundation stone of a house is being laid in Scotland, Mr. Lawrence Gomme tells us that the workmen are regaled with spirits or

“the ministers were none so gude as t’ould Church priests for sic like work.” He should have imitated the example of a clever monk who expelled the ghost from old Clegg Hall in Lancashire. The ghost demanded a body and soul. None of the spectators offered to become the victim to the spirit’s malice. The monk, however, called for the body of a cock and the sole of an old shoe. Thus was the ghost laid. Many legends and stories cluster round our old houses,



COTTAGE AT SALISBURY

and tell of curious superstitions which are only just passing away, of bygone romances, stories of love and murder, of smugglers and their ways, when every house had its secret hiding place, and every cart its false bottom for the concealment of the goods that paid no duty. Our inns have many stories to tell us of the old coaching days when the villages were alive with excitement, and kings and queens, noblemen and high-

waymen thronged the roads and slept in the quaint hostelries in old-fashioned four-posted beds between lavender-scented sheets. Very picturesque are those old inns in their decay. Silence reigns, and the grass grows green in the once busy stable yard. In our tour through the lanes and roads of England, we find many such inns, and perhaps we may be able to glance at a few of their picturesque features ere our wanderings end.

PERGOLAS AND LOGGIAS

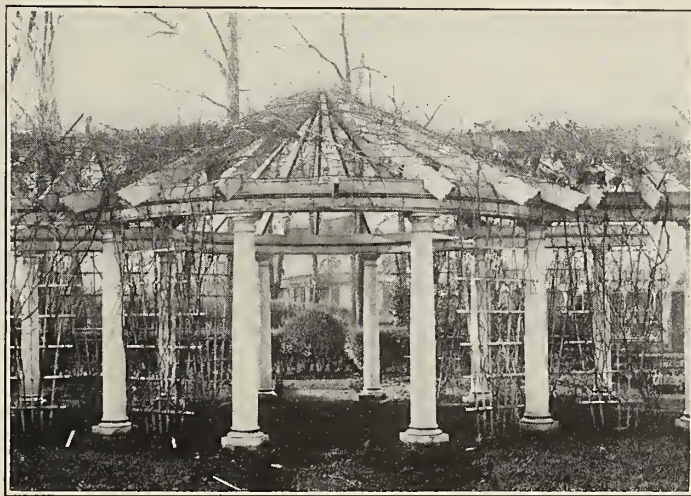
BY PHEBE WESTCOTT HUMPHREYS

THE "green gallery" of medieval days has come to have a widely diversified meaning when applied to the ornamental gardening features of the American country seat. There are few examples in this country to-day of the original type of "green gallery" known to the ancients. Of the few, there is one that is widely known. It is a stately, oval pergola still standing at Arlington—that beautiful spot which was once the home of the Virginia Lees, and is now the home of the honored dead of our Civil War. This old pergola is of unusual dimensions, being twenty feet wide between the pillars, and forming an oval one hundred feet long and seventy feet wide. It has remained unharmed through many fierce conflicts, and with each returning spring it displays a wealth of verdure and bloom from the many vines with which it is wreathed. It is of wondrous beauty when full of greenery, and the people of the South who know and love it never call it a pergola, but give it its ap-

propriate old-time name of "green gallery;" a name of such quaint dignity that it seems peculiarly adapted to many of the stately pergolas and loggias of to-day.

The loggia is still unfamiliar in American gardens, except in copies of formal Italian gardens, and a few old Colonial gardens. The pergola—though the word was seldom heard here a century ago—is now recognized as an important feature in garden decoration. Nor do we consider it merely from its decorative standpoint. We are learning to appreciate the comfort of its shelter, its promotion of sociability—now that it is indispensable for informal teas and garden parties—and its use as a connecting link between the house and its surroundings.

In its original use in the gardens of Italy, the pergola was merely a sort of gallery or balcony in a house; but it soon came to be applied to various forms of stately arbors in the garden. The Italian loggia was, originally, a step higher as a decorative



A CLASSIC PERGOLA



A RUSTIC SUMMER-HOUSE

feature; it not only served as a gallery or portico, but in its early use it was invariably hung with paintings. While the pergola of the American garden may be set at some distance from the house, the loggia continues to be a part of the house, or is closely connected with it in this country, as in Italy. Architects have recently awakened to its value; a statement that has been applied to the pergola, "the fact that architects all over the country are making it a study does not indicate that it is a popular fad, but that it has come to stay," is now equally applicable to the loggia.

We are told by those versed in gardening knowledge, and the innovations of home building, that "no architectural innovation is more to be commended than the use

of the loggia, which may be described as a recessed piazza—a piazza set back into the body of the house, flanked at either end by the walls, and covered by the projection of the upper storey. In Italy it does not usually appear on the ground floor, for there this floor is not devoted to the chief apartments; but its effect is just as good when it is adapted to our own customs of building and living. In certain very exposed situations the piazza may well be entirely banished in favor of a loggia; in others a small open piazza may be effectively supplemented by a larger loggia; and in almost every country house at least, a little loggia should be introduced either up-stairs or down. Our climate is so variable that too careful a provision can hardly be made for changing winds and skies and temperatures." This may be a new idea to many who have considered the loggia a form of garden decoration rather than a mere recessed piazza. In its more popular form it is neither confined to the balcony plan, as first used here, nor to its original use in Italy as a gallery for paintings, but may assume various forms of a partially enclosed gallery leading from the house to the garden.

Fantastic forms are eschewed in building the pergola. Any attempt at filigree ornamentation immediately spoils the effect.



A RUSTIC PERGOLA

Simple, stately lines are desirable as following most closely the original Italian plan. Rough hewn beams set at regular intervals form the open roof of the average structure, or heavy rustic saplings; though occasional exceptions are found in the long-gallery or look-out pergola commanding an extensive view, where the centre is formed into a circular dome or square tower, with shingle or tile roofing erected over a central platform of special width, while galleries leading to it, on either side, have the usual finish of smooth upright columns and open roof of heavy beams. Such pergolas are popular among the country seats of the Maine coast, especially in the vicinity of Old Cape Cottage.

In its original form the green gallery of the garden seldom had any other floor than the ground which it was built to shelter. Now it is not unusual to find the stately structures with massive columns of brick or stone, and richly tiled or hardwood floors.

"Aldie," the Mercer country seat at Doylestown, Pa., has a pergola of unusual interest because of its double form—the two galleries being set at right angles—its solid foundation wall and cement base, and its many curious ornamentations in relief upon the cement columns.

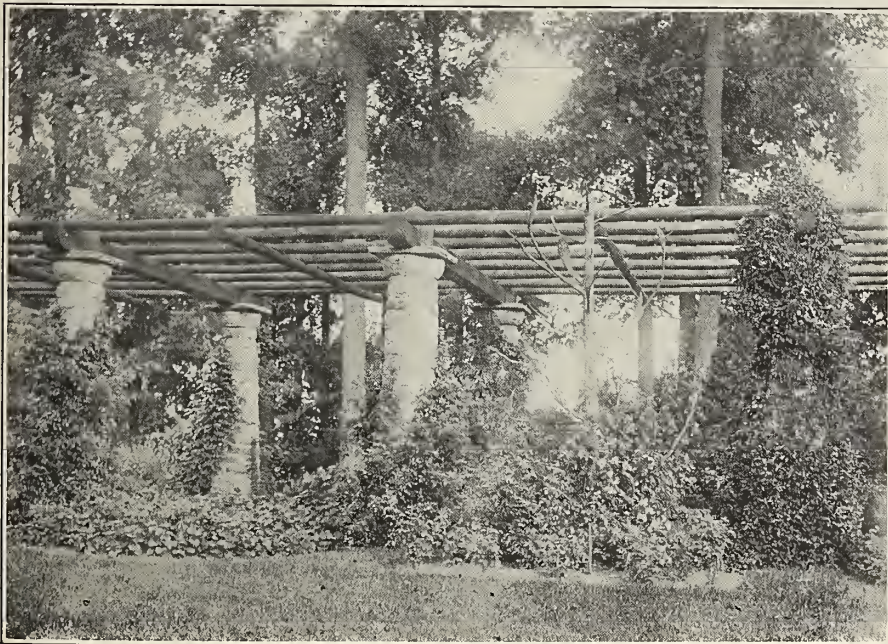
In the famous Italian garden at Camp Hill, Pa., is found an exquisitely neat design



A CROSSING OF THE PATHS

of Italian type, half summer-house and half pergola, with massive, smooth, white columns, circular base and roof, and with seats, base-panels and ornamentation all finished in pure white. Just below, on the hill slope, is a most decided contrast. A long arbor displays stone columns of the roughest possible construction; simply loose, uneven, many-colored fragments of rock, apparently thrown together; without visible cement or mortar and, of course, without a trace of pointing. It is appropriately roofed with rough, knotted, bark-covered cedar saplings.

One of the most interesting forms of the modern loggia differs but little from the pergola; with the exception that it is customary not only to attach it to the dwelling house, but also



A PERGOLA IN THE WILD

to securely screen at least one side—not only for shelter, but also for the purpose of carrying out the effect of the original use, of forming a gallery or portico to be ornamented with paintings. A favorite method of forming this blank wall, when the loggia extends along the side of the house, is the simple plan of tacking wire on a lath foundation wall, and giving the whole a heavy, substantial coat of plaster. Posts built of rough stone or brick, and plaster cast, are appropriate supports for a wall of this nature.

Stately brick galleries, of loggia form, attached to a mansion or club house, have contrasting foundation walls of stone, plain roofing with deep cornices, and great arched windows set so close in the wall space that their divisions have the effect of brick columns.

In well-preserved historic mansions broad porticoes or galleries, with brick floor and pillars, are frequently found running the entire length of the dwelling at the back; and connected with the spacious brick-paved hall, which runs through the house and leads to magnificent double staircases and arched doorways rich in carvings. At "Stenton," in Germantown, the famous home of James

Logan, secretary and confidential friend of William Penn, are found old-fashioned types of stately, brick-paved galleries and fine old wall trellises. This beautiful mansion has guided many a modern architect in his construction of quaint designs. The house was built about 1728, and it received additions in underground passages and concealed staircases during the troublous times of the Revolution; later, various offices were built surrounding the main building at sides and back, and connected with it by brick-paved courts and covered passageways that have suggested to builders picturesque forms of pergolas and loggias.

A row of ornamental poplars, or trees of special summer coloring like the brilliant Japanese maples, form a good setting for the pergola. Any luxuriant vine may be trained up over its roof, but the favorite is some vigorous variety of climbing rose. In the famous Yaddo garden at Saratoga, the tree background is a screen-like row of English poplars. This divides the rose garden from an old-fashioned rock garden, as well as further ornamenting the pergola. The vine decoration is a luxuriant growth of crimson Rambler roses.



A PERGOLA IN STUCCO



Fence in Washington Square, Salem

COLONIAL GATEWAYS AND FENCES IN NEW ENGLAND

BY WALTER H. KILHAM

ONCE more the fence has come to the front as an important accessory to the house, and its return to favor will be hailed with delight by all who have the elevation of the public taste at heart. In the good old times more or less domestic privacy was considered desirable. Not only was the front lawn discreetly enclosed in railings or pickets, but the back garden, which, in old New England towns, often became the very sanctum sanctorum of the feminine department of each household, was surrounded by walls hardly less formidable than those of a Spanish nunnery. I remember two or three still existing in an old Massachusetts seaport which are protected by board fences seven feet high with notched and spiked tops and covered

with countless layers of whitewash which, peeling slightly here and there, gives a brilliant rough white background for the riotous hollyhocks and peonies that grow against it.

Twenty years ago, more or less, by the decree of capricious Fashion, the Colonial fences of New England came well nigh to being exterminated. The "open" treatment for grounds surrounding detached houses came in with a whirlwind of popular favor. It was alleged that a city having open spaces of lawn between the houses, unbroken even by hedges, expressed a sense of equality and fraternity and a desire for all to share the pleasure one might feel in his own well-kept grounds or establishment, which was supposed to be latent in the



A SALEM GARDEN ENTRANCE



COBWEB FENCE—NICHOLS HOUSE



ONE OF THE BEST POSTS IN SALEM



EMMERTON FENCE—SALEM

American mind. Only a churl would conceal his gillyflowers and asters behind impenetrable walls. Village Improvement Societies preached the crusade against the fence. And so came in the cannas and begonias and round geranium beds scattered here and there over the open lawns, and one by one the dainty old fences were condemned as unsightly and went their way to the wood-pile.

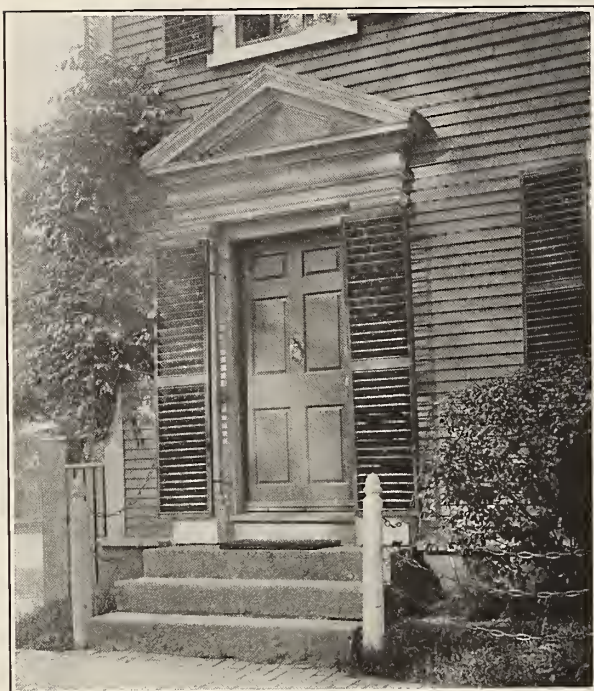
Now that the reaction has set in, and once more our grounds are being



GARDEN WALK—SALEM

protected against stray dogs and children, and the old annuals and perennials are with us again, a rapid glance through two or three old Eastern seaports will serve to remind us, not only of the importance of a fence in giving a sense of privacy, but of its decorative importance and its great value as setting or frame for the architecture of the house itself.

In some of the most beautiful examples of Colonial architecture in old New England towns,



OLD DOORWAY AND CHAIN FENCE—SALEM

the charm, and in fact the principal motive, lies in the fences; so absolutely simple with those graceful columns and slender rails which give at once an air of distinction to the plainest of structures.

The ideal garden in New England is enclosed in a high fence, a brick wall or hedge, where the family can enjoy the freedom of out-of-door life, or walk among the flowers. The fact is to be regretted that Americans do not live more in their parks and gardens. Breakfast on a vine-covered porch, tea on the terrace, a woman sewing in the garden are sights all too scarce in our American civilization, and not only would they add to the picturesqueness of life but to its health and comfort as well.

For some of the most beautiful examples of Colonial fences we naturally turn to Salem, where scarcely a house does not boast of some kind, from the most simple of picket fences to

such effective and elaborate examples as that of the old Nichols house in Federal Street. To give a true idea of this situation it is necessary to have the whole layout of the garden in mind. The square mansion stands perhaps twenty feet from the sidewalk, along which, across the front, runs the low white fence with simple round pickets. The decoration, as usual, centres in the beautiful posts crowned with carved urns on either side of the central gate. The side gate and the rest of the fence beyond the house are in the so-called cobweb pattern in one of the most intricate forms. Entering here, we follow the brick walk between its box borders past the side door to the picturesque courtyard, where old-time Puritan severity seems for a moment to have exchanged its primness for Italian playfulness. An arcade runs clear across the end of the house and directly facing it, across the stone paved court is the big old-fashioned stable with its three classical pediments and central archway leading down to the garden. At one end, big square lattices support vines that have grown half way up to meet them. On a gable is perched an eagle with outspread wings, possibly a relic brought from a ship by a sea captain ancestor, and at one side is a lusty old pump of the sort that delighted Hawthorne. Through the archway one can see the long



STABLE YARD—NICHOLS HOUSE

vista of the garden, so long that it ends in dim perspective. Old-fashioned flowers run riot on either side of the walk. Half way down you descend some steps and pass under a trellis covered with vines. There are shade trees, too, so the sunlight is sifted and only falls in spots across the walk. Time, that master gardener, has lent much of the charm to this garden; but its real distinction lies in the right placing of buildings, arbors, and fences and the proper laying out of the walks, without which the flowers themselves are but a meaningless mass and never hold their real value. This is equally true of even a small garden, if it makes any attempt at formality. Lines and masses should be sought for rather than the spotting of flowers here and there, even though it be a temptation to those who love the flowers simply for their own beauty.

In the Ropes house there is another fine example of early Colonial work. It differs from many of the others in that the lines of the fence form a graceful curve toward the central posts and then lead up more gradually to the doorway. There is no gate, but the fence continues on either side of the brick walk. The top railing curves upwards to meet the height of the posts which are decorated with carved Ionic pilasters and surmounted by richly carved urns. In many examples the ball is used in place



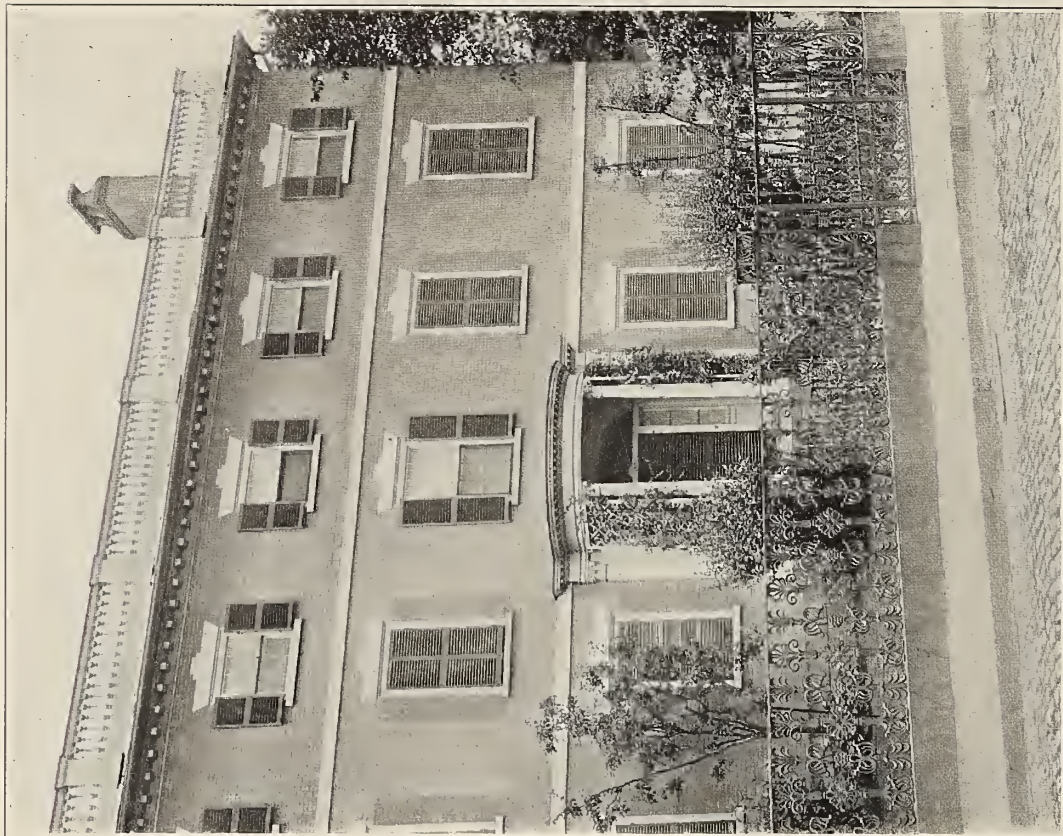
FENCE IN WASHINGTON SQUARE—SALEM

of the urn with equally harmonious effect, and in others the pickets are square instead of round; but a similarity of design is followed, especially in those in the same town. And along the old elm shaded narrow streets, in front of the quaint three-storeyed houses, one will find many a charming example of dainty pilaster and cornice. In Salem, too, there are many beautiful fences of iron. One of the most successful is that of the Pingree house on Essex Street. The exquisite detail of the front entrance, with its curved porch supported by slender Corinthian columns between which the vines run on narrow lattices, leaves nothing to be desired, and the iron fence takes its place without drawing attention from this central motive.

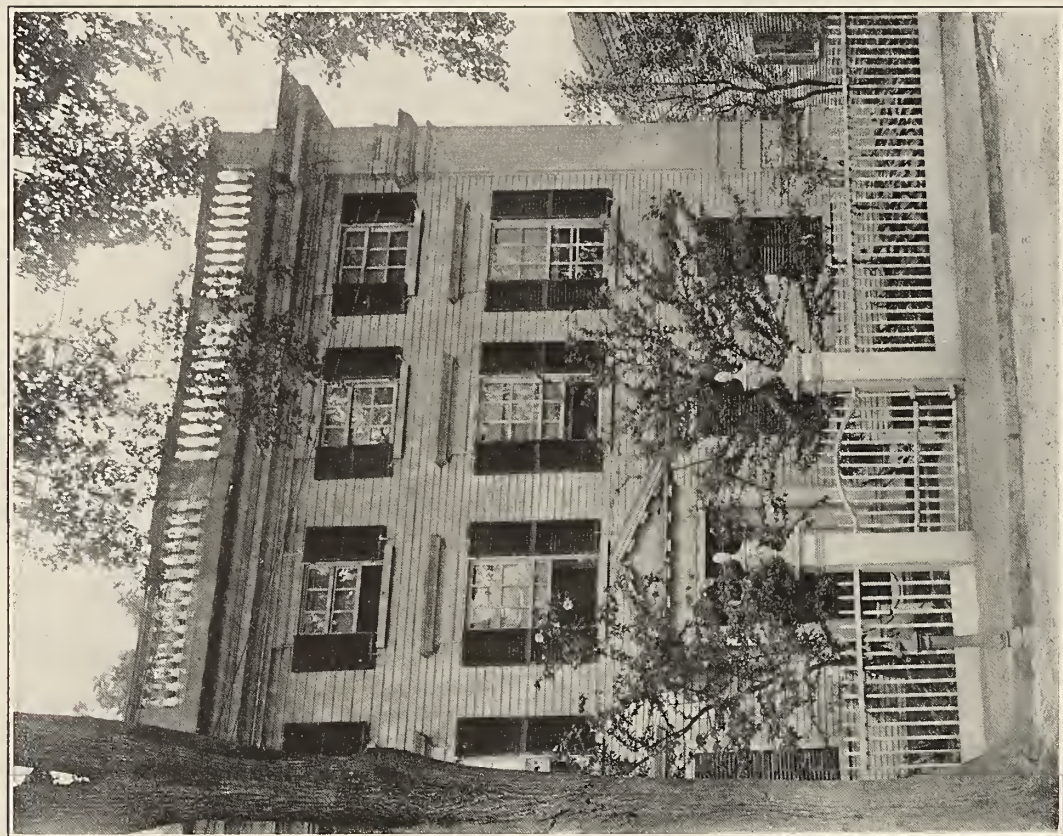
The panelled fences of Portsmouth form another interesting example of local peculiarities in fence building. Battens are nailed over the joints of the wide boards and are returned at top and bottom



STABLE AND PUMP—NICHOLS HOUSE



PINGREE HOUSE—SALEM



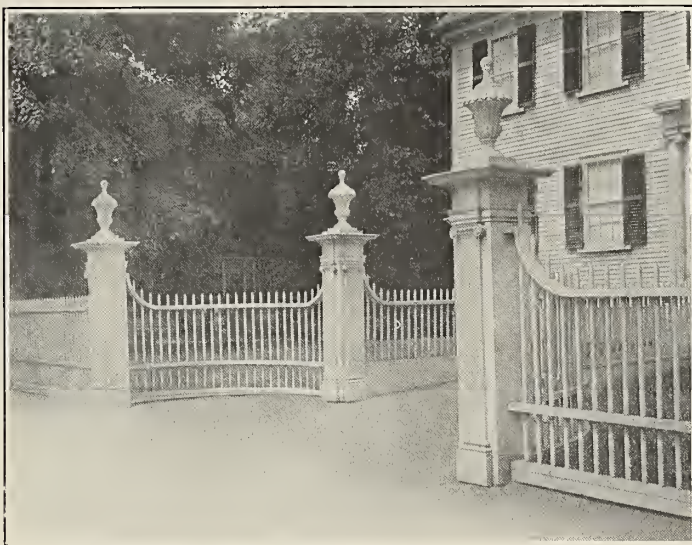
NICHOLS HOUSE—SALEM

forming panels. These panelled fences are not of common occurrence elsewhere.

In Providence the topography of the city is so hilly that a great many of the front yards are supported by retaining walls which in turn support graceful wooden fences. The resulting steps which lead from the door to the garden walls are treated picturesquely with high posts and gates.

The fences and arbors of the olden days usually first fulfilled the utilitarian purpose of enclosures and supports for climbing plants, the question of decoration and proportion following when the other requirements had been satisfied. But, as with other things, the old New England gardens included freaks, and the collection of garden ornaments which graced the domain of the eccentric "Lord" Timothy Dexter of Newburyport was probably the most remarkable among them.

This curious individual was a wealthy merchant who earned considerable notoriety through various unusual commercial ventures, such as sending a shipload of warming pans to the West Indies. This apparently crazy speculation turned out to be one of his most successful, the warming pans being eagerly purchased by the natives who used them as an improved species of farming uten-

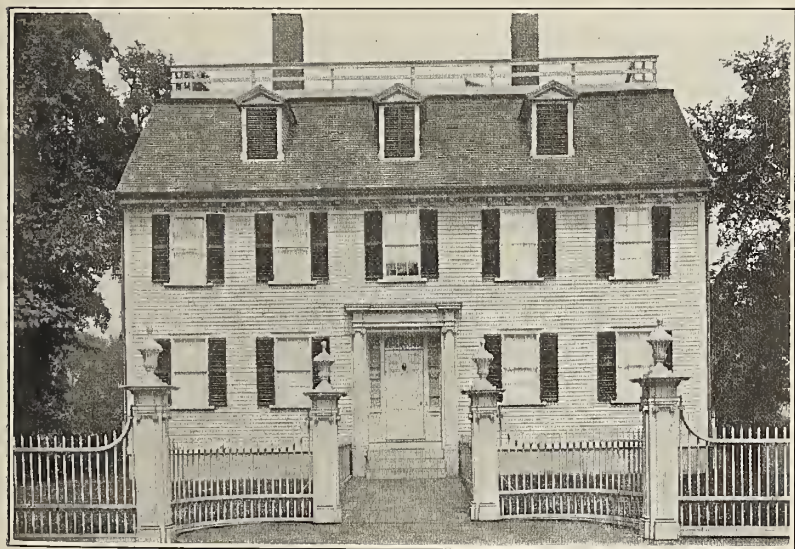


ENTRANCE GATEWAY—ROPES HOUSE, SALEM

sil. His famous book, with several pages of punctuation marks at the end, to be inserted at the reader's pleasure, is one of the curiosities of New England literature.

The annexed reproduction of an old lithograph shows the appearance of the estate about the year 1810. The effigies represent various real and allegorical figures placed heterogeneously together, such as General Knox, Maternal Affection, the Goddess of Liberty, George III., Napoleon, Jack Tar, Lord Nelson, Louis XVI., Corn Planter, Traveling Preacher, etc., etc., with a sprinkling of lions, eagles, etc. General Washington occupies the place of honor, flanked by John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. Each statue had its proper inscription and among them was one relating to himself: "I am the greatest Philosopher of the Western World." This collection of this "most truly excentric character" no longer exists, the eagle on the cupola being the only remaining figure.

Beside the picket and cobweb fences a number of chain fences formerly existed, which, while not having any great architectural value, still seem to be in some way part and parcel of the narrow old streets



ROPES HOUSE—SALEM



"LORD" TIMOTHY DEXTER'S HOUSE—NEWBURYPORT

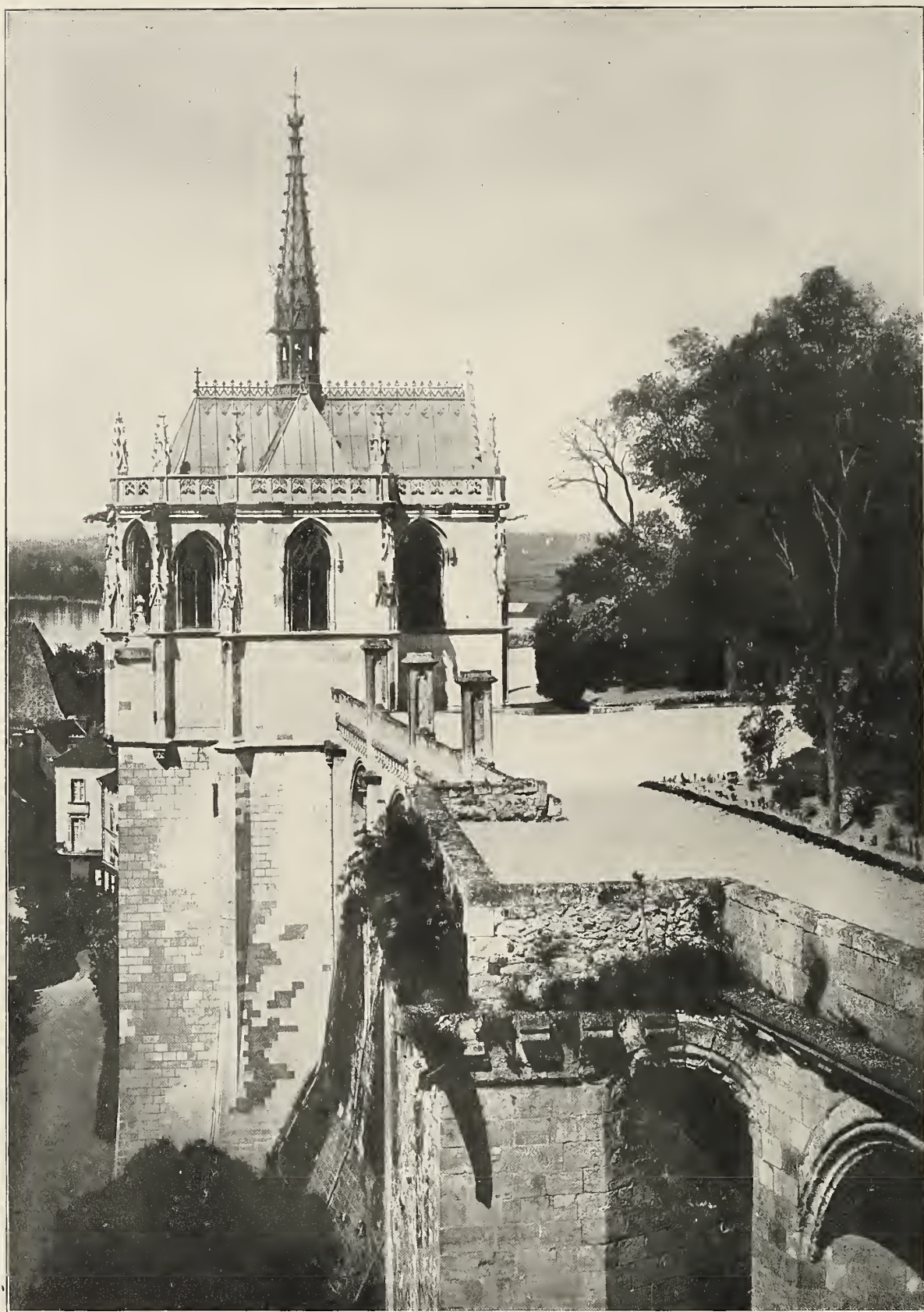
which lead up from the wharves of the old maritime towns, and now and then a balustrade or railing in dainty wrought iron is found.

The fence and garden can scarcely be considered apart whether the fence be of the most decorative type or simply a wall of plain boards high enough to shut out the gaze of passers-by and keep the garden sacred to those who dwell therein. There is a beautiful illustration of this in the little suburb of Fontenay-aux-Roses, near Paris. "Le Petit Bois" is the poetic name they give it. It lays no claim to formality; just a stretch of green with a few shade trees and some lilac bushes, but here a master lives and works

as secluded from the world, as a scholar in his study. *Déjeuner* is served outside, models are posed *en plein air* and many a *chef-d'œuvre* has been the result of work in this quiet garden. All the atmosphere of a real forest seems concentrated within its four walls, and the whole is no larger than many suburban gardens which we see wholly given over to the use of the clothes lines and domestic service. The French, who do so many things better, have learned well how to utilize their possessions to the best advantage and how to derive real pleasure from things scarcely heeded by our own countrymen.



A Salem Garden



ST. HUBERT'S CHAPEL, CHÂTEAU D'AMBOISE

House and Garden

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THE ARTS AND CRAFTS IN NEW YORK

By MABEL TUKE PRIESTMAN

THE New York Guild of Arts and Crafts is composed entirely of practical craft workers, who occupy a house in East Twenty-third Street, in which are the workshops, salesrooms, and class rooms of the Guild, with some living-rooms for the members. The Guild is entirely self-supporting, having no endowment fund, and depends solely upon its membership fees and sales.

The fifth anniversary of its organization was marked by an exhibition in the Guild rooms from the 3rd to the 8th of April, which included examples of the work of all members of the Guild, with some contributed exhibits. Basket weaving, bookbinding, enameling, china painting, pottery, wood-carving, brass and copper ware, leather work, furniture, weaving and textiles were all represented.



A CORNER OF THE SHOW ROOM

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A BUSCH MANTEL

It will be more courteous, perhaps, to notice the contributed exhibits first.

One of the most notable and attractive features of the exhibition was in the ceramic department, where some beautiful pieces of Newcomb Pottery were shown. These were extremely interesting not only from their artistic merit but also from the unusual conditions that gave rise to their manufacture. The type had its origin in the Art Department of Newcomb College of New Orleans, Louisiana, where it continues to be made under the supervision of the department by women who are, or have been, its students.

It was felt by the college authorities that a decided stimulus would be given to the growing industries of the South, if there could be clearly shown the dependence of artistic manufacture upon art training. The effort was soon justified, for the Newcomb Pottery at once challenged attention by its originality and beauty of design. The secret of this success is largely due to the fact that each worker in the craft is led to feel that the responsibility attached to a signed pottery design is the same as that which exists in the

case of a signed picture, and that individual reputation may be gained as well by this as by other forms of art expression. Freedom in the choice of colors is allowed, though this is usually a greenish blue resembling the color of the cactus plant, which, with the character of the design, gives to Newcomb Pottery its individual quality. Native clay is used for making the pottery, and flowers peculiar to the neighborhood, insect life and typical landscape formations of the Gulf States have all been made use of in furnishing suggestions for the decoration of the ware.

A design is never duplicated, and each piece of ware is original. Scarcely less interesting are the pieces which owe their decoration to the heat of the kiln, showing quaint accidental blendings of color.

Among the undecorated china, Miss Mary White Talbot, of the Young Women's Club Association, exhibited some clever small pieces of green ware; it had the same soft finish so attractive in the Grueby ware. There was also a small showing of the Van Briggles Pottery from Colorado Springs; the strong rich colors of this ware being noteworthy. Some dainty cups and saucers and plates, decorated by Miss Mary Carpenter, attracted especial attention.

The display in basketry was quite interesting; some undecorated finely woven baskets made by the New Clairvaux Arts and Crafts seemed to find a ready sale. Decorated baskets of Indian design were also on exhibition, made by the same Society.

The weaving exhibit was also large and varied. The New Clairvaux Arts and Crafts showed some good examples of rugs that were shaded in the dyeing; one with autumn leaf coloring artistically blended.

This New Clairvaux Arts and Crafts is a settlement and training school, founded at Montague, Mass., by the Rev. Edward P. Pressey. It is a family school of boys and girls, from five to twenty years of age, where a training is given in farming, housework, printing, wood-working and other crafts.

Exhibitions of their work, consisting of raffia beach pillows, rugs of different colors, baskets, leather work, knitted articles, have been held from time to time, in and near Boston. The Society derives its name from the mediæval Abbey of Clairvaux founded by St. Bernard, from which sprang some four hundred other religious colonies, and which was thus one of the most fertile sources of the industrial and intellectual revival in Europe. Mr. Pressey originally started this work at Rowe, Mass., by an attempt to repeople the abandoned farms in that neighborhood.

An exhibit of the Deerfield Society, Martha Washington Rug Weavers, and the Oriental Rug Weavers, consisted of table covers, portières and pillows, and rugs of many colors. The designs on some of these were quite intricate and added greatly to the decorative qualities of the weaving. Miss Marie Little's copper table covers were also charming, with their rough surfaces and their strong, rich coloring obtained by dyeing with vegetable dyes.

One of the most encouraging features of the exhibition was the number of Craft Societies represented, each of which had sent in specimens of many of their industries.

The Deerfield Society sent exhibits of most beautiful embroideries of blue and white needlework, as well as other interesting articles of hand-craft. This Society was a pioneer in starting village industries and dates from 1896. It was organized by Miss

Margaret Whiting and Miss Ellen Miller for the purpose of reviving the New England embroidery of the eighteenth century. The making of raffia baskets was later introduced into Deerfield by Mrs. Madeline Wynne, of Chicago. There is usually a brisk sale of the needlework, baskets, rugs, and photographs of the society at Arts and Crafts exhibitions throughout the country, as well as at the annual summer sale at Deerfield.

Some beautiful pieces of fine Acadian weaving were on exhibition; notably a portière of wide stripes in softest colorings, called an Evangeline portière, which reminded one of the work done by the Women's Art Association of Montreal. These ladies do all in their power to promote and encourage handicrafts in the French and Scotch districts, and also to help the Indians to keep up the quality of their work by encouraging them in the use of vegetable dyes. The Association provides trained supervisors to see that the work is begun and carried on on true arts and crafts lines.

An industry on very similar lines is carried on through the efforts of Mrs. Sara Avery Leeds, in the Attakapas region of Southern Louisiana, about midway between New



A PULLED RUG AND WOVEN COVERLETS



A GROUP OF POTTERY

Orleans and the western boundary of the State. There is here a settlement of French-speaking farmers descended from the Acadians who were expelled from Nova Scotia in 1755. They live apart from more recent comers, preserving their own language, national traits and the customs of the last century. To-day they spin and grow their own cotton, which is still hand-carded. Before the war the sugar planters and their families wore suits of the Attakapas cottonades, woven by the Acadian weavers, who found in them a ready market. The war interrupted this demand and the subsequent depression threatened to destroy the industry. Mrs. Leeds, who was brought up in the neighborhood, felt such a deep interest in these people that she took five of the Acadians to the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, where they reproduced an Acadian interior with their spinning wheels and looms, and showed the methods and results of their industries as part of the Louisiana Exhibit. Their work received

medals and recognition at exhibitions at New Orleans, Buffalo, Atlanta and at the Minneapolis Industrial Exhibition.

The fabrics woven by them form the chief occupation for about thirty families and are sent to Arts and Crafts exhibitions and Women's Exchanges; and the women are so faithful that poor work is not often found. In many cases the price of the work is advanced to needy workers who cannot always wait until their things are sold. The weaving designs are very simple, being mostly checks and stripes. The strong, durable Attakapas cottonade suitings, flannel blankets, woven rugs, hand-spun and hand-netted fringes sent to the New York Exhibition showed more than ordinary merit in the hand-crafts of this interesting community.

Another association which has also aided the revival of the old coverlet-weaving, showed some excellent examples of bedspreads, not only in the blue and white, but in the old madder colors. These came from

The Berea Fireside Industries, an association started by Dr. William Goodell Frost, President of Berea College, Ohio, who became interested in the making of bedcovers woven by the people in the mountains. He bought many of them for himself and friends and organized some "homespun fairs," which were held annually at the College Commencement, for the benefit of the mountaineers, premiums being offered for the best specimens of the best coverlets, blankets, linsey, etc., and later for home-made articles, such as chairs, saddles, spinning wheels, axe handles, wooden plates, forks, spoons, baskets. The mountaineers came from miles around to attend the commencement exercises and took great interest in the exhibition of home-made products. The association has grown and increased its usefulness, until now the village women

card the wool by hand and the men raise sheep to supply the wool. The making of hand-woven rugs is also encouraged. It means so much to the country that these old time hand-crafts should be preserved, and that willing helpers are found to organize and assist such simple peoples, whose handicrafts would otherwise have gradually disappeared, unless the hand of fellowship had been extended.

Always an interesting part of an exhibition is that devoted to metal. The copper bowls and plaques made by Mr. A. G. Rogers were

beautiful in shape and workmanship, the copper seeming to glow with color. Some of the bowls showed peacock blues and greens in most exquisite shades inside and were called "Antique Patina," these iridescent colors being obtained by burnishing.

The copper mantelpiece done in The Busch Studios was most interesting; as were also several smaller pieces of brass and copper, which showed both skill and originality in the workmanship. From the same studio came also numerous examples of furniture, with hand-tooled leather seats in the chairs, portfolios, card cases in tooled leather, and jewelry—examples of an unusual combination of forces in one family. These artists are Danes and introduce into their work the Viking ships and other symbols peculiar to their country, though by no means con-

fining their efforts to one style of design.

Some interesting examples of jewelry, consisting of silver jewel cases, rings, pins, pendants, belt buckles, showed the force and vitality of Charlotte Busch's originality and purpose. The buckles and pendants were unique; some rugged and indefinite in design but finished with a fullness of rich color. Some very creditable pieces of jewelry were on exhibition by the Junior Arts and Crafts, Brooklyn.

Chance sometimes plays an important part in success. This was illustrated by the way



SPECIMENS OF BATIK

the Busches began to work in metal. Having torn down an old tank from the top floor of the house, the sheets of old copper with which it was lined were placed temporarily against the wall of their studio. Attracted by the colors it possessed, Mr. Busch took up a sheet of copper, quickly sketched in outlines of flowers, and with a nail and hammer began his first attempt at repoussé work, followed by experiments in beaten copper. Encouraged by the success of the first attempts, they took up the art seriously and developed it, and other branches of hand-craft.

Some of Miss Ellen Starr's specimens of bookbinding showed a notable degree of proficiency in the gold tooling on the binding and the quality of the leather. Another artist who represented most faithfully this beautiful craft, was Mr. Ralph Randolph Adams. Work boxes, glove boxes and fire-wood boxes, were cleverly carved by members of the Y. W. C. A., New York.

Carving was also sent from Hull House, Chicago. The Chicago Arts and Crafts Society is the oldest society of this kind in America, and was organized at Hull House in 1897. The shops connected with the Hull House Labor Museum are of much importance as a centre of practical handicraft. They are occupied by active workers in bookbinding, woodwork, metalwork and pottery, and classes are held in them for various crafts, including lace making, spinning and weaving, which is done by Irish and Italian women living in the neighborhood.

A group of tables and chairs made by Mr. Sillyman, of Staten Island, were quite out of the ordinary; the workmanship and finish of the wood being especially good. The furniture suggested the Colonial more than that generally made by Arts and Crafts Societies.

I was sorry not to see more pulled rugs exhibited; what few there were, however,

were good examples. Some of these came from Cranberry Island, where is one of the various rug making industries which have grown out of Mrs. Helen Albee's pioneer efforts in New Hampshire. It was established among the fishermen's wives on the Cranberry Isles opposite Northeast Harbor, Me., and is the means of providing these women with ready money, and gives them occupation during the winter months. The industry was started by some New York women who had summer homes in the neighborhood; they provided a designer and teacher, who taught improvements on the old way of making the rugs and the process of dyeing to enable them to have beautiful and permanent coloring for the rugs.

These rugs bring large prices, selling from \$7.00 to \$32.00 each. One of the rugs exhibited had a butter-colored centre with a border of conventional flowers, differing from other pulled rugs which are usually Oriental in design, or follow the Indian motifs which seem peculiarly suited to them.

Miss Amy Mali Hicks showed several pieces of batik, curtains, table covers and pillow covers in cottons; she blends blues and greens in a most fascinating way. Batik is an old Hindostan industry several centuries old. Most of us are familiar with the blurred, wrinkled effect of Javanese prints, which are dyed by the native women; the modern batik is done on somewhat similar lines. Miss Hicks also exhibited some good examples of stencilling. One of the most beautiful pieces of stencilling was done by Charlotte Busch; the colors were brown on red; a charming effect was produced by stencilling the curtains a second time with gold. A bird motif was used, treated in a Japanese way. Another curtain of green velour was stencilled in two shades of blue by the same artist, and showed the wonderful possibilities in stencilled fabrics.



Canterbury-bells

A COTTAGE ON THE WISSAHICKON HILLS

By
CORNELIUS WEYGANDT



Foxgloves

THE little house of plastered stone with its eighteen-inch solid walls was built right on the lane by old country Germans sixty years ago. It stands about midway

from front to back of the strip of land, three hundred feet by eighty feet, that now comprises its entire possessions, but that earlier, when the little house was a farmhouse,



THE COTTAGE

made only its home yard. It is not a beautiful house by any means, but it is rooted in its place as naturally as any of the great trees about and at certain seasons of the year its trellised vines and its bowery setting give it no uncertain charm. Its curious shape suggests to all comers far older houses abroad. It is low, its ridge-pole being only twenty-six feet above the ground, and the roofs extending down steeply from that ridge-pole are very uneven in length, the front shingles pitch-



The Cottage from the Garden



A Corner of the Porch

ing down only twelve feet to end two storeys above the ground, while the back shingles stretch for forty-two feet until they meet the pumped only head room over six feet from the ground. This lowness and this long sweep of shingles serve only to make it appear to cling more closely to the earth, an effect that is offset a little by its scarcely more than twenty-seven feet of breadth. It is bound to earth more closely yet by great cables of trumpet vine and by innumerable strands of Virginia

creeper amid which twist roses and clematis and coral honeysuckle in their effort to make the house one with the greenery of its neighborhood.

The German builders of the house were fond of fruit and planted their place well with apples and cherries and pears, as well as the lesser fruits. That was sixty years ago, and many of the trees are gone. The apples were cut down; the cherries have died, all save some pie cherries, from which a numerous progeny has sprung up around



From the Lawn in the Ice Storm

the old trees; and many of the pears are gone; but there is still enough bloom of pear and cherry to make the little place smell orchardy in late April and early May. But its grape flowers scent the air more heavily and sweetly. There are many grape vines, wine grapes as well as Concord—you may trust the Germans for that. Later come the scent of catalpa and the various fragrances of the hosts of old-fashioned flowers.

Come home with me some June evening two hours earlier than sunset, so that no pomp and glory of the skies may distract your attention from the sweet homeliness of the place. The wood-robins have sung to us through our quarter-mile of woodland, the bluebird of the lane has gurgled to us his "purity, purity," and as we are nearing the house now birds are noisy on all quarters. I am distracted as to whether to first call your attention to the meadow-lark in the grass field westward, the tanager in the oak over head or the three wood-robins singing antiphonally from woodland and roadside and our own Sheldon pear-tree. But I shall begin showing you the place bit by bit. First, over the white-washed three-board fence is the seed bed for flowers, between the road and the lilac bushes. It is but just planted with wall-flower and sweet-william, with phlox and foxgloves, with Canterbury-bells and hollyhocks. Then come salad patch, sticked peas and grape vines, and on the far side of the arbor the strawberries. You are sniffing the air now, wondering what is the sweetness of the grape flowers, and the next moment you are drinking deep of their delicious scent. But I hurry you on past the house and lead you to the little front porch, endangering your clothes as you brush by the sweetbriar in bloom at the house-corner. Woodbines and grape combine the scents of their flowers

as they twist together up the porch posts, but you hardly notice them as you look at the bushy rhododendron in full bloom at the furthest corner of the bed that bends half round the porch to the south. The irises have dropped now, but the old red lilies lift their cups of content as hospitably as ever, and there are many warm-hearted white

roses between you and the rhododendron. This way you looked first; now you turn to look across the trim lawn, broken by old pear-trees and a Wistaria bush. Behind the sweetbriar to the left, whose leaves you have instinctively been crushing in your fingers, you have caught glimpses of foxgloves, purple and



Flower Beds at the Wood's Edge

white and pink, spiking up their heads as high as your own. Now you move so that you can see completely the large bed of them extending along the south fence until it meets the raspberries that carry the low bank of greenery back as far as the house. Back of the foxgloves hollyhocks are pushing up; in front of them great masses of sweet-william stand close marshalled, white and red and pink; and low in front of the sweet-william and next the fine grass of the lawn garden pinks send up tufts of spicy bloom. Your eyes move across to the right, where again, in the far corner of the place, are tall foxgloves and, nearer, columbines and hollyhocks where the spirea hedge ends and reveals the whitewashed paling fence that cuts off the place from the quiet lane.

Or will you come home with me of an October afternoon when our sassafras trees are red and gold, or dark red, or deep yellow, as the year may have painted them, and the woods are arustle with falling leaves? Or shall it be at still winter sunset, when you will thrill with the fires on the hill westward that die away in reds and golds banded above an earth a full foot deep with snow? Then you



View from the Lane



The Old White House Across the Way

will hold the great oaks that stand black against the sunset reds and golds more beautiful than ever they were in the leafy fleece of spring, the lush green of summer or in autumn's red-brown. These I think are the walks homeward that I love best, for home never seems so much home as on eves of hard black frost when I hurry along the snow-plough furrow right into the heart of the dazzling west. Yet when the earth rolls nearer the sun and there come evenings when long lines of blackbirds clack across gold-green sunset skies, when the hylas in the swamp near the station and the weeping willow by my home tell me spring is near, I wonder is winter better than this! And so I wonder of May eves when I can almost feel myself laved in the apple-scent from the trees in the orchard by the laneside as I pass. Oh, but it is hard to tell what time of year the country life is best!

The little house has but eight rooms. I say eight, for, although two of them are so small you may hardly turn round in them, and although you are sure to bump your head until long acquaintance has made you wary,

the two narrow halls added to the two little hall-rooms justify me in putting the total at eight. These halls, the kitchen at the end of the lower, the hall-room at the end of the upper, and the hall-room that shares the third storey with a large low-ceilinged old chamber were added when the house was enlarged twenty years ago. Then it passed from a farmhouse of five rooms into a city-folk's summer residence of eight.

Your length from the front door, commonplace modern pine stairs lead to the second storey, but turn into the room at your left and you are back in the Germantown of the early nineteenth century. Although built only sixty years ago, the house was fashioned after an older style. As out of doors you are miles away from Suburbia, only a mile distant, and

as the simple yard and the prospect from it cause a hundred years to fall from Time, so it is here indoors. The walls, bare of paper, are washed ivory-white, where a century ago would have been the blue-white of whitewash; the furniture is mahogany, in style of that period from Chippendale to Sheraton, some of it from that old



The Snow-bound Lane



A CORNER OF THE BEDROOM



THE LIVING-ROOM



From the Cornfield

time and all of it in the manner of that old time; the fireplace's uneven hearth of red brick and the acorn-topped andirons take you back, too, but furthest take you, if you notice them, the hardware of the doors—latches, turn-buckles and knobs—and the broad pine boards in door-jambs and closets. Some of these boards are twenty inches wide—a rarity of rarities in white pine to-day. If you begin to tinker with the old hinges you will find them fastened on with pointless screws for which holes had to be bored out at their exact length. The very hangings are of old-looking silks, of such red stuffs as our ancestors were wont to get their seafaring associates to bring home to them from China. Only the pictures and some of the books and rugs are new.

The general effect of the room is simple comfort and harmony. The mahogany reds of the furniture—long, plain sofa with straight lines, Sheraton tables, chairs from Nantucket rocker to Windsor, secretary bookcase with scroll top and twisted flames—stand out against the ivory-tinted walls, with which the white painted book shelves built in between the three front windows, the mantelpiece and the wood-work generally, are in keeping. The hangings are old red, the coverings old red and green, the dominant tone

of the rugs on the matted floor old red. The other prominent colors in the room are found in the gilt of the picture frames and mirror and in the brass of the candlesticks and lamps. The general effect of the many books, despite a considerable quota of old calf and red, is a dark blue, which is as unobtrusive as the old blue in the rugs. So many of the pictures are reproductions of black and white that they in themselves add little of color to the room while they tell you their owners care much for out of doors and things Irish, but what color they do add is again blue. And in so far as the many pieces of bric-a-brac, old plates and vases, add anything of color, that too is blue. On entering the room you would scarcely notice the blue, and perhaps for a little while

the only impression would be that of ivory-white and mahogany red.

The particular effect that the room makes is that it is the expression of the lives of the people that live here. Old furniture shops have been ransacked, literally from store-room in cellar to workshop in roof, or family treasures pilfered to get this furniture; these books have been bought to read and they are "books that are books," embodied dreams and thoughts and experiences of men, books made out of living; these pictures all have



Another Glimpse

associations with known people and loved places.

Entering the dining-room you come face to face with a great fireplace that was the cooking place of the farmhouse. Not many years since the kettle that fed the family was slung by a chain from a rod in the chimney and the fire beneath it built with logs cut in the wood-lot nearby. In the dining-room you again meet mahogany of the late eighteenth century in corner cupboard, pier-table, centre-table, side-table, and sideboard whose simple design is such a credit to Hepplewhite that it must be remembered as his, and again ivory-tinted walls. But, instead of old red, the curtaining here is a dull yellow, of a stuff similar to that in the living-room. The china, Canton of course, is stood up on a great plate-rack over the sideboard and high piled on shelves alongside of the fireplace. Above the fireplace is as simple a mantel as that of the living-room and above the mantel—for by the house's greatest fireplace the household gods should be—an engraving of Lincoln. Nearby is an engraving of the Declaration of Independence below its signers "in conclave assembled," and not far away a photograph of Wordsworth as he was in the Dove Cottage days, for it is that Wordsworth we hold of highest account.

Upstairs the two bedrooms reveal again the

charm of mahogany furniture against ivory-tinted walls, with hangings in one room of yellow flowered chintz and coverings in the other of old blue. From both rooms the windows look on beautiful bits of our Wissahickon Hills, framed often in great oak boughs and broken by few houses. Ten minutes' walk takes us to the aloofness of hemlocks and less to great rocks that jut out in the ravine of the Wissahickon where we sit on summer evenings and watch the night-herons fly up and down through the dusk.

In the house itself the happiest hours are those of winter evenings when loud winds are up. Then we sit by the fire of wood the ice storms have supplied from our own trees and talk of the good things of earth. There are no lamps lit, but the walls are warm with the firelight. Our hearts grow cheerier with every wail of the northwest, with every rasp of snow sharp as sand against the window. It brings closer the charm of home when the night so contrasts our ruddy hearth with the lonely wind and the helpless driven snow.

Do you wonder I seek this home eagerly of evenings, beckoned by tossed boughs or led by flashing sunset lights? Do you wonder I leave it regretfully of mornings, even though station-ward I front the full light of the risen sun and the absorbing work of the busy day to be?



A Winter Sunset from the Old Road



THE HOUSE FROM THE FORMAL GARDEN

“LA ROCHELLE”

A SUMMER HOME AT BAR HARBOR, MAINE

By I. HOWLAND JONES

Andrews, Jaques & Rantoul, Architects

Photographs by E. E. Soderholtz

AN architect is influenced in his first conception of a summer home by several considerations, perhaps one of the principal ones being suggested by the character of the life of the town in which the house is to be built. If it is to be in a fine, old-fashioned, country town, where his clients are to live a simple country life, his ideas from the start are necessarily bound by certain lines and the characteristics to be accentuated ought to be of the informal, hospitable sort with the treatment suggestive of mainly horizontal lines. If it is to be built in a location where the formal life of cities is to be transplanted to the country for a few months, a natural impulse is perhaps for stateliness and elegant formality. Apart from these considerations the next step is decided in his mind by the topography of the surrounding country. This impression he gets in going to the lot on which the new house is to be built, and finally from the actual formation of the special piece of land on which he is to build. On looking over the ground for the first time, and in noting the actual conformation of its environments, he receives the final clue for his conception.

In the present instance the piece of land to be considered was a level one with its length extending along the road and the eastern side running along the shore. The lot was narrow from the street to the shore and the view and shade were on the water side.

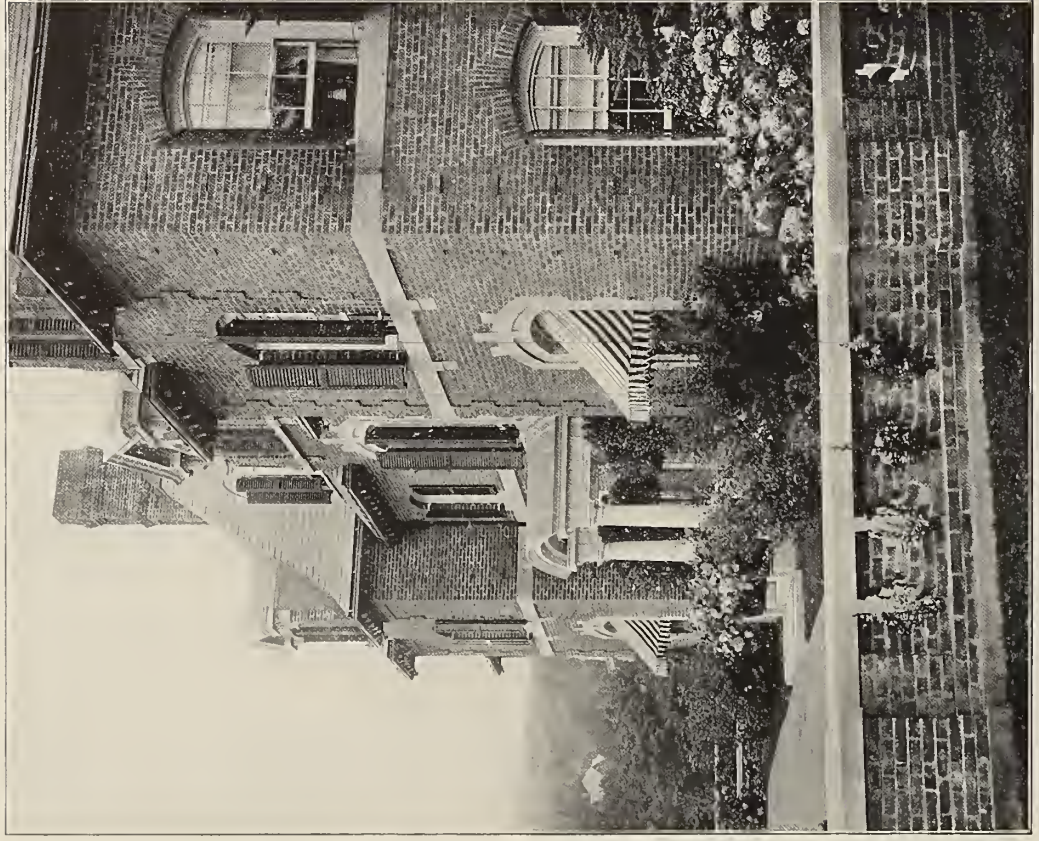
The house shown here is “La Rochelle” built for George S. Bowdoin, Esq., for his summer home at Bar Harbor. As one sees, by the plan, the house was placed about midway between the roadway and the water and kept as near the street as was consistent with achieving a wide impressive entrance drive; a wrought iron fence and high gates shut off the street. A certain formal stateliness marks this side of the house.

The materials used in the building are a native water struck brick of a beautiful texture and great variety of color, enlivened by warm buff limestone trimmings. The windows with their shallow reveals, are framed by wide wooden architraves and these with the sashes are painted of a lighter shade than the stone. The roof is of a soft greenish grey slate and the blinds are a darker tone of green.

The facade on the street has a narrow brick-paved terrace



ENTRANCE PORCH



ENTRANCE FRONT FROM THE SOUTH



VIEW ACROSS THE GRASS TERRACE

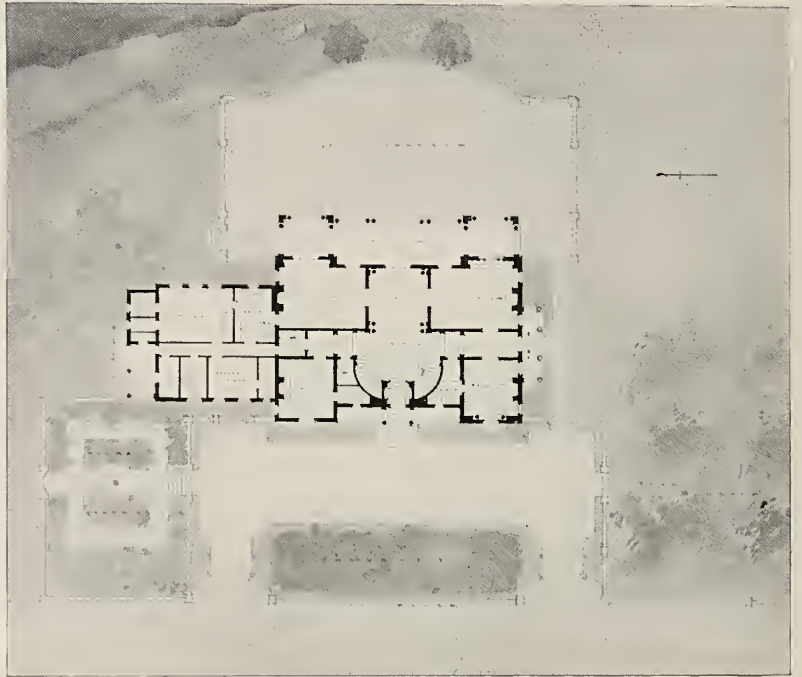


A SITTING-ROOM

with a white balustrade and is embellished by tubs of blossoms and the shapely trees that are so appropriate to formalism. A path leads around to the shore side, by the end porch with pots of rhododendrons marking the angles of the balustrade.

The facade on the grass terrace faces east out over the bay. The wide verandah with brick piers and white wooden columns is flush with the grass terrace, which with its balustrade of brick and stone commands a famous view afforded by the blue Frenchman's Bay, ever changing in its aspect, that in color and outlook is so often likened to the Riviera, with the distant view of the bluer Gouldsboro Hills. At the base of the terrace are shrubberies and beyond the land slopes steeply to the water. A glazed tea-room is at the northern end of the piazza.

We must point out that the exigencies of



PLAN OF THE HOUSE AND GARDEN

the view—an important point to be considered in the placing of a country house—demanded that this one be set well to the southern end of the lot, the outlooks being finest from that point, and this necessarily brought the garden at the service end, but it has been shielded from the kitchen and offices by high vine-covered brick walls and shrubbery which only add to the picturesqueness and efficiency of the whole.

As for the interior, this same view being all-important, the living-room and dining-room on the first floor and the principal bedrooms and boudoirs on the second floor, were all placed so as to acquire the full benefit of its glories, the less important bedrooms and the staircase being permitted to monopolize the entire front of the house with its comparatively uninteresting prospect.

As one enters down stairs one of the chief charms of the interior greets one; and that is the vista across the wide hall, through the triple French window, across the verandah and terrace with its open balustrade and great potted plants, and lastly between two rugged spruce trees placed with sure inspiration to frame the perspective beyond the water.



THE STAIRCASE



"Hostess" and "Express" off Manhasset Y. C. House

HOUSE-BOATING

By C. D. MOWER

THROUGHOUT the country there are countless sheltered harbors and bays which offer ideal conditions for the enjoyment of house-boat life, and each season finds added numbers of these interesting craft anchored in the quiet places where the full charm and freedom of the life may be realized. The true house-boat is one that has no means of self-propulsion, but the love of adventure and the roving spirit which we all inherit to a greater or less degree, has caused many who have been attracted by the possibilities of house-boat life to build craft which, under sail or power, can cruise from place to place, visit new scenes and enjoy the never-ending variety of pleasures which our coasts and inland waterways can offer. These craft have been the cause of a more or less general impression that it is

necessary to be able to move about at will from one port to another, but this is a mistaken one, as the height of enjoyment may be realized on board the true house-boat which is securely moored in some well-chosen anchorage, and the very feeling that one cannot move gives the charm of laziness which makes vacation life so delightful.

For people who wish to be away from the city during the heat of the summer months, the house-boat offers a solution of the problem, as the cost of building one is no more than the cost of a cottage on shore, and the question of obtaining suitable land is entirely eliminated, for the waterways are always free, and any one may enjoy the full benefits of the most expensive water-front property. Certain parts of Long Island Sound offer ideal opportunities



LIVING-ROOM, LOOKING AFT



"HOSTESS" ON THE WAYS

for house-boating, and one of the most attractive is Manhasset Bay on the north shore of Long Island, and only an hour's distance from New York City. Here there are several house-boats and one of the most interesting is the little "Hostess." She is a trim and tidy little ship and her outward appearance is most attractive, as the dark red sides with white trimmings and diamond paned windows over the black hull give a very effective color scheme. A blue and white striped awning is stretched over the after deck, and a touch of bright color and action is given by the club flag and yacht ensign flying at bow and stern. If the owner is at home a hail is sure to be returned with an invitation to "come aboard," and a low landing step makes it easy to get from the row boat to the after deck. On the double Dutch door, which has tiny square panes in the upper section, is an old-fashioned brass knocker, and above it is the name "Hostess" in brass letters. When the door is swung open the first glance into the interior brings forth an exclamation of surprise and delight, and by a step downward one enters the main cabin or living-room. The interior is most attractively finished in a simple style by staining the beams and wood-work of the walls a dark oak color, and covering the panels and wall spaces with a dark green burlap. This makes a fine background for the marine pictures and black and white sketches which are used for decoration, and the color is very

cool and restful after one has been outside and felt the glare of the sun on the water. The room is saved from being too dark by a white painted ceiling in which the deck beams are left exposed to view and the panels between them outlined by neat mouldings. A large rug covers the hardwood floor and the furniture is of the simple mission style which seems very appropriate. On one side a wide couch well supplied with cushions makes a comfortable lounging space, and a deep Morris chair also seems inviting. In the corner some shelves are built in and

these serve a variety of purposes, the top being used as a sideboard with neat racks for glasses in the wall above; the second is well filled with pipes, tobacco and things to smoke, and the remaining ones are filled with books for summer reading and current magazines. In the opposite corner is a large writing table and above it a couple of shelves, one for books and the other for odds and ends of china, old brass and a few steins.



THE GALLEY



LIVING-ROOM, LOOKING FORWARD

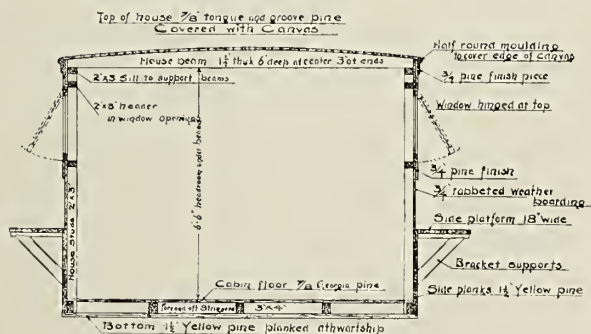
The room is lighted at night by a large lamp on the table and by candles.

Adjoining the living-room is the state-room which contains a regulation brass bed on one side, and opposite it is a large dresser and a roomy clothes closet. The comfort of this room is one of the features which makes house-boat life both so pleasant and so healthful, as there is every convenience of a room on shore, with the added advantage that it is always cool on the water even on the hottest summer nights, and there is practically no annoyance from the mosquitoes and other insects so troublesome on shore. Added to all this is the charm of hearing the water lapping against the sides while the slight motion of the boat literally rocks one to

sleep. This room is finished in a similar style but in lighter colors than the living-room, and a golden brown burlap is used in place of the dark green. Opening from the state-room is the lavatory and also a most compact little galley or kitchenette, as one visitor christened it. Here the owner may prepare his own meals, as the possibilities of a two-burner yacht stove seem almost unlimited. The dishes are neatly arranged on shelves and the pots and kettles necessary

for good housekeeping are hung on hooks within easy reach. A virtue of such a kitchen is that no time is lost by taking unnecessary steps for the simple reason that there is no room to take them.

The space under the forward deck affords room for an



CROSS-SECTION OF "HOSTESS"



STATE-ROOM, STARBOARD SIDE

ice box and for stowing away canned goods and supplies. A door opens out on the forward deck, and when this is opened the breezes sweep through the entire boat, so that she is always cool and well-ventilated.

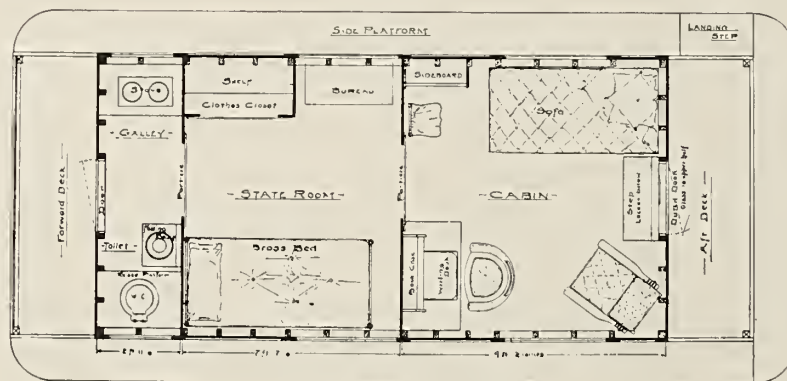
While "Hostess" was planned so that her owner could keep bachelor's hall during the summer months, the accommodations are quite sufficient for a man and wife, or for two or three fellows to live very comfortably. This was proven when the owner's sister took possession for a couple of weeks and entertained three other college girls most successfully. Sleeping accommodations were arranged by using a couple of folding canvas

cots in addition to the bed and couch in the state-room. The little galley, supplemented by a chafing dish, was found equal to the task of supplying food for all hands except on very festive occasions when the services of the club steward ashore were called upon.

The life afloat offers a never-ending variety of sports and amusements which are always interesting, for one may sail day after day without ceasing to enjoy it from the very fact that the conditions are constantly changing. Swimming also must be counted as a part of the daily program, and on

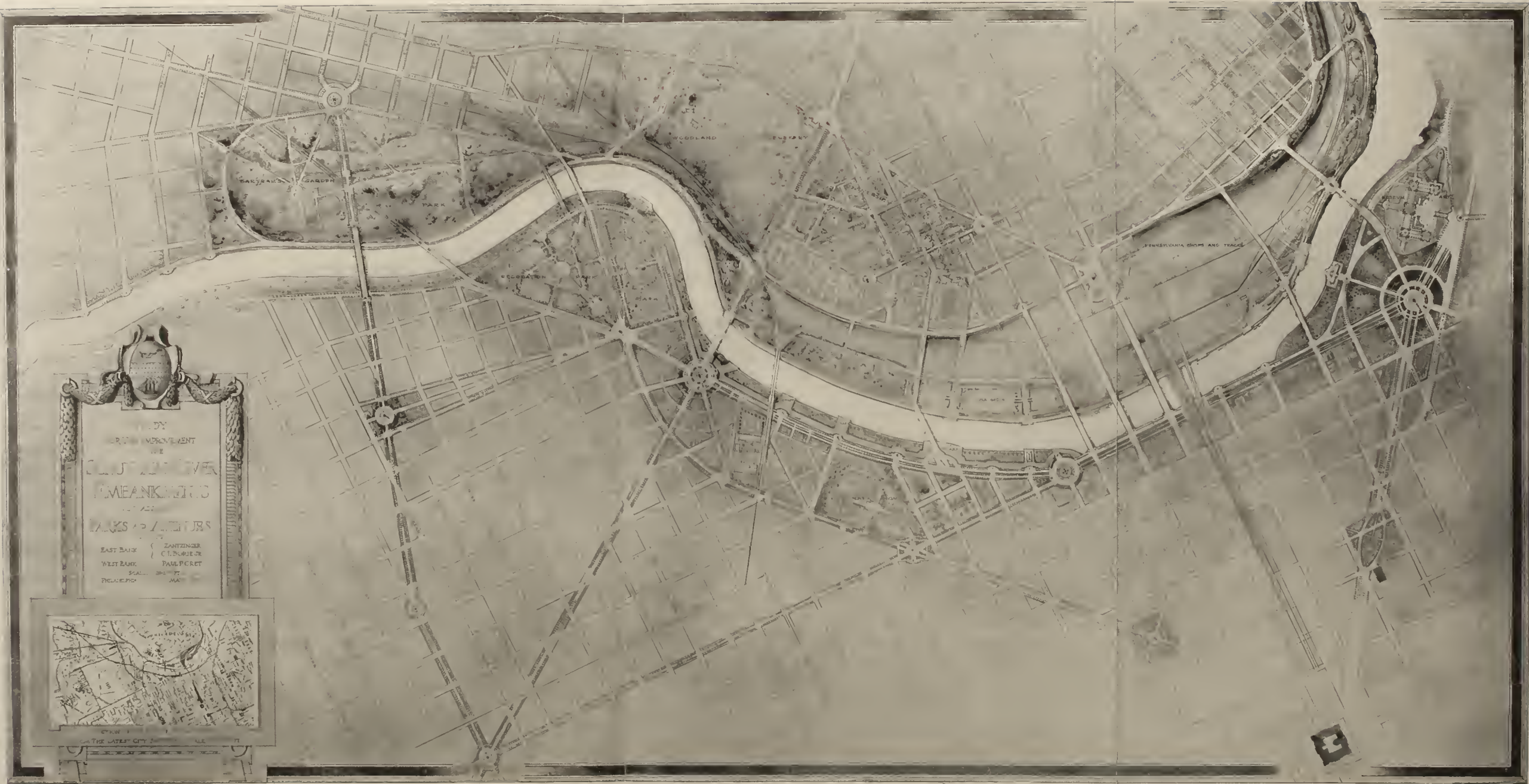
calm days and quiet evenings canoeing may be indulged in. A power boat, though by no means essential, is a very useful member of the house-boat's auxiliary fleet, as it serves as a tender for going to and from the shore, can be used for getting supplies, and best of all makes it possible to go off for all-day picnics and excursions.

In fact it is true, that for those who really are fond of the water the house-boat offers a simply ideal means of taking advantage of all the forms of health-giving enjoyment which this out-of-door life can offer.



PLAN OF "HOSTESS"





IMPROVEMENT OF THE SCHUYLKILL RIVER BANKS FROM FAIRMOUNT DAM TO BARTRAM'S GARDEN

MAP BY C. C. ZANTZINGER, C. L. BORIE, JR. AND PAUL P. CRET

THE SCHUYLKILL PARKWAY AND EMBANKMENT

THE most important improvement ever proposed for Philadelphia, aside from the filtration of the water supply, and the one with most far-reaching consequences, both for the beautifying of the city and the increase of real estate valuations, is shown in the accompanying map.

This is no less a project than the creation of a continuous parkway along both banks of the Schuylkill River from Fairmount Park to Bartram's Garden, including boulevard extensions in various directions to connect the new system of highways with the main arteries of traffic in the city, and the development of the immediate surroundings of the University of Pennsylvania. In such a scheme, the vast interests already established, commercial and other, have been carefully safeguarded; especial attention having been paid to the requirements, both present and future, of the Pennsylvania Railroad on the west bank, the Baltimore & Ohio system on the east, and the extensions of the lines of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company on both sides of the river.

In its general outline, the scheme is as follows: First, the development and beautification of Schuylkill Avenue from the B. & O. Railroad bridge to Fairmount Park; second, the junction of Schuylkill Avenue in a circle below the reservoir with the proposed Parkway Boulevard from Fairmount Park to the City Hall; third, the development of Twenty-fourth Street from the new South Philadelphia to Locust Street; fourth, the construction of a bridge at Bartram's Garden continuing the lines of Fifty-second and Fifty-third Streets on the west bank to Maiden Lane on the east; fifth, the widening of Maiden Lane and its continuation to Snyder Avenue; sixth, the opening of Cleveland Avenue from the embankment to the intersection of Snyder Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street; seventh, the continuation of Gray's Ferry Road from Twenty-second and Lombard Streets to Rittenhouse Square; eighth, the reconstruction of the South Street viaduct and bridge;

ninth, the construction of the Vine Street bridge to connect with Powelton Avenue; and, tenth, the development of recreation parks on Gray's Ferry Road.

Between Race and Lombard Streets, Schuylkill Avenue will be run straight, forming an embankment directly overhanging the river, completely changing the whole river frontage and creating throughout its entire length a very desirable residence section directly connecting both Bartram's Garden and Fairmount Park.

On the west bank considerations of differences of grade, the space required for the proper management and development of the Pennsylvania Railroad's business, and, thirdly, the relative narrowness of the river make a different development necessary. Here, a Parkway beginning at Fairmount Park will cross the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Thirty-second Street, following in the main the line of Mantua Avenue, though slightly defective, in order to pass through a residence quarter. The intersection of this Parkway with Market Street is at the West Philadelphia Station, and the fact that Lancaster and Woodland Avenues branch off at this point, makes necessary the development of a large square for the facilitation of traffic. Continuing south, the Parkway follows what is to-day Thirty-second Street, being elevated about thirty feet above the west embankment of the Schuylkill, thus affording a splendid view of the city on the other bank. It then passes the grounds of the University, which, when opened up and developed as shown, will constitute one of the principal attractions of the city.

Lack of space in our present issue precludes a detailed discussion of the more important elements of this splendid improvement, but the main ends sought are the redemption of the squalid and unsightly banks of the river and their conversion into a handsome residence section in a way not to interfere with the needs of the railways and the hastening of the development of South Philadelphia.



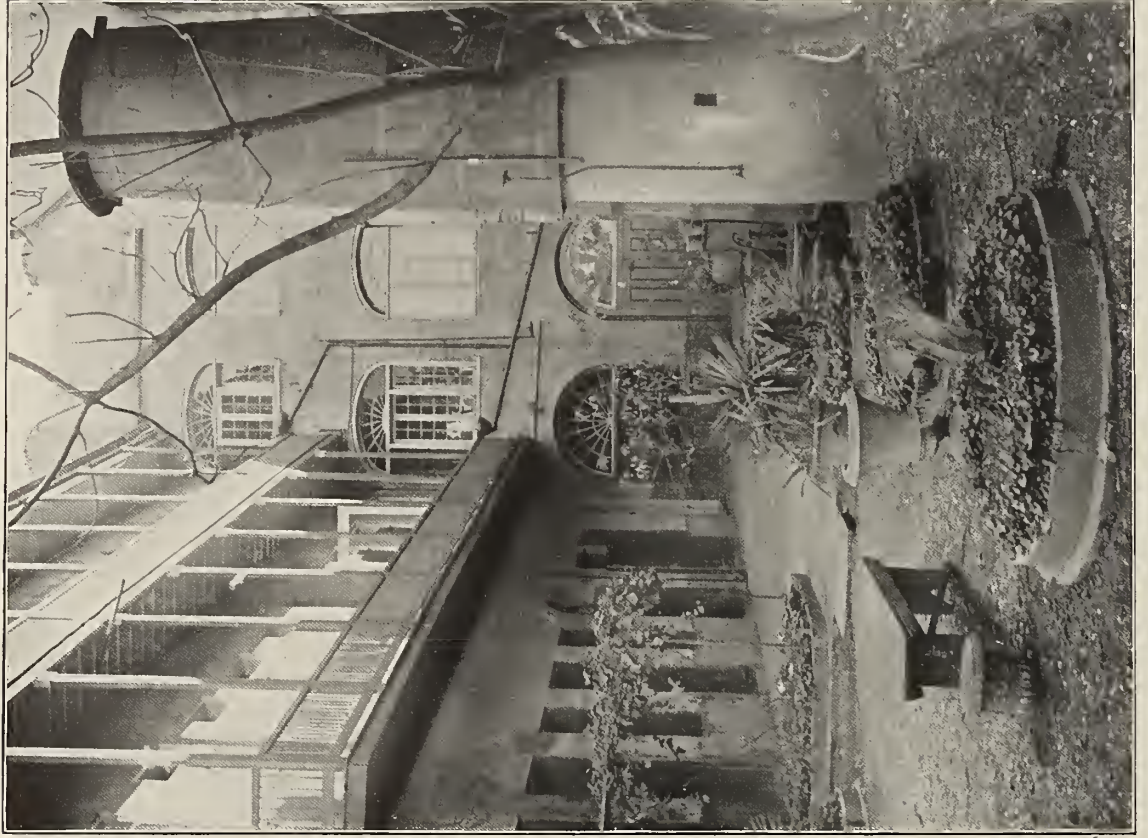
A GUANAJUATO BELFRY

(Photograph by Mr. Wilson Eyre)



A GUANAJUATO CHURCH

(Photograph by Mr. Wilson Eyre)



A TYPICAL COURTYARD, SHOWING WATER TANK
AND OVERHANGING GALLERY



A RIOTOUS GARDEN

NEW ORLEANS COURTYARDS

BY ANNIE R. KING

THE gardens of New Orleans have an individuality quite as marked as have the people of the place. The line of demarkation, too, is quite as obviously drawn between the up-town gardens in the newer part of the city and those of down-town, as it is between the dwellers in the "*vieu carré*" and the "American" quarter. Up-town, as might be expected, the gardens have the trim up-to-date appearance that characterizes any well kept garden in any well kept city. The saving artistic grace of them is the riotous growth of vines and climbers, whenever the gardener for a few days leaves the ground uncared for. The down-town garden, however, seems to grow under the spell of a loving touch now and then from the master or mistress, with its little annuals bought at the old French market, and stuck into the soil only a few moments, as it were, before the bud bursts into bloom. The old quarter, built under the impulse of French and Spanish influence has, to be more accurate, courtyards instead of gardens. Its houses are for the most part built on the streets, and a corridor leads to a winding staircase mounting to the first storey, where the living-rooms are situated. But who, in the beautiful spring and summer days, cares to go into the living-rooms?

Surely, not one who has a loving heart for nature. And so, we pass the winding stair, and take a few more steps over the flagged alley, beyond the green Venetian blinds that shut out the street. We go through the square arch under the hanging Spanish lamp, brushing the water jar as we take our seat on the old wooden bench, so bright from its last scrubbing with palmetto root and wild chamomile flower. In this garden there is, in truth, little space for flowers, but in effect it is quite grandiose. The small square bed in the place of honor, bordered with bricks placed endwise, bristles with yucca, or "Spanish dagger" as it is popularly called. Against the old brick wall, so toned by time that an artist may find more colors in it than his brush can paint, stand rich green banana trees, waving their

long leaves in languorous fashion, recalling to the poetic mind the waving palm leaf fans of Creole dames on summer nights. Vines fall from the encircling galleries, and there is always an orange tree somewhere in a corner or, maybe, in a green tub; with pots of sweet herbs or the stalks of lilies. Sometimes, in passing by, we peep through a long dark corridor and see at the end, one of the prettiest sights in the city.

Over falling trellises in April,



COURTYARD ON ROYAL STREET



A NARROW COURTYARD

the rose season, such a wealth of roses pink, white, crimson, yellow bloom that all sense of time is lost, and one stands fixed in an ecstasy of enjoyment. Such clumps of bright red lilies rising from the neglected old beds; such luxuriant syringa, with its lavish contribution of white flowers; and a crape myrtle. And such a forest of wistaria in possession of the galleries, and even one end of the pointed roof. What must the old garden be when the wistaria is in bloom? One registers a silent vow to come back next year at the proper time and see. A little further on, an open door invites the eye to the courtyard of a whilom aristocratic mansion, now a lodging house. The Spanish doorways are arched and, set over each door and window in wrought iron frames, are panes of glass. A great tree has "volunteered" in the yard, standing coveringly close to the tall cistern mounted on its brick cellar. Little

round Italian beds are bordered with a thick fringe of violets, from beneath whose broad leaves peeps the modest flower. Once more we see the Spanish dagger; this time a small one, probably a recrudescence from the plant killed by the freeze. Before and after "the freeze," in flower parlance, corresponds to before and after the war in social parlance. One needs not ask what freeze?—what war? There is but one.

In the centre of another bed is a small sago palm. This too is the offspring of the parent killed by the freeze, for it is small and sickly, but no doubt loved and petted all the more as sickly things should be. The kitchen door is screened by a grape vine, brought over no doubt by a Frenchman, from the vine-clad province of his mother country. The little wooden bench, a comfortable seat for two, seems to have been left but a moment since, when the slippered old man who has lived here many years, with but small yearning for the outside life, went through the cool high vaulted kitchen into the dining-room. As he passed, one can easily imagine his look of gratification as the savoury grillade greeted his gastronomic nose.

A short ride through the tree-vaulted rue esplanade brings us to the Bayou St. John, one of the important waterways of the city. On its banks stands an old "place," well known and well loved by the descendants



AN OLD SURVIVOR



A BANANA SCREEN

of the old families. The house is the large conventional home of the early nineteenth century, with a wide hall running through its centre. The front gallery, porch, verandah (the name is different in different places, but the thing named changes not), runs around the entire house, both upstairs and down, but the floor of the lower one is tiled. The great square brick columns rising from it, are interrupted by the upper flooring, but take there another rise, and stop only at the pointed roof with its dormer windows. A high wooden, and ugly, fence screens the garden from the "banquette," as the sidewalk is called in New Orleans, and the passer-by, like the photographer, sees little more than the trees. But such trees. Are they not the distinguishing feature here? See that great oak at the corner outside, in full leaf; and inside, the crape myrtle, so feathery in stem and leaf, that the orange trees and magnolias, just back of them, are like the shading of an artist. But we feel it was the tree-lover, not the artist, who planted those trees. Close at the right and left hand of the house, are the locally celebrated red and white japonica trees. What

a mass of color, when they are in bloom; charming us by the beautiful perfection of their form, but tantalizing us by their lack of perfume. So far in the background that the picture cannot even hint at their presence, are the oleanders, with their spicy flowers of pink, white and red, and here, lazily, at the very door, creeps the beautiful little Bayou St. John on its way to Lake Pontchartrain. Would that a picture could give the beauties of its banks, when the dewberry and blackberry are in bloom; when the low places are filled with iris, and the willows drop their longest branches into its lazy current!

One feels it but a step from this Acadian scene to the old house in Ascension (for Acadia does indeed lie close to Ascension Parish). This is the typical "big house," from which the negro slaves grew to look for all things, good and bad. A Colonial Spanish house, not of true Spanish architecture, for modifications had to be made to suit material and climate; and perhaps, in this and others, the plan was unintentionally altered



COURTYARD OF THE ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE

by a failure of memory to picture all the details of the old home in Spain. Note the tapering columns, round in the upper storey, square in the lower! The beautiful doorway, the ornate window frames, the great stairway! Could any one question the hospitality of such an entrance? No tired traveler was ever turned from that door. Round parterres dot the garden in front, with their quaint bouquets of geraniums, roses and jasmine. From one trellis a rose vine carelessly clammers up to the gallery; on the other side the wistaria, which has just

that its builder planted. He and they young alike, and starting in life. The flowers he knew would come in time, with the children, but the trees must be planted by the grandfather.

In many parts of progressive, that is, "American" New Orleans, fences are done away with; a lawn stretches from house to street, and shares the pleasure of the individual enjoyment of the flowers, with the chance passer-by. But in the old town, high fences are raised, or there may be a hedge of wide leaved banana trees planted in clumps,



AN OLD HOUSE ON BAYOU ROAD

finished blooming, is putting forth its tender green leaflets, as cool and fresh as the lime flowers in old Oxford. So well do the Japanese understand the beauty of the wistaria that knowing travelers time their journeys to correspond with the blooming of the vine. But here in Louisiana, the vine sheds its flowers unapplauded, though it is the first authentic proclamation that spring has come. No one journeys from afar to see the flower, but no courtyard ever satisfies its owner till this free-growing, generous bloomer is in it.

The "old survivor" stands amid the trees

which soon thicken into a dense screen without the dangerous briars of the old and formerly much used Cherokee rose hedge. When these bananas, the first of trees to leaf, unfold their long cones of tender green, what a balm it is to winter-tired eyes. And on the hot days of summer, the rustling of the long leaves quite cools the air and makes the dreamer dream of bubbling fountains.

No ramble through New Orleans is complete without a visit to the Archbishopric, for here history lingers and association is fadeless, though its garden, to-day, is prac-

tically a desert. It was once the Ursuline Convent, and was built when hand-work held undisputed sway. Here are found great complicated bolts and locks and, in the wide wooden stairway, hand-made nails; as good, the old janitor will tell you, as when they were first driven in. An air of perfect peace reigns over the place. No bustle of busy housewife, but only the droning tones of the keeper, breaks the quiet. It looks ascetically clean. The wide brick walks are free of grass and duly reddened, and the galleries and halls are freshly scrubbed. Unlike the big house in Ascension, there

does not smile a welcome on the guest, for Spanish daggers guard the doorway with a meaning look. Built by the French, in the early days of the French domination, Spanish austerity, as remembered in Cerillo and Pere Antoine, replaces the joviality of Dago-bert, and seems to ward off the intruder here. Now and then, down the broad walk a priest passes reading his breviary; or up the walk a daring matron or shrinking maiden pass in quest of spiritual consolation or advice. The visitor is greeted cordially, but the glory of its garden has faded and its romance destroyed in the material atmosphere of the present day.



Old Plantation House, Ascension Parish



GRILL-ROOM, HOTEL ASTOR

NEW YORK GRILL-ROOMS

BY E. N. VALLANDIGHAM

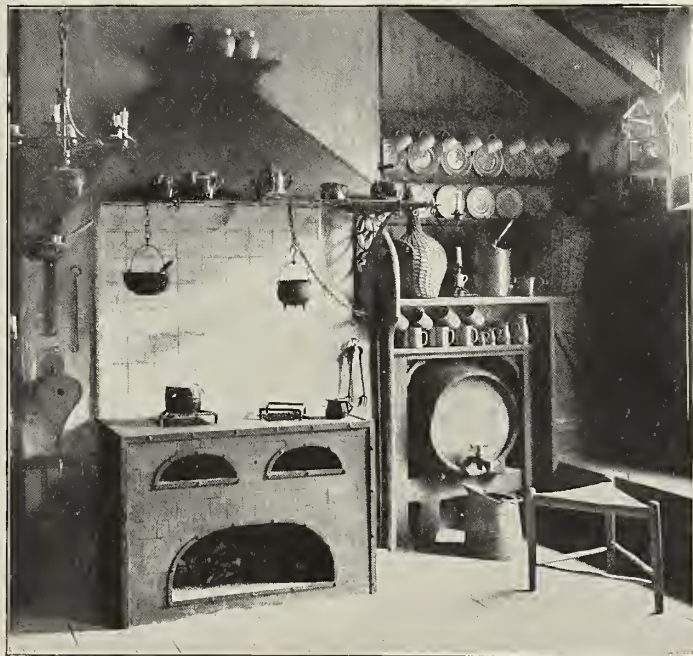
NEW YORK, which in some respects is the most modern of cities, has an almost pathetic way of trying to mimic the antique. Busy men and women, just escaped for an hour or so from the down-town struggle, like to dine in dim and cobweb-hung barrooms which imitate the old taverns of England. Here and there, the sombre, commonplace house-fronts of the residence streets are broken by the interposition of some bit of architecture calling itself Colonial or Old English. The clubs have occasionally shown the same spirit in their interior arrangements and decoration. Grill-rooms have been made special features of several clubs, and are for the most extremely popular. Few clubs have gone to the length of making the grill-room in all respects the thing that the name implies, a place where one may actually see one's chop or steak grilled on the glowing fire before one's eyes, but the grill-rooms of several clubs have the cosy charm associated with the name, and in the case of others the old-fashioned union of dining-room and kitchen has been accomplished.

By far the most popular room of the Reform Club, at the north-east corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street, is the delightful low-ceilinged apartment of the basement known as the grill-room. The apartment is not large; and its appointments are simple but in excellent taste. All the woodwork and the furniture are in old oak. The chimney breast in glazed brick of dark color has a pleasant fire-place, above which

is what our ancestors sometimes called, a "cubby-hole," filled with tankards and mugs. A deep window with a window seat occupies a third of the south wall. The room is never bright but always cheerful. It is especially agreeable for a late winter morning breakfast, when the sun shines in through the colored glass of the south window, and a fire of cannel coal or hickory wood gleams and sparkles on the hearth. Men prefer to dine here to dining for half the price at the table d'hôte in the great dining-room above stairs. The grill-room, however, is specially crowded at the luncheon hour. New Yorkers are blamed for bolting their midday meal, but here men sit over luncheon for an hour and a half or more; and the room is a pleasant hum of conversation on every subject save business.

The Round Table of the Reform Club grill-room is a genuine institution. Here gather daily a few congenial spirits who pass an hour or more in talk and story-telling over chops and ale and wine. Some of the best stories to be heard in New York are told at the Round Table, and every *habitué* of the table takes care that any interesting guest

whom he may bring to the club shall find a seat there. Oddly enough, not one of those who frequent the Round Table asserts an exclusive right to his seat, but as if by tacit consent of the other *habitués* of the grill-room that particular table is left to the little group of men who for the last five years have occupied it. From time to time a new man is asked in, and the table,



GRILL- AND TAP-ROOM—GROLIER CLUB

though small, proves amazingly elastic when any man who is *persona grata* comes in at the door. A few men occupy the table almost daily; others come two or three times a week; still others drop in once a fortnight. It is enough that a man shall have rendered himself agreeable to the company to make him welcome whenever he chooses to come.

Of all the college clubs Yale makes the most of the grill-room. The Harvard Club

board that runs around the room hang the mugs specially set aside for the use of individual members. The grill-room is more prized by the younger Yale men than all the apartments on the ten other floors of the club-house.

Rather more conventional in style and furnishing than the Yale grill-room is that of the Princeton Club, which occupies the immense Dodge house in Park Avenue, at the



GRILL- AND TAP-ROOM—GROLIER CLUB

has what it calls a grill-room, but the apartment does not occupy a specially high place in the affections of the members, and is not a place of general resort. The Yale Club grill-room, on the other hand, is perhaps the most frequented room of the club-house. Its great stone fireplace, with an appropriate inscription on the front of the oaken mantel, and cups, platters and tankards along the breast, is the centre of attraction. Many pictures adorn the walls, and beneath the high-

corner of Thirty-fourth Street. While the subway was under specially active construction at that point the Club took refuge for a time in the Waldorf-Astoria, but it has since returned to its spacious old quarters, and the grill-room, with its high-backed chairs and its pleasant fireplace, is again exceedingly popular. Men sit late amid the smoke of the Princeton grill-room, and after any event that attracts Princeton men to New York, the room is a singular mixture of youth and age.

Oddly enough, the most elaborate and carefully planned and decorated grill-room in town is that of the Grolier Club. It may seem at first sight that a grill-room is superfluous in a club especially devoted to the publication of books in beautiful style and to the cultivation of all that pertains to fine book-making, but literature and good living after a simple fashion have ever gone hand in hand, and hence the excuse of the Grolier Club for expending care and taste upon the creation of its grill-room. As a matter of fact, the Grolier grill-room is also a tap-room, reproducing as nearly as may be the simple but charming public apartment of an old inn. The grill is a plain brick-faced stove of the simplest kind suitable mainly for broiling. The fuel is wood and charcoal. All the appurtenances of the fire are properly made and displayed. Thick candles light the apartment at night. Mugs, tankards and church warden pipes hang round the room. Overhead show the great unpainted beams.



GRILL- AND TAP-ROOM—GROLIER CLUB

The big wooden settles, the half-barrel serving as a chair, the plain jointed beer table, the ale barrel, the closet with nail-studded door, and the clock with visible weights and chains all combine to give an air of reality to this curious bit of the old world within earshot of Fifth Avenue.



CELLAR GRILL-ROOM, KITCHEN



CELLAR GRILL-ROOM, SETTLE



“THE BARN-ROOM” MAMARONECK

Once a week the grill-room of the Grolier becomes a special point of attraction to the club members. The ale barrel is new broached that night, the church warden pipes are taken down and filled, the grill glows, and excellent things are cooked, while the candles burn dimmer and dimmer as the smoke that rises from the occupants of the chairs and settles thickens the air and rises to darken and season the exposed rafters. The fact that the Grolier Club is one of the smallest in the city makes it impossible that the festivities should be of nightly occurrence. They are sufficiently frequent, however, to maintain the tradition, and no sacrilegious hand is permitted in the name of house-cleaning to remove from the beams and fittings one speck of the mingled soot and tobacco smoke that is annually mellowing the room and making it the most delightful apartment of a singularly tasteful and charming club-house.

A New York banker resident at Mamaroneck on the Sound has built what is in effect a billiard-room and grill-room combined. The place will have somewhat the character of a private club, as the owner exercises a wide hospitality, and will share the charms of the apartment with many friends. A barn was chosen for this interesting experiment. The beams and rafters are in full

view. There is abundant space for billiards, and part of what remains is converted to the uses of the grill-room. A grill of sufficient size for the needs of the place has been provided, and along with it all the accompaniments and furnishings. As in the case of the Grolier grill-room, the traditions of the old inn kitchen and tap-room have been maintained. There is a proper display of needed drinking utensils; the lighting is especially distinctive, and the furniture is of the plain, but picturesque and comfortable kind characteristic of the old public resorts which the place copies. There is ample space for all the effects desired, and at the same time no lack of the

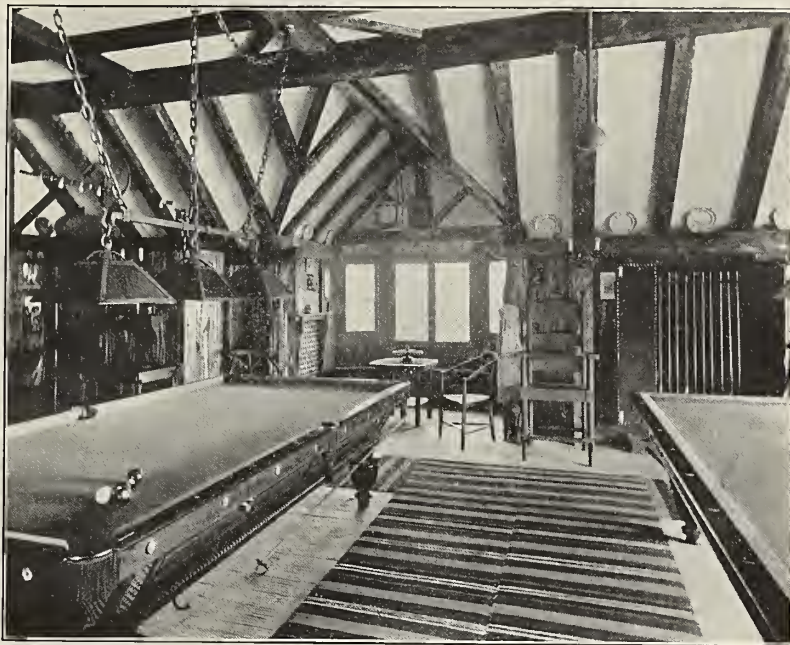
cosiness that should mark such an apartment. The serious part of the problem presented was to obtain space and proper lighting for the billiard tables without sacrificing the peculiar character of the quiet, old-fashioned tap-room. The success with which this problem has been solved constitutes the triumph of the work.

The grill-room of the Grolier Club and the barn-room at Mamaroneck are both the creations of William S. Miller, and many of the characteristic touches in each were suggested by the quaint apartments which Mr. Miller has made with his own hands in the cellar of his house in East Fortieth Street. His father, an old-time down-town liquor dealer, was famous in his day for the delightful beefsteak parties which he gave in a curious apartment in his place of business. The son, who is a builder and designer, traveled in Europe when a very young man, and was greatly charmed with the interior of many Dutch houses which he visited. After his father's death he set himself to create in his own cellar a suite of small apartments that should resemble places of the kind that he had seen in Holland. It was his pleasure to do all the work on these apartments with his own hands, and his creation is singularly charming. It is an astonishment to those who do not know the place to descend the cellar stairs of an ordinary house in a New

York row and find themselves in a dim-lit and quaintly appointed apartment with sanded floor, rough-hewn oaken beams, and the furniture that once graced the down-town beef-steak parties. The apartments are lighted at night solely by candles set in curious old candlesticks of brass, pewter and silver plate. Fine old pewter tankards, heirlooms in Mr. Miller's family, cups and mugs of many curious patterns, odd pipes, and distinctive decorative bits of many kinds help to give character to the place. The kitchen, scarcely eight feet square, is paved with cobbles. The stove is of the old ten plate pattern; it dates back to 1785. From the main apartment opens a vault entered by a low arched door, and here are stored some of the richest old liquors in New York.

When Mr. Miller gives a beefsteak party, as he does occasionally in the autumn and winter, his guests eat bread and steak without knives or forks and drink October ale drawn directly from the wood; heavy old wooden stools serve in lieu of tables, and the guests are seated on the rough-hewn settles and quaint wooden chairs of the host's own manufacture.

Only a careful examination of the place can reveal to the guests the odd variety of cupboards, closets and corners that it contains. The heating apparatus is concealed in what looks like a succession of tiny closets just below the ceiling. There is a photographic dark room admirably appointed. There is a cabinet of curios collected by the proprietor in his youth. There are tiny leaded windows letting a dim light sift in from the street by day, and low rough oaken doors opening upon unexpected passages. The stairway is a quaint irregular affair with slender unpainted hand rail and an Alaskan deity staring from the newel post. Every board that goes to make the wainscoting of the walls was carefully chosen and properly tinted. Altogether,



"THE BARN-ROOM" MAMARONECK

the apartments are probably the quaintest and most strongly characteristic of any in New York.

One of the most famous of New York grill-rooms is that of the Hotel Astor at Broadway and Forty-fourth Street. This apartment occupies a large part of the basement of the hotel. It is long and low with groined ceiling and arched entrances. The decorative effect is obtained by the free use of pictures and figures having a special relation to the West of this continent. Gigantic antlered heads of moose and other wild creatures are disposed about the room, and there are large and small busts of American Indians displayed, usually well up toward the ceiling.

Ranged along the side walls are framed pictures of scenes in the far West. These are so numerous as to give character to the room. The apartment is one of the show places of the town, and is a favorite resort with visitors from the West. A man from Colorado criticised the general scheme of decoration as out of keeping with the character of the room, which suggests not the Indian tepee, but rather the Mission architecture of old Catholic days on the Pacific Coast.



GABLES AT LEIGH HOUSE

PICTURESQUE ENGLISH COTTAGES AND THEIR DOORWAY GARDENS

BY P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A., F.R.H.S.

X

ONE of the most important houses in every village is the village shop, a wondrous place wherein you can buy anything from a boot-lace to a side of bacon. Sweets for children, needles and thread for the busy housewife, butter and cheese, tea and ginger beer—endless is the assortment of goods which the village shop provides. Whiteley's in London and, I know not what, in New York can scarcely rival its marvelous productiveness. Very old and quaint is the building. There is one at Lingfield, in Surrey, which has performed its useful mission since the fifteenth century. It has a central recess with braces to support the roof-plate. Formerly there was an open shop-front with wooden shutters hinged at the bottom to the sills, on the tops of the stall-boards, and which could be turned down in the daytime at right angles with the front, and used for the display of wares.

In some cases there were two



XV. CENTURY SHOP—LINGFIELD, SURREY

into two halves like a modern stable door.

It is a very interesting shop—this one at Lingfield. You can see the corner and upright posts with their projecting brackets, and the ends of the girders and joists, standing out and supporting the upright quartered sides of the upper storey. The spaces are



SUTTON BARN—BORDEN, KENT

shutters, the lower one hinged to the bottom sill, as I have described, while the upper one was hinged to the top, and when raised formed a pent-house roof. Shakespeare alludes to this when he says in *Love's Labour's Lost*, "with your hat pent-house like o'er the shop of your eyes." The door was divided

filled with bricks placed "herring-bone" wise. When you enter the shop, you will notice the great diagonal beam with the joists framed into it, crossing each other at right angles.

Ruskin would have been delighted by the sight of this old shop. His advice is sound enough: "Watch an old



COTTAGES AT CALBORNE

building with anxious care; guard it as best you may, and at any cost from any influence of dilapidation. Count its stones as you would the jewels of a crown. Set watchers about it, as if at the gate of a besieged city; bind it together with iron when it loosens. Stay it with timber when it declines. Do not care about the unsightliness of the aid—better a crutch than a lost limb; and do this tenderly and reverently and continually, and many a generation will still be born and pass away beneath its shadow.” Loving care has carefully guarded the Lingfield shop. It has a glass window now. Glass windows were introduced in the eighteenth century; until that time the fronts of village shops were very similar to that at Lingfield.

In singing the praise of old cottages, I must not forget that they are not always satisfactory as places of residence. Of course when a cottage is unhealthy and insanitary, something must be done to remedy it. The landlord usually pulls it down and builds a bran-new house. But the sentiment of the cottager clings to his old roof-tree. An old villager whose cottage was being restored was asked,

“When are you going back, John, to your house?”

“In about a month, so they tell me, sir,” he replied; and with a sigh and a shake of his head he added, “but it won’t be like going home.”

A little pains and money would insert drains and provide a good well, and save many a house from total destruction.

The other important village house is the inn—a hostel such as Izaak Walton loved to sketch, “an honest alehouse where we shall find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows and twenty ballads stuck about the wall,

where the linen looks white and smelt of lavender, and a hostess cleanly, handsome and civil.” On all the great roads you will find such inns, now bereft of their ancient glory; but still bearing the marks of their former greatness, beautiful in their decay. The red-tiled roof, the deep bay window, the swinging sign-board, the huge horse-trough, the pump and out-door settle form a picture which artists love to sketch; while within the old-fashioned fireplace, with seats on each side in the ingle-nook, and the blazing log fire in the dog-grate, are cheering sights to the weary traveler. We would linger here and revive the recollections of former days, see again the merry coach come in,



BALDON, OXON



ANOTHER VIEW OF CALBORNE

“The Lightning” or “The Mercury” or “The Regulator,” and take our supper with the motley throng of courtiers and conspirators, highwaymen, actors, soldiers and scribes; but we have said enough of the glories of the old inns, and must return to our humbler dwelling-places.

Modern architects are not very successful in building rows of cottages. In our great centres of industry, in Manchester, Birmingham or Leeds, you will see countless such rows, the same dread, dreary, uniform, colorless square blocks, with the same doors imported from Sweden, the same windows and knockers and chimneys and slates, and when you go inside you find the same wallpaper and chimney-pieces and the same rhubarb-colored oil-cloth in the passage. It is all so dull and dreary and monotonous. Contrast these sad rows with the achievements of the cottage-builders of former days. Here are some examples of their skill. Two of the illustrations show a row of cottages at Calborne in the Isle of Wight, in front of which flows a pretty stream. Here we see the ever-beautiful thatched roof with little

dormer windows nestling in the thatch, the lattice panes, and the creepers growing on the walls. There is nothing stiff or monotonous, but everything is sweet and pleasant to behold. And the other row of cottages at Broadway is very attractive, built of the good Worcestershire stone, with the pent-house roof covering the bow-windows and forming a pleasant porch for the doorways. Would it not be possible for our modern architect to imitate these old designs, and discard for ever those hideous erections of dreary rows of unsightly cottages with their even fenestration and monotonous sameness? It has been well said that Art is beauty; but it is also economy and appropriateness. Art is the faculty of being able with the greatest economy of material, of color and invention, to produce the brightest effects. If that be so, it can only be said that the builders of modern cottages have singularly failed in attaining to any perfection in art, and must yield the palm to the masons of former days. The most successful of the builders of the future will be those who are animated by the old spirit. The accompanying illustra-



BROADWAY

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tions of modern cottages show that architects do sometimes obtain good results when they are not hampered by financial difficulties and parsimonious employers. The modern cottages at Baldon, Oxfordshire have this merit. This shire can boast of charming rural dwellings. An old cottage in the same village is attractive with its eager group of characteristic inhabitants. Great Tew has the credit of being the prettiest village in the shire. It lies among the steep well-timbered

hills in mid-Oxfordshire. All the cottages are built of a local stone which has turned to a grey yellow or rich ochre, and are either

steeply thatched, or roofed with thinnish slabs of the same yellowish grey stone, about the size of slates and called by the vulgar "slats." The diamond-paned windows have often stone mullions with drip-stones over them; and over some of the doors are old stone cornices with spandrels. No one cottage repeats another. No where do we find



GATE LODGE, NEWPORT



CORNER HOUSE AT LAYCOCK

slate or red brick. Honeysuckle, roses, clematis, ivy, japonica, beautify the cottage walls, in front of which are bright, well-kept flower gardens behind trim hedges. The old stocks still stand on the village green, as they stood when Lord Falkland rode from his home here to fight for King Charles and die at the Battle of Newbury.

The little village of South Hinksey, near the wondrous City of Oxford, has some pretty cottages built of stone. Some of them are whitewashed. In some parts of Berkshire, near Ashdown Park and elsewhere, we thatch the mud or cement walls of our gardens, and so preserve them from the effects of weather. They look very quaint with their overhanging covering of thatch.

England was once a land of monasteries, the beautiful ruins of which still remain and arouse the enthusiasm of all who visit these ancient shrines. They are sad relics of their former greatness. Many of them have been used as quarries for stone in time of careless regard for art

and historical associations. Hence, in many cottages and farm-buildings we find carved stones and much plunder brought from old monastic piles. At Laycock, Wilts, on the banks of the Avon, there was a nunnery, the ruins of which doubtless provided excellent building stone for the picturesque cottages which abound in the little town. We give a view of the farmhouse at St. Radegund's Abbey, near Dover, which is in truth a monastic refectory of the twelfth century; and the farmer's family work and sleep within the walls which once resounded with the tread of the monks and

the voice of the Reader when they sat in silence at the long tables during their meals. The good local stone of Wiltshire has enabled the builders of that district to erect many beautiful cottages and farmsteads. The village of Purton has a grand series of houses representing in well-nigh unbroken succession the various stages of domestic architectural development in England from the time of Queen Elizabeth to the present day. Potterne also is full of quaint cottages intermixed with modern buildings. We should like to dwell upon the beauties of the early



FARMHOUSE AT ST. RADEGUND'S ABBEY

timber porch house; but it is too ambitious a study for our present purpose. The older portion dates as far back as the fifteenth century.

The substantial stone houses of Worcestershire resemble somewhat those in Wilts, and those at Broadway are very beautiful with the mullioned windows and dripstones, dormer windows and tiled roofs, a kaleidoscope of varied colors and venerable walls covered

seven feet. Indeed, the curate of a neighboring parish who was unfortunately a tall man could never raise himself to his full height when he was in his bedroom, and often bumped his head against the hard old beams. The introduction of gables and dormers greatly improved the bedrooms, as it enabled their height to be raised and more light given to the apartments. In spite of this, many of our old cottages are very de-



MODERN HOUSE AT LEIGH

with lichen. They are true examples of simple and beautiful architecture.

The interior of our cottages is often as quaint and interesting as the exterior. In many, the open fireplace with the ingle-nook remains, though it is fast disappearing. Much of the old furniture has gone to swell the collections of importunate coveters of antiquities. The rooms are low. Great beams and joists run along the ceiling and support the upper floor. The bedrooms are very low, often not more than six or

ficient in the sleeping-rooms. There are still far too many which have only two rooms wherein the laborer, his wife and family have to sleep and work and cook and fulfill the functions of human existence. Old and childless people are usually placed in such houses by careful landlords; but I know a man and his wife who have brought up a large family of children, who are respectable members of society, in a cottage with only two rooms of quite small dimensions. They love their home in spite of its smallness and

quaintness; and often when a landlord has built a new room or a new cottage with additional accommodation, the new room is converted into a parlor, or best room, only to be opened on special occasions, or let to a lodger.

Our tour of inspection of the old cottages of England is drawing to a close, but I must not omit to mention the fact that many of these rural homes are historically famous. Great men, poets, painters, bishops, heroes of the sword and the pen, have been born or

tage is also nigh at hand, now converted into a mansion; in his time

“A little house with trees arow
And, like his master, very low.”

Antiquarians and naturalists will venerate Sutton Barn, Borden, Kent, the birthplace of the learned Dr. Plot (1641-1696), the keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, historiographer of King James II., and author of the “Natural History of Oxfordshire.” The cottage is at least as old as the early part of the sixteenth century.



MARY ARDEN'S COTTAGE, WILMCOTE

lived in cottages, which become places of pilgrimage for lovers of history. Space forbids that I should mention in detail these shrines of hero-worshippers. There is Mary Arden's cottage at Wilmcote, where every lover of Shakespeare longs to go; the poet's birthplace whence soundeth forth the mightiest voice in modern literature, and the cottage of his bride, Anne Hathaway. Near where I am writing stands the cottage home of the distinguished authoress of “Our Village,” which attracts many votaries. Pope's cot-

A peculiar interest is attached to the cottage at Chalfont St. Giles, Buckinghamshire, where Milton lived, “the pretty box,” whither he retired when the Great Plague was devastating London and filling the great charnel-pit nigh his house at Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields, with ghastly loads. It is a typical Buckinghamshire cottage, gabled, oak-timbered and vine-clad. American admirers once entertained the idea of pulling it down and re-erecting it in the United States. Perhaps I may be forgiven for expressing my

satisfaction that this scheme was not carried out. Englishmen can ill afford to spare the house where "Paradise Lost" was finished, and "Paradise Regained" conceived at the suggestion of the poet's friend, Thomas Ellwood, as they sat together on a bench in the little cottage garden while the birds sang their jocund songs and the beautiful country flowers shed their sweet scents around.

With this famous cottage we will conclude our tour of inspection of the rural homes of

which forces us to prefer our own rural dwelling-places, though emigrants from other lands have brought to us some styles or features which we could ill spare. We have noticed the traditional style of English buildings, the style inaugurated and developed in particular districts, and clung to with loyal attachment, though never slavishly adhered to. We have seen that the use of local materials, whether stone or brick or timber, tile or slate, is the true secret of the harmony



MILTON'S COTTAGE, CHALFONT ST. GILES

England, which the skill of our artist has so ably depicted. We have seen much that we cannot fail to admire, much that would serve for imitation. We have revelled in the sweet scents of the old-fashioned flowers, and remarked how beautifully these rural homesteads have become a real part of an English landscape, never obtruding upon it with crude colors or graceless forms. We have compared our own buildings with those of our Continental neighbors, and it is not patriotism alone

with nature which is one of the chief characteristics of our English cottages; and if we would succeed in the future in producing buildings worthy of their surroundings, we must adhere to the same principles, cultivate the same means, and imbue our minds with the same sense of harmony and reverence for antiquity which guided our forefathers in the erection of so many noble examples of the humbler sort of English domestic architecture.



The Cathedral

THE DELIGHTS OF OLD WORCESTER

BY MINNI SWEET MUCHMORE

OLD Worcester, although famous to the world at large for its famed pottery, is generally known to the tourist only as a Cathedral town and so is more than often overlooked, save in the "personally conducted" way. Some tourists now and then rush into the town, give the beautiful Cathedral and its famous old close cursory attention, purchase a few photographs and are off to fresh fields, unmindful alike of the delights to be met down the narrow winding ways of this historic town, and of the homey hospitality to be found within its quiet, old-time inns. The greatest charm of the place is its unpretentiousness, its unknowing air of possessing anything out of the usual for

the lover of the quaint and beautiful in the architecture of bygone centuries. Every turn of the head, every glimpse down the

straggling, interwoven ways of the old town reveal a jutting roof, an over-hanging storey, a carved doorway, or leaden window, and one is fascinated to a degree. It is a mystery to one's mind why travelers through England have not long ago set up Worcester's claim to rivalry with Chester. In all of Chester, that city of delights, I do not think there is a building—with due respect to the fascinations of its "Rows" and historic houses—that can compare with the "Trinity House" of Worcester, possibly the most artistic bit of half-timbered architecture in Eng-



APOSTLES BED IN "THE COMMANDERY"



ORIEL WINDOW IN "THE COMMANDERY"



OLD TRINITY HOUSE

land. An old and important house in Elizabeth's time, it was upon its picturesque balcony that a brilliant company of minstrels were set to welcome this great queen's first coming to the town. From this balcony it is also said, that she addressed her people at that time. The building afterwards formed the key-stone of a set of almshouses called "The Trinity," which Elizabeth erected for the poor of this important city of her kingdom. The house, which is all that now remains of this charity, had fallen much into decay, but has lately been restored and is worth a pilgrimage to the lover of "black and white" architecture. Another quaint place of delight, and comprising part of Worcester's historic interest, is "The Commandery," as it is now known. Originally this formed



ELIZABETHAN STAIRCASE IN "THE COMMANDERY"

a part of a hospital built by the Bishop of Worcester, in 1085, for a Master Priest and Brethren. Its present name, "The Commandery," dates from the thirteenth century when its Master, under Edward the First,

was a Templar in the Holy Wars. The place became important politically in 1300, but in 1524 shared the fate of all the small religious houses, and was suppressed by Cardinal Wolsey. Upon his fall "The Commandery" and lands were granted by the king to one of his peers. It fell later into the hands of a wealthy clothier of Worcester, in whose family it remained a century. Then its fortunes were varied for many years following. It had a number of owners, some of whom were no respecters of its ancient architectural beauties. One was so much of a vandal that he cut a driveway through the superb old great hall or refectory, thereby exposing to wind and weather the fine old oak carvings of what had been the hall's minstrel gallery. The present owner, Mr. Joseph Littlebury, is, fortunately, in fullest sympathy with the



OLD TRINITY HOUSE, AS RESTORED.

filled with curious painted glass of the fifteenth century, its curving timbered ceiling and its rare oak carvings, King Charles II. dined with the Duke of Hamilton the night before the battle of Worcester, in September,

1651. And here the Duke of Hamilton was brought wounded the next day and died, for "The Commandery" had been chosen as the quarters of the Duke while the Royalists occupied the town. Just back of the house is Fort Royal, the hill which was the centre of the Royalists' position during that fatal battle. And it is said that after his defeat of that day, Charles II. escaped capture by means of a subway from the hill to "The Commandery," and from there by way of a secret chamber to the roof. Here ladders were in readiness and, while a handful of Royalists defended old Sudbury Gate, by obstruct-



A WINDING WAY IN WORCESTER

historic interest and charm of the place, and has spared no pains, thought or expense in restoring it as nearly to its former dignity and beauty as possible. In the famous old hall, with its splendid oriel window still

ing it with a load of overturned hay, Charles found refuge in the house of one of his loyal subjects from where later he escaped in disguise. The secret chamber of "The Commandery," with the hole in its roof by

which Charles made his hasty exit, is still shown to the interested visitor, and far be it from any one to discredit such happenings when under the glamour of the spell which this romantic old place weaves about one. As it is Mr. Littlebury's desire to further the romantic history of his delightful home, nothing has been left undone to restore the former glory of its setting. The greatest care has been expended in its furnishing, and one is translated into the early centuries immediately one sets foot within the noble old refectory with its Jacobean fittings. From here one is conducted up the beautiful Elizabethan staircase, its polished carvings black with age, through halls and the set of offices—Mr. Littlebury carrying on his business of publishing in a part of the building—all filled with priceless furnish-

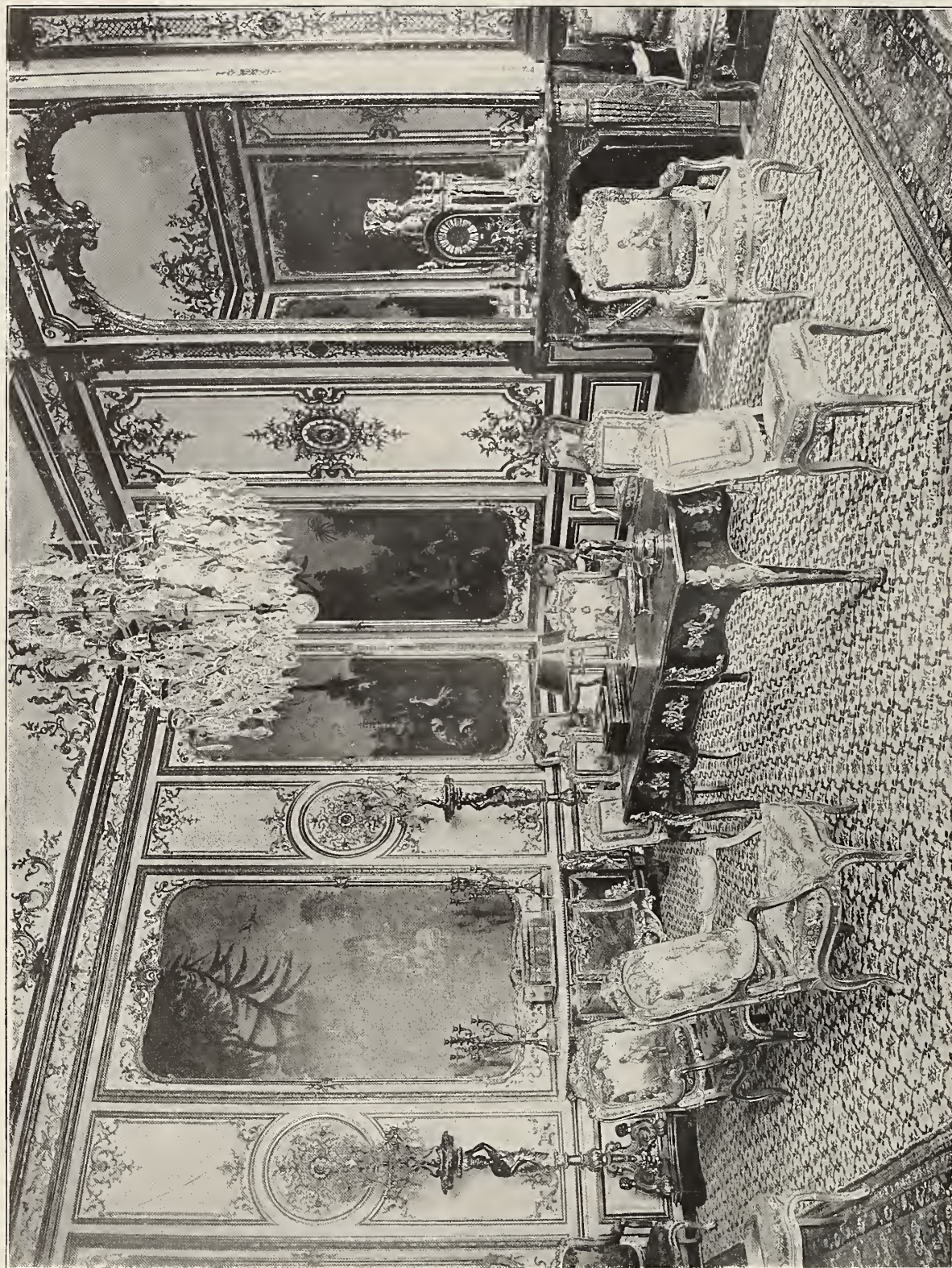
ings of old oak. And still on the visitor may go into what was the dormitory proper of the hospital from which one gets glimpses of many fascinating rooms. In the most important of these, wholly sealed with time-stained oak, and from which a small window opens into the refectory below, is the famous "Apostles Bed,"—so called because of the carving of the twelve apostles upon its head-board. This was done to Mr. Littlebury's order, the bed being made of some of the oak taken from the old cathedral at the time of its restoration about thirty years ago.

Mr. Littlebury, who takes great delight in personally showing all visitors through his famed home, has a most gracious and hospitable personality, and his home has long been the Mecca of the artistic and literary colony of all England.



The Jalta Pass, Jeypore





A LOUIS QUINZE RECEPTION ROOM IN THE CHÂTEAU DE CHANTILLY

House and Garden

Vol. VII

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No. 6



PALLANZA

A SUMMER TRIP TO NORTHERN ITALY

BY THE COUNTESS DE LA WARR

With Photographs Taken by the Author

THOUGH there is a very prevalent idea that winter and springtime in Italy are delicious seasons, I can assure any who think of spending a holiday in Bella Italia during those months that this is a great delusion; for in Italy, as in other countries, all nature

sleeps till the lovely days of summer. Then, as if by magic art, everything at the same moment bursts out into full life; not with the faltering steps of our more northern climes, now backward and again forward, but flowers and shrubs blossom and bloom



NEAR BAVENO—LAGO MAGGIORE

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ISOLA MADRE



A VIEW FROM ISOLA BELLA



A GROUP OF FLOWER SHRUBS—ISOLA BELLA



A VERONESE STREET

instantaneously, birds warble their sweetest songs and myriads of insects come buzzing into life. In the dear old Italian towns all the populace resume their outdoor life, and are never to be found indoors during waking hours, not even for meals which are always eaten on little tables outside their houses.

No more lovely expedition for a summer holiday can be made than to Venice, there to float about in a dream of lazy delight in a well-cushioned gondola visiting in turn its endless objects of interest and in the evenings sitting in the beautiful Piazza of San Marco listening to the strains of the fine military bands that play there, and watching the moving throng of people who stroll in the square as they did in the days of the Doges, retailing news and gossip.

Pass on from Venice to Padua and Verona, both cities of interest and delight and

far renowned for their churches and paintings. The market place of Verona, for example, surrounded on each side by beautiful old houses of the former nobility, is most fascinating, and the tombs of the Scaglieri are so beautifully sculptured, as to seem, says Ruskin, "a poetic dream of beauty."

Having filled your mind with a store of historical interest, make your way to the Lakes, visit Como and spend some days at Bellagio, the most lovely spot on that lake and from whence you can make many expeditions, then pass on to Lago Maggiore and either at Pallanza or Baveno linger many days, drinking in its fascinating beauties. The lovely Borromean Islands, especially Isola Bella and Isola Madre, are worth going many days' journey to visit, so full are they of romantic beauty. Isola Bella in particular is simply a terrestrial para-



CHURCH AT BLEVIO—LAKE COMO



ISOLA BELLA AND ITS BACKGROUND

dise. From its shores, bathed by the clear, blue, limpid waters of the lake in which are reflected the snow-capped heights of the distant Alps, terrace rises above terrace on the island covered with every flower which exists of sweet perfume, all growing on this enchanted island as if by magic, and the air is laden with the scent which issues from orange and lemon trees, camphor trees, magnolias, lilies, roses, gardenias which, added to the sweet songs of countless birds and the buzzing of myriads of brightly-colored insects, endue you with the desire to lie down on the grass beneath the trees in one of the many glades, and there to give yourself up into the arms of sleep. The Palace itself, which rises in the middle of the island, is well worthy of it, and the family have ever made it a storehouse of all that can be bought of what is most valuable in sculpture and painting. The whole island really defies description, for it is truly a creation of the fairies. Though I have

visited it many times, each visit awakens feelings of renewed delight. There are many other lovely spots to visit on the lake. The Monastery of Santa Catarina built on a height from whence a most glorious view stretches before you, then come Intre, Luina, and many other places, but the best way is to hire a boat for the day and with an intelligent boatman you will soon discover many lovely spots for yourself. By land you can take many beautiful drives right up into the mountains, visiting the little out-of-the-way villages on your way, and I cannot describe to you what the views are which, as you descend, unfold themselves before you at each turn of the precipitous road down which the drivers fly at heedless speed. Wind up your journey by crossing the Alps by the Saint Gothard, and this and all else you have seen will carry you home with many thoughts of delight to fill up any dreary times that may come to you.



PIAZZA SAN MARCO—VENICE

AN ADIRONDACK CAMP

By E. N. VALLANDIGHAM

With Photographs by the Author

CAMPS in the Adirondacks are of all sorts and sizes, from the rough shelter of those who go into the wilderness to hunt deer, to the palatial country houses that surround the St. Regis Lakes. Twenty-five or thirty millionaires have their so-called camps in the St. Regis region. Here all summer long the occupants of the camps entertain a small army of guests. Those who do not lodge in the houses, great and small, that dot the camp grounds, are lodged in commodious tents sometimes fitted up with something like Oriental luxury. The daily life is that of a fashionable watering place; and a few of those who camp actually take most of their meals in a neighboring hotel dining-room. Such camping is one of the most expensive forms of summer dissipation. Food, service

and supplies of all kinds are appallingly high in these little millionaire colonies. Every large camp has from two to four guides at not less than three dollars a day each, union wages. All local servants are highly paid, the guides' wages setting the fashion. Meat is sold at exorbitant prices, and even fish, which one might expect to be cheap in a region thick set with lakes and fretted with streams, is far above the market price in most cities. The visiting millionaires and their guests are the natural prey of a community with super-sharpened money sense. There are stories told of bread sold to the camps at thirty cents a loaf, and wild berries, to be gathered anywhere by the gallon, at ten or twelve cents a quart.

The life of these gay camps is an affair of



ISLAND CAMP—THE LAKE FROM THE VERANDA



THE MAIN HOUSE

flannels in the morning, afternoon teas at five o'clock, and often evening dress and diamonds at dinner. Convention does give way somewhat in the presence of outdoor life, but the fashionable world in the Adirondacks cares little for the characteristic sports and pastimes of the region. The guides do most of the rowing, and only a few even of the male guests know the charms of the real wilderness. It is open to anyone who cares, however, to taste to the full the real joys of a life full of freedom and nature in this haunt of wealth and luxury. There are still a few campers who go to the Adirondacks to shake off the cares of social life in town, and who love the stream and lake and mountain in their natural wildness. For nearly twenty years one such camp has been maintained on an entrancing little island in a lake as yet uninvaded by the fashionable summer visitor. This camp bears the fit name of Treasure Island, because Robert Louis Stevenson, while staying in the region, had a mind to buy the island and make it his home. In the course of years the camp has grown into a little village of low log houses and canvas tents. The largest house is a rambling one-storey affair of logs and slabs. One great apartment, running

clear up into the peaked roof and pierced on three sides with almost continuous windows is at once dining-room, living-room and drawing-room. Its capacious fireplace takes in a five foot log. Neither within nor without is there a speck of paint or plaster, and the decorations of the room are all of the simplest kind, such as crossed paddles, an antlered head, the dried and stretched skin of a great trout, or the characteristic wild plants and blossoms of the region. The furniture is largely the work of those cunning carpenters and joiners, the local guides. Such, for instance, is the great dining table, with its sturdy cedar legs still ornamented with the bark; such, too, are many of the chairs; while the unpainted pine "dresser" shows an array of the simplest glass and china.

Beneath the same irregular roof that covers the living-room are the bedrooms, all of good size and each with its fireplace. The bedsteads are also the work of local carpenters. A wide porch, partly roofed, runs all round the house, and in all weathers save the coldest the family lives out of doors. Meals, even, are sometimes served on the porch, and in still weather one may read in the open air at night.

Peeping out from the trees and shrubs that make the island almost a little forest, are the other houses and the tents. A charming little shingled cottage, built mainly by the men of the family, stands perhaps forty yards away from the big house, with its tiny porch, and outside hangs a cowbell by which visitors may signal their coming. It is a single bright room with a bay window, looking out on a narrow railed porch. A tent close at hand is approached by way of the porch. Concealed behind birches and maples is the guide's little house with a tiny carpenter shop attached, and in the rear of the main house is the ice house. Two other tents stand close to the edge of the lake and perhaps fifty yards from the group of log buildings, and at the extremity of the island is the beautiful little boat house with a seductive path and flight of steps leading upward to the heights, on which is the tennis ground.

Nothing can exceed the comfort and simplicity of the tents. Each stands on a

double-floored platform, and is stretched over a stout frame and buttoned down all round. An ample fly much longer than the tent extends over all and forms the roof of a fascinating little veranda railed with cedar in the round and still retaining its bark. From either veranda you may almost leap into the lake, and as one sits at work or at play in front of the tent the ear hardly for a moment loses consciousness of the delicious cool lapping of the water upon the stones and pebbles that edge the shore. Within the tent is roomy and airy. Low bedsteads occupy the most of the space from a point five or six feet beyond the front entrance, and in the rear of one bed is a tiny dressing-room with washstand, bowl and pitcher, in the rear of the other a curtained closet which serves as clothes-press. Near the front entrance is a little wood-burning stove, which in the coldest weather of the camping season will heat the tent in fifteen minutes after the fire is started.



THE LIVING-ROOM



THE BOAT-HOUSE



THE YOUNGEST CAMPER AND HIS BATH

One cannot see this island camp better than in the morning, when the family and guests are assembling for breakfast. In answer to the summons of the horn, the tenants of the island issue from their tents and houses and stroll by way of sandy natural paths past the patch of luxuriant garden to the main house. There, if the day is cool, as it often is even in midsummer, a fire blazes and crackles cheerfully on the great hearth, but the doors are apt to be thrown wide, and the place is deliciously fresh. The family and guests seated at table have but to lift their eyes to catch the shine of the sunlit lake, for the house stands high and the windows and doors command the water in every direction.

The most frequent excitement of the breakfast hour is a hailing call from the landing three-quarters of a mile distant across the

lake. In response to the faint "halloo" borne on the fresh morning air, someone steps with glasses and megaphone to the veranda, ascertains the errand of the dim figure on the bosky shore beyond, and if it is a visitor despatches a boat to fetch him off. In fifteen minutes the boat is seen returning, and all in camp swarm down to the boat-house to welcome the new arrival. The inhabitants of the island have a delicious sense of living in a little world of their own, and the visitor from the outside comes almost as a traveler from another planet. Coming, as he usually

does, from the dust and heat of the town, the island seems to him a paradise of freshness and simplicity.

If the island is fresh and charming by day, it is a fairy place on moonlight nights. There are times when a fog dense and white settles down upon the lake, and com-



THE GREAT FIREPLACE

pletely envelopes the island, wetting all exposed surfaces as with a drenching rain. Sometimes a sudden wind comes to lift this pearly veil, and observers on the veranda of the main house suddenly see through the rift an entrancing vision of the moonlit lake and then of the blue night sky with the moon swimming high and bright in the heavens. There are other nights, late in September, when the family gathers about the blazing hearth in the main house, and all the doors are closed. Then, perhaps, at

detect the antlered intruder upon the little domain. Once in broad daylight a lady looked up from the porch of the main house to see a buck majestically marching up the island path, and time and again at early morning the maids at their work have seen deer drinking from the lake at the forest edge, a few hundred yards from the island.

The amusements of this camp are characteristic of the region. A mile beyond the lake on one side is civilization, as symbolized by a fashionable hotel, but the backyard of



VIEW OF THE LAKE AND RIVER

mid-evening there is a noise of oars outside, the sound of a boat at the little wharf, and five minutes later a tap at the door. When it is opened in come, with the frosty breath of the autumn night, the visitors from a neighboring camp, clad as for winter and brisk with tales of the smart row across the roughened lake. It has even happened that the family indoors of a cool evening has been startled by the characteristic snort or whistle of frightened deer, and has hastened out just too late to

the camp is the wilderness, the haunt of deer and bear. A marvelous little stream, narrow, tortuous, densely wooded, and cold even in midsummer, is the inlet of the lake. It is the special delight of the campers to take half a dozen boats and canoes, and penetrate this stream for several miles on a picnic. The guide goes along to make the camp fire, and some member of the family fishes for trout to grace the supper. Chicken broiled with bacon in front of the fire, the best of coffee,

flapjacks filled with huckleberries, and bread toasted on long sticks make up the bill of fare. The appetites of the occasion are a shame and a scandal. The return home by moonlight is a fitting close to a day thus passed in the open air, and the parti-colored lights of the camp are only less welcome than the comfortable beds in tent or cabin. Sometimes the women of the camp share the hunt with the men. The sunset shot is a favorite one. The light canoe is sent in absolute silence up or down one of the wild little streams. As it glides into a reach of clear still green water, the unsuspecting muskrat swims across the stream with his mouth tightly shut upon a mass of rubbish designed to make cosy his amphibious winter home, the wild duck rises suddenly ahead on whistling wings to speed up stream, and the blue heron floats in majestic silence on shell-like wings against the roseate sky. Absolute silence is the law of the sunset hunter, and the second occupant of the canoe is hardly conscious that the dim-seen object ahead is really a deer, before the rifle cracks

and the game is brought down. The lady must not be too dainty to seat herself, if need be, upon the journey home on the hairy and bleeding side of the victim.

One fault all who have stayed the season through at this camp have to find with Treasure Island, and that is its tantalizing habit of arraying itself in its most entrancing guise on the night when the company breaks camp for the year. Time and again, the departing campers have stood on the farther shore just after sunset, with the carriage for the station waiting close at hand, to turn and take a last look at the beloved spot. There it lies, lone and lovely, clothed in the final splendors of the vanishing day, the rosy lake dimpling all about it, and mayhap the smoke of the wasted hearth-fire faintly staining the evening sky above the trees. To those who love the free life of the wilderness it seems nothing less than a crime against one's better self to exchange that abode of enchanted innocence for the sordid town.



ON THE WHARF



Snowdrift Poppies

POPPIES

By

CLARENCE M. WEED



Shirley Poppies

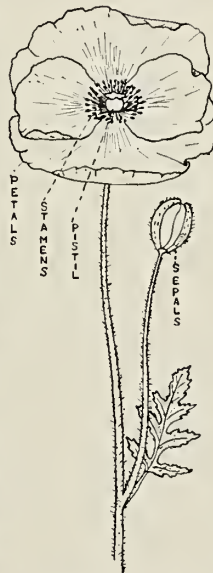
CONSIDERING their beauty and ease of culture it is strange that poppies are not more generally grown in American gardens. To the one who cultivates his flowers for the love of them there are few blossoms that will yield richer returns than these. And when one has begun to grow the more beautiful sorts, the garden will seem lacking thereafter if it does not show at least a few of the glorious colors of these poppies.

One of the commonest reasons for failure in poppy culture is that of planting too late in the season. This is especially likely to be true in gardens where one must depend upon Nature for rainfall to keep the soil moist. The seeds are so small that the tiny plants wither quickly under adverse conditions. The obvious remedy for this is to sow the seed early when there is an abundance of rain, and when the days are not parching in their effect upon the soil surface, or in the case of later sowing to keep the soil watered artificially.

The tiny poppy seeds require some care in planting. One is practically certain to sow them more thickly than is desirable, unless one first mixes them with dry sand or corn-meal. And they must not be

covered to any depth. Make a tiny furrow and scatter the seed in it during a light rain, or sprinkle it with a watering pot after sowing. This will give sufficient covering. When the plants are up thin them from time to time until there is room for each one left to develop normally. The distance apart to leave them will depend upon the type of poppy. The comparatively small plants of the Shirley varieties require less room than the much larger plants of the peony-flowered sorts.

There are several distinct types of poppy flowers, and it is desirable that the amateur should grow some plants of each of the more important forms, at least until he has been able to compare them and select for future culture those types that please him most. Were one restricted to a single type it would for most of us probably be the Shirley poppies, the delicacy and beauty of which are unsurpassed by any flowers. The general structure of these is shown in the accompanying engraving. The plants are not very large, and have slender, graceful stems and leaves. The flower buds are enclosed in two large sepals that fall off as the petals unfold, revealing the light colored stamens surrounding



Shirley Poppy

the broad pistil in the middle. It is interesting to know that all the Shirley poppies have come from a single plant found by an English clergyman, Rev. W. Wilks, in his Shirley vicarage garden. The story has been told by the originator, in these words: "In 1880 I noticed in a waste corner of my garden, abutting on the fields, a patch of the common wild field-poppy, one solitary flower of which had a very narrow edge of white. This one flower I marked and saved the seed of it alone. Next year out of perhaps two hundred plants, I had four or five on which all the flowers were edged. The best of these were marked and the seed saved, and so on for several years, the flowers all the while getting a larger infusion of white to tone down the red until they arrived at quite pale pink, and one plant absolutely pure white. I then set myself to change the black central portions of the flowers from black to yellow or white, and have succeeded at last in fixing a strain with petals varying in color from brightest scarlet to pure white, with all shades of pink between, and all varieties of flakes and edge flowers also, but all having yellow or white stamens, anthers, and pollen, and a white base."



MIKADO POPPIES

The Shirley poppies are the most useful for cut flowers of any of the types. If cut early in the morning and placed at once in water they will remain in good condition through the day. Simple, erect flower jars should be used to hold them.

There are various poppies with larger and thicker leaves and stems than those of the Shirley poppies, which are very ornamental. The scarlet and white Mikado is one of the most attractive of these. The flowers are very large and double, the petals being scarlet and white. The Snowdrift is a pure white of similar form. These are sometimes called carnation flower poppies. They differ decidedly from the peony-flowered poppies, which suggest in their form and colors the beautiful blossoms of the peonies.

There are many varieties of these—some single, some double, but nearly all attractive. Among the best sorts are the Lady in White, Rosy Morn and American Flag.

The Oriental poppies generally require two seasons to bring forth blossoms, after which they bloom yearly, and add much interest and beauty to the part of the garden assigned to them. They are not satisfactory for indoor use, wilting quickly beyond recovery.

SOME SEACOAST BUNGALOWS

BY MARY H. NORTHEND

RELAXATION of mind and body is not induced by the complex city home—still less by the even more elaborate “summer cottage.” The sole distinction, indeed, between the urban and the rural, or marine, house is that the latter have grown somewhat larger and more expensive than the former.

It is this tendency toward increased complexity with its inevitable and increasing burdens that has led to the bold but simple remedy—the bungalow.

In size reduced to the smallest compass compatible with a self-respecting existence, this low-lying type of house affords its inmates a grateful relief from care, accompanied by a very real sense of getting close to nature and to a primitive life.

The very name “bungalow” has an out-of-the-way, foreign sound, which appeals to the imagination; bringing, as it does, a vision of the thatched bamboo houses and cocoa-palms on the coral islands of the far East. Perhaps, too, it may recall the stories of some old sea-captain, who, while his ship was loading at Rangoon or Calcutta, passed his enforced stay very pleasantly at his factor’s

up-country bungalow, where the trade wind blew fresh through the deep verandas, or the punkah’s rhythmic motion cooled the latticed chambers.

The derivation of the word comes from its Bengalese origin and applies, in India and the East, to a one-storeyed thatched or tiled dwelling surrounded by a veranda. But in the West, the name is given, as distinguished from the so-called “cottage” (which may, indeed, be of the dimensions of a palace), to a small one or two-storeyed summer house, built with especial reference to simplicity and compactness.

Within the last few years many bungalows have been built in America in the country and at the seashore, and have proved well adapted to summer use, or for week-end parties; the expense of maintenance being slight, and the first cost easily kept down to a very low figure.

The Essex County, Massachusetts, bungalows, shown in the accompanying illustrations, have proved very satisfactory to their owners and not expensive to build. A description of them, therefore, may be help-



MR. CHARLES W. PARKER'S BUNGALOW AT NANEPASHEMENT, MASS.

ful to those planning a similar home.

No more obtrusive than the lichens on the pasture lot is the summer home of Mr. C. W. Parker, who has succeeded admirably in placing an artistic two-roomed bungalow on a prominent and slightly spot in a most inconspicuous and harmonious way—an architectural feat of no small merit. This bungalow is situated at Marblehead Neck, on a rocky ledge not far from the Causeway, in



ANOTHER VIEW

what was formerly a bit of pasture land which has been transformed into a delightful garden with all its natural beauties preserved. The house is of wood, painted white, of a plain but effective style, with shingled roof and chimney of pasture stone. Inside

there is no sheathing, the frame timbers being exposed; the woodwork is of cypress, shellaced, and the one large room is open to the ridge-pole. The floor of hardwood is



INTERIOR VIEW OF MR. PARKER'S BUNGALOW



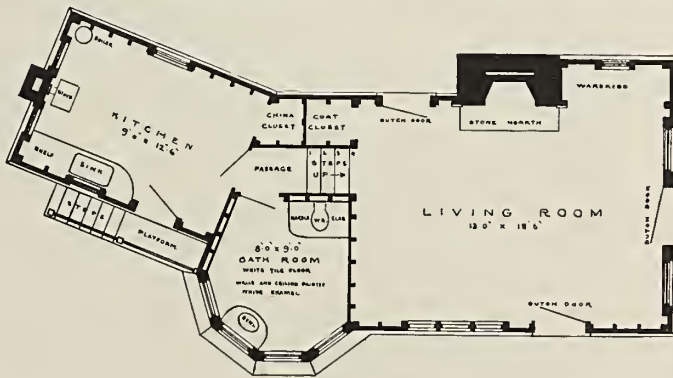
EXTERIOR OF MR. PARKER'S BUNGALOW

polished and partly covered by a large rug, on which stands the table piled with books and magazines. Comfortable chairs and couches, with an open fireplace, complete a very attractive interior. Shelves fitted between the timbers of the framing make handy places for books and odds and ends, while over the doors and window frames are choice pieces of china. A bowl of bright nasturtiums, on a canton wicker seat near the window, adds a finishing touch to a cosy home-like interior. Opening off the main room at the rear is a small but complete kitchen, where the culinary part of the household is attended to, while between this and the living-room on the northeast side is a bath.

Another successful bungalow is that of Mr. H. P. Benson at Danvers, Mass. It is from a design by John P. Benson, of New York, and is in the Dutch style of wood and plaster, with red shingled roof, and is rather effective with a back-

ground of savin-covered hillside. It stands somewhat back from the country road on the western slope of the hill, where it receives the full benefit of the prevailing southwest summer winds, which sweep over a wide valley and are freshened from the brook that winds below. There is a covered veranda at the front of the house and an open one with awnings at the side. During the summer these are fitted up as an out-door living-room and are gay with boxes of bright colored flowers. At the right, and reached by a rustic bridge over a slight depression, is the automobile garage. The central room, into which the entrance gives, is about twenty feet square, finished in cypress and showing to the roof. Casement windows

in groups on three sides of the room give abundant light and circulation of air, while a substantial fireplace of red brick, set in white mortar, supplies the needful warmth and cheer for the evening or the stormy day. On each side of the fire-



THE PLAN



MRS. C. S. HANKS'S BUNGALOW, MISERY ISLAND

Wm. G. Rantoul, of Boston, after a fisherman's cottage in Devonshire, with stucco walls, green shutters and heavily thatched roof. There is a veranda across the front and one end of the house, and in the rear a rustic enclosure about the service department. The large living-room and dining-room have fireplaces at each end, and from the former open two bedrooms, fitted up in every detail to simulate state-rooms on board ship. On the second floor, reached by a stairway at the left of the entrance, are two or three small chambers. All the fittings of this house are suggestive of sea life, and most of them were

place are Colonial style high-backed settles, comfortable with pillows and cushions; the floor is covered with a matting of artistic design. A balcony, reached by a stairway starting near the entrance, extends over the fireplace and from this open two small chambers under the eaves. At the rear of the living-room and to the right, is a bedroom and beyond that a bath; while to the left is a good sized kitchen with pantry attached. This bungalow has proved very satisfactory for house parties for over Sunday or the holidays, and for a small family affords ample accommodations for the season.

On Misery Island, at the entrance of Salem Harbor, and but a short distance from Manchester and the famous West Beach of Beverly, are several bungalows of unusual style. Crowning the crest of the hill and unique in structure is that of Mr. T. C. Hollander, of Boston. This bungalow was designed by Mr.

done by ship carpenters.

On the southeastern side of the island, built on the top of a cliff directly over the water, and suggesting the eyrie of some sea fowl, is the unusual home of Mrs. Charles S. Hanks, the work of Mr. E. M. A. Machado. To the lover of the sea-scape, no more effective site could possibly be selected, while in an easterly storm the full force of the waves



LIVING-ROOM IN MR. HOLLANDER'S BUNGALOW, MISERY ISLAND

rolling in from the Atlantic fall in thunderous tones upon the very underpinning of the house itself. The view in every direction is superb, including Massachusetts Bay, Manchester, Beverly, Salem and Marblehead; while all northerly coasting traffic to and from Boston passes close to this sightly point.

The house is built of stone and wood in a very substantial manner and has accommodations for a large family. The hall is entered from a door in the centre, protected by a wide porch, and is a large room surrounded by a gallery on three sides, from which open the several sleeping-room suites.

The gallery is reached by a staircase at one end, but was planned to be entered by companion ladders arranged to hoist up after one in Robinson Crusoe fashion. At the right of the large entrance hall is a smaller room, library or den, with a huge fireplace and comfortable Dutch settles, a charming place for a game or a smoke. On the left is the kitchen and pantry, both finely appointed, and in front



REAR OF MRS. HANKS'S BUNGALOW

and looking out to sea is a large dining-room with fireplace and wide windows, affording a fine view of the bay and Salem and Marblehead harbors. From the hall, as well as from the library and dining-room, doors open onto a recessed piazza, from the railing of which one can easily drop a pebble into the surf that lifts and breaks below.

These bungalows on the Massachusetts coast will serve to show the possibilities of this type of summer home. Within its essential limitations of compactness, and economy of construction and administration, the plan is sufficiently flexible for all purposes. It can be made larger or smaller as the size of family and the number of its guests may demand; extension being in a horizontal rather than in a vertical sense. Indeed a two-storey bungalow is something of an anomaly and the name should be preferably confined to one-storey structures, though a minor area of



A DINING-ROOM AT MISERY ISLAND



LIVING-ROOM IN MR. H. P. BENSON'S BUNGALOW, DANVERS, MASS.

the plan may be carried up to a second storey if justified by the demand for an outlook tower, water tank, or other good reason of a similar definite kind.

The avoidance of the staircase is one of the bungalow features that often appeals most strongly from its novelty in home life and

from the physical relief it affords to the less strong members of the family.

As to exterior material, the choice here must be governed by purely local consideration. Field stone, log cabin construction, or stucco are the better materials, the degree of finish being determined by the conspicuous-

ness of the bungalow in the general landscape taken in connection with the character of the neighboring houses. It would be ethically discourteous to a neighborhood of trimly built homes to obtrude a rough mountain cabin in their midst, while this latter would be clearly indicated for a bungalow in or near a primitive forest growth. In any event, the house owner is relieved, in building his bungalow, from the consideration of expensive finish either exterior or interior.

To those who do not know this delightful manner of living, a new sensation and one full of wholesome experiences is at hand, while for the children it is an ideal summer life. In its more general aspects the bungalow is to a land outing precisely what the simpler form of non-mobile houseboat is to the water.



MR. HOLLANDER'S BUNGALOW, MISERY ISLAND

where one is looking for relaxation from business or household cares, a less carefully differentiated plan is indicated. The simple elements of a house with everything at hand, and all on one floor, is a bungalow, and that is precisely what is required for a week-end party. During the absence of the party in town the bungalow requires practically no attention. But whatever the method of using it the bungalow stands as a distinctive type of house, well worthy of attention.



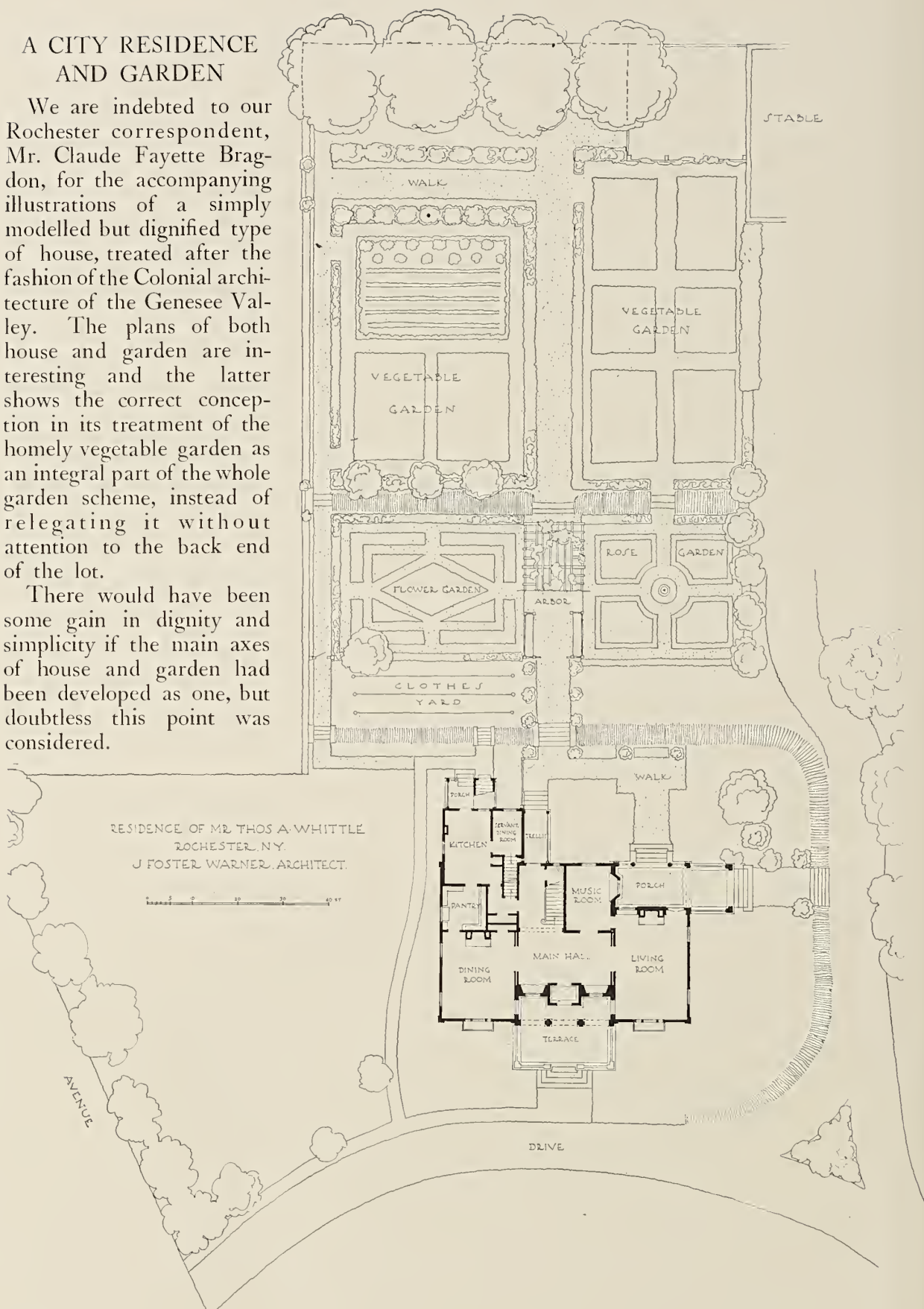
Mr. Benson's Bungalow

The special adaptability of the bungalow for week-end use is quite as important a feature in its development as is its use for a summer cottage in the usual sense of that expression. From Friday or Saturday to Monday at the seashore or mountain-side,

A CITY RESIDENCE AND GARDEN

We are indebted to our Rochester correspondent, Mr. Claude Fayette Bragdon, for the accompanying illustrations of a simply modelled but dignified type of house, treated after the fashion of the Colonial architecture of the Genesee Valley. The plans of both house and garden are interesting and the latter shows the correct conception in its treatment of the homely vegetable garden as an integral part of the whole garden scheme, instead of relegating it without attention to the back end of the lot.

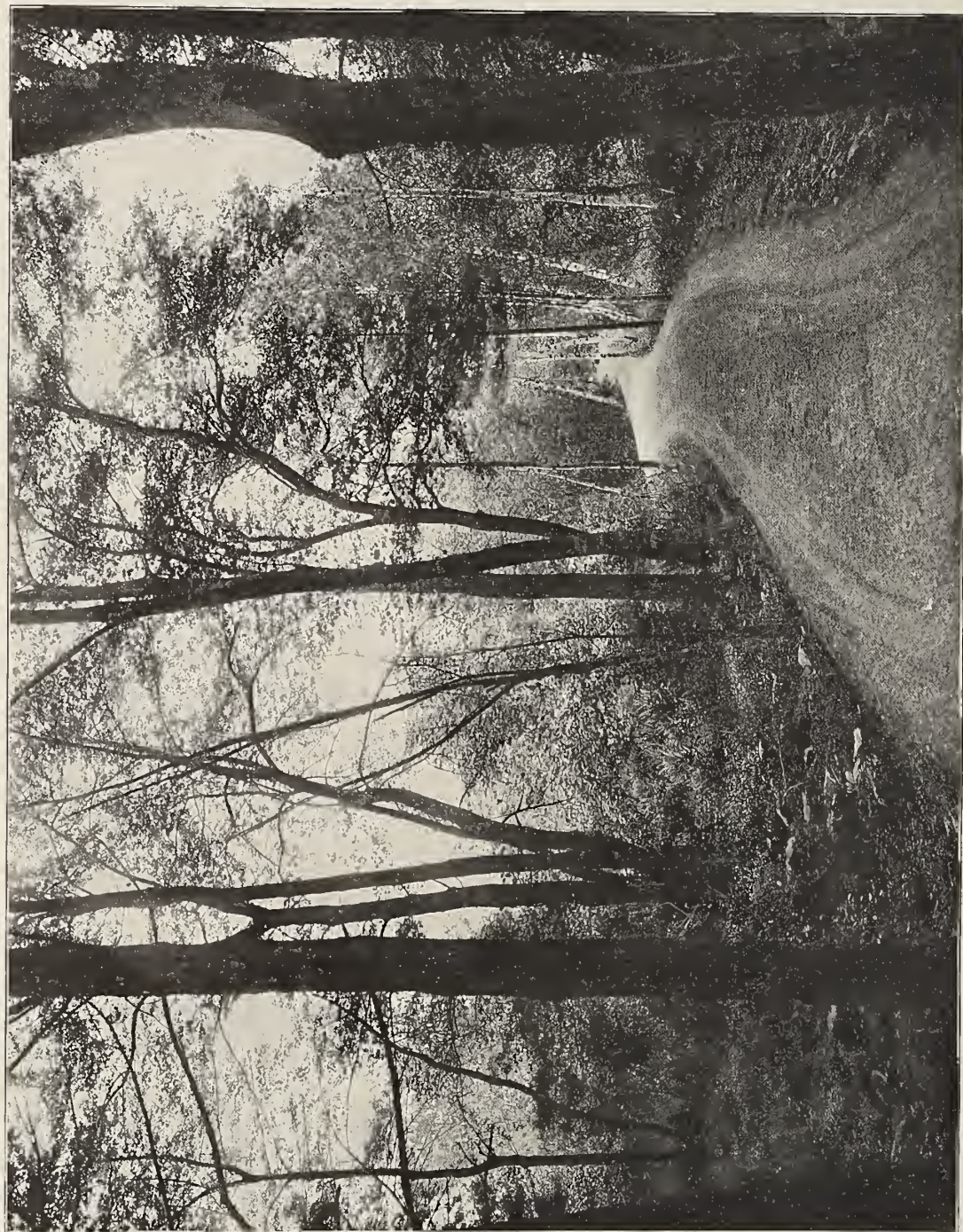
There would have been some gain in dignity and simplicity if the main axes of house and garden had been developed as one, but doubtless this point was considered.





THE WHITTLE HOUSE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

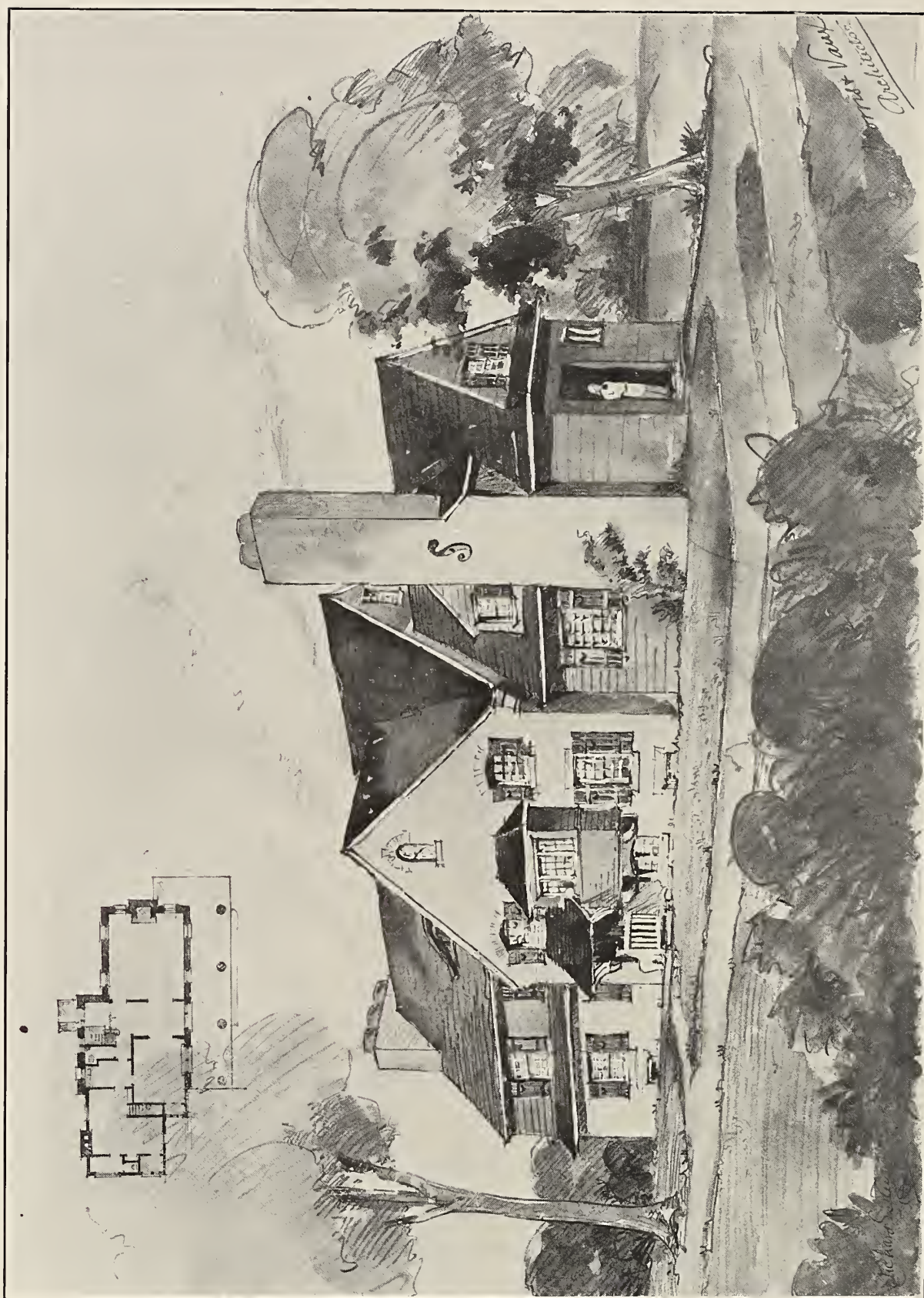
Mr. J. Foster Warner, Architect



A MASSACHUSETTS WOOD ROAD



INEXPENSIVE TYPES OF THE MOUNTAIN CABIN



A SUBURBAN HOUSE—PHILADELPHIA

MR. GEORGE SPENCER MORRIS AND MR. WILLIAM S. VAUX, JR., ARCHITECTS

A comfortable home costing only \$7,000. Built of local stone with painted woodwork interior finish.



The House from the Public Highway

INNISCARA HOUSE

CHARLES BARTON KEEN, Architect

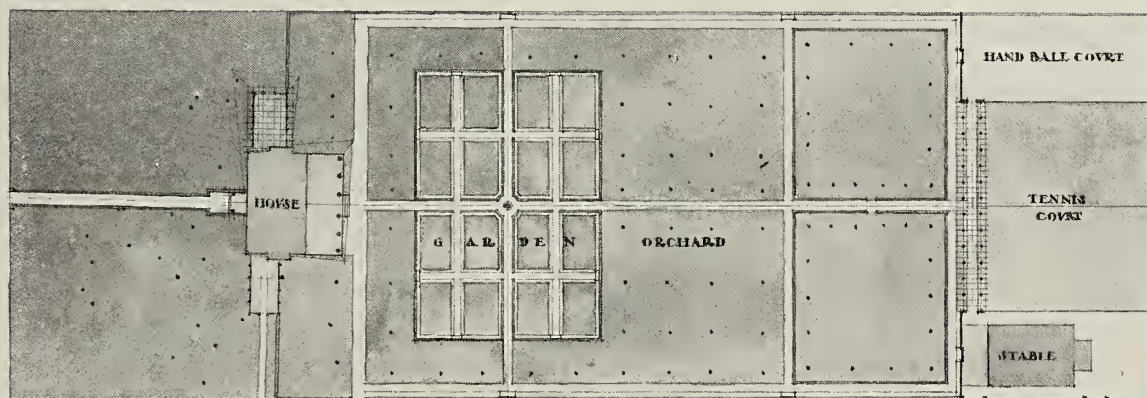
THOSE of our readers who are fortunate enough to possess a file of *HOUSE AND GARDEN* for 1902 will recall the illustrated description of Mr. Chauncey Olcott's house at Saratoga Springs, in the November number of that year.

Under the caption, "A House for an Actor," full particulars were given of the owner's primary intentions, as shown by the preliminary sketches of the architect, and a promise was made that when the work was completed and the garden had matured sufficiently to give

some adequate expression of the designer's ideas, further illustrations would be shown in our columns.

It is with great pleasure that we now carry out this intention, through the courtesy of the architect, Mr. Charles Barton Keen; and if the original sketches gave promise of a pleasing result, it will be seen that this has been attained in fullest measure by the executed design.

Comparison with the original plans will show that the house has undergone some



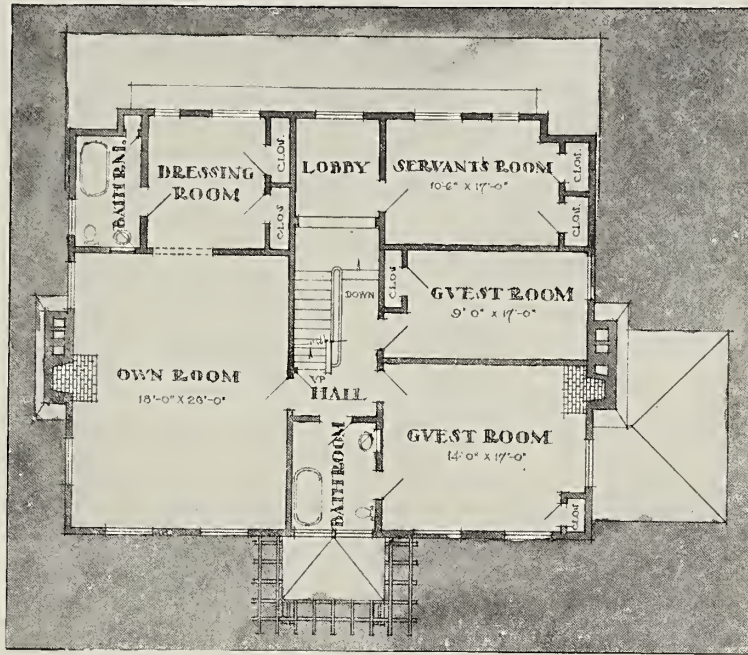
PLAN OF THE GROUNDS



THE GARDEN FROM THE HOUSE



THE GARDEN FRONT



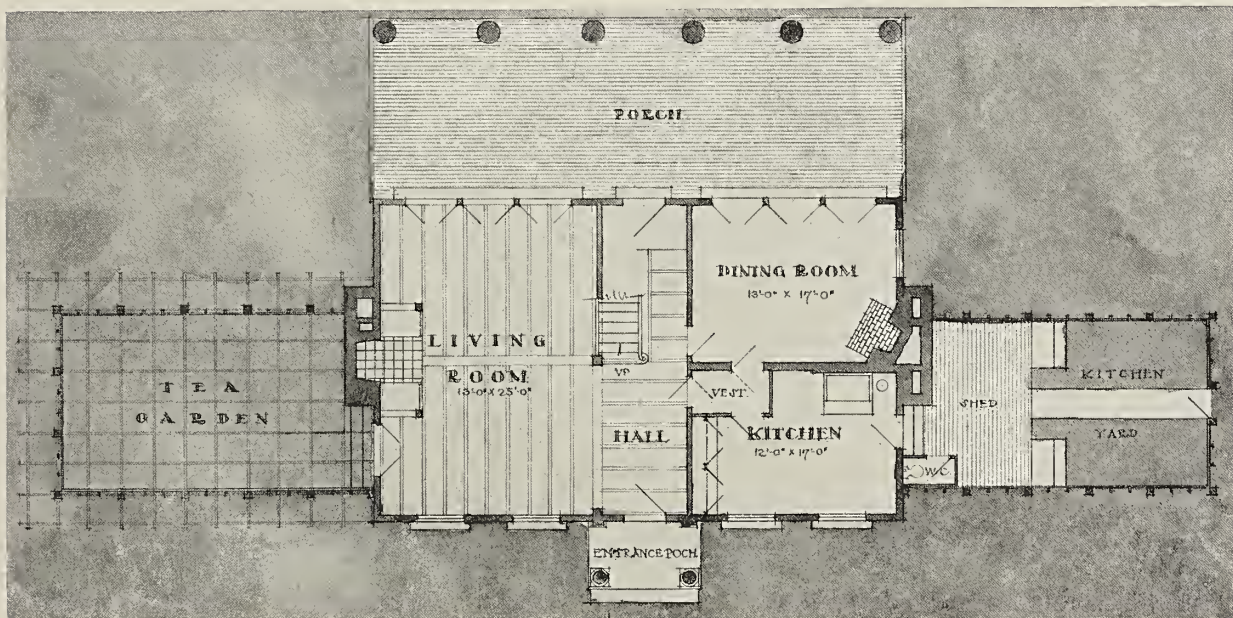
PLAN OF THE SECOND FLOOR

minor, but important, modifications. In position it has been practically reversed, and if somewhat curtailed in its dependencies it has gained in breadth and simplicity, and now presents the realization of a quietly dignified summer cottage in a beautiful setting, which must prove a continual delight to the owner and his fortunate neighbors.

This result has been achieved in the only way possible; that is, by conceiving and treat-

ing, from the inception of the design, the house and garden as one. Even in so simple a project as this, there are certain difficulties concerning relative size, proportion and position whose judicious settlement is essential to success.

A glance at the plan of the property will show how these questions have been met. The size of the house and its position on the lot; the garden and its relation to the back



PLAN OF THE FIRST FLOOR



THE HOUSE FROM THE GARDEN

lot, and the balancing of the composition by the handball court and stable in the rear are the general conditions which have made for success.

When to these are added the pleasingly unusual exterior of the house, the gaiety of the flower garden, the quiet expanse of lawn across "the orchard," and the background afforded by the handball court and the stable, with their connecting pergola, one hardly realizes that all this has been attained within the limits of a lot which is only one hundred and seventy feet wide and five hundred feet long.

The plan of the house itself is simple but sufficient. It shows no peculiarities which

mark it as an actor's summer home, unless it be the breadth of view which abhors complexity. It is a plan which distinctly adapts itself to an out-of-door life and an avoidance of household cares.

The original intention of enclosing the frame of the house in a four-sided brick shell was wisely abandoned, and the homely, old-fashioned split shingle forms the covering for walls and roof.

The exterior of the house is finished in natural woods on the first floor and painted woodwork on the second. The cost of the house was ten thousand dollars; of the lot and its adjuncts, about eight thousand additional.

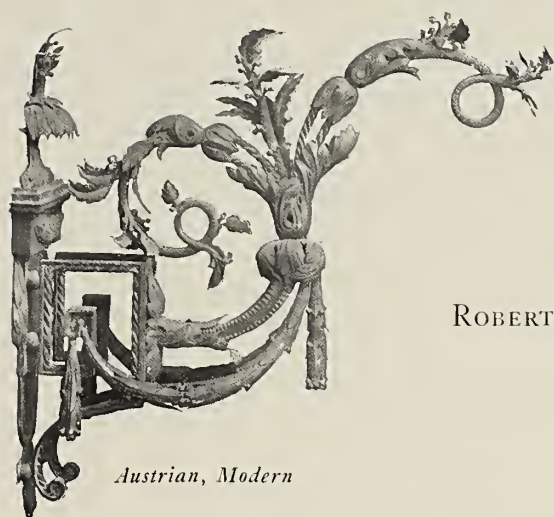


A CORNER OF THE PORCH

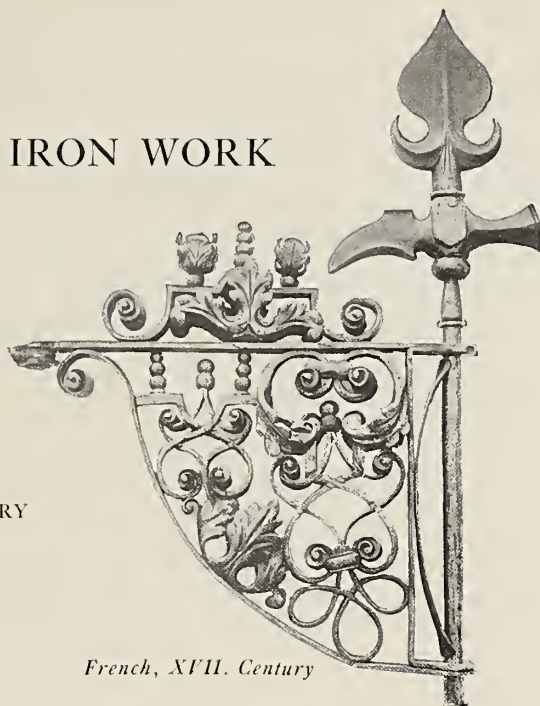
ORNAMENTAL WROUGHT IRON WORK

BY

ROBERT H. MONTGOMERY



Austrian, Modern



French, XVII. Century

IN considering the progress, one might even say evolution, of present day architecture in America, we are struck with the tendency to break away from rigorous tradition: the adapting of old means to novel ends or the devising of new means themselves. In the larger cities this partly results from the novel conditions under which we live, the improvements in materials and mechanics, and the primary necessity of economizing space. The "sky scraper,"—a bridge set on end—is quite without precedent and, almost as much a triumph of engineering as architecture, is quite typical of our aims and achievements in structural work to-day. To what extent has this new growth in architecture affected its decorative accessories, or how will they be affected in the future?

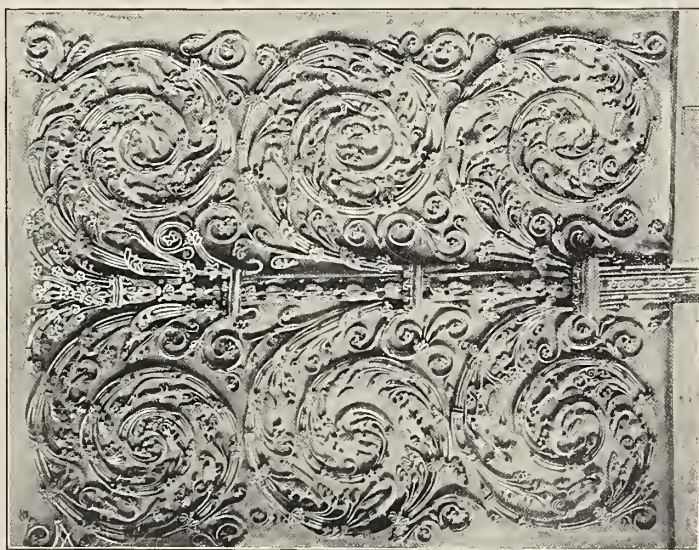
Ornamental iron work, cast and wrought, has always been intimately connected with and fostered by architecture. And iron in one form or another enters so largely into our modern construction that the question of its

application from both an æsthetic and an engineering point of view is highly important. Ultimately, the fashion in iron work must be affected by the fashion in architecture.

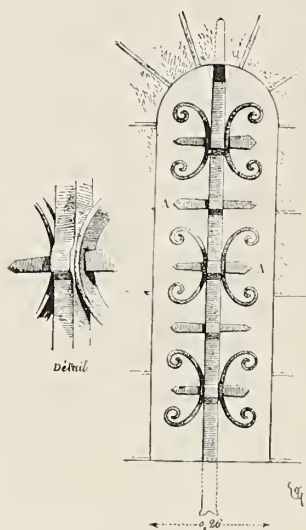
What are we in America producing in, particularly speaking, wrought iron, and what relation does it bear to progress in other branches? Is it as yet a national art? And if not, to what extent is it dependent on foreign sources for inspiration and precedent?

To arrive at any conclusion we must turn to what other nations have done and are doing in this branch of ornamentation. A concise history of the craft of ornamental iron-working has yet to be written. There

are not a few brochures on the subject, but they are sketchy and incomplete. Notably that attempted by Jean Lamour, "Iron Master in Ordinary to his Most Christian Majesty, Louis XV."—a capable designer and craftsman, but not a good historian. Imbued with the stilted classical spirit of his time, he practically con-



DOOR HINGE, CATHEDRAL OF PARIS



FRENCH, XII. CENTURY

tented himself with claiming as its inventor Tubal-cain, a descendant of Adam in the sixth generation, thus, unconsciously perhaps, tending to show the near relationship which must always exist between the artisan and the agriculturist. He also proudly associates with himself, Vulcan and other heroes and deities of mythology.

He contends that the glorification of the smith in legend and fable is proof positive of the antiquity and dignity of the craft.

But he neglects to mention the gradual growth of ornamental iron work as an offshoot from the still more ancient craft of the

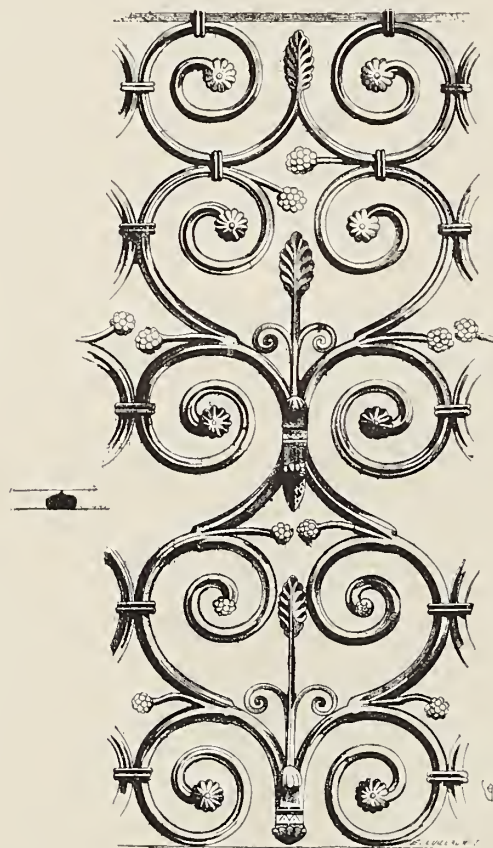
armorer, who was an indispensable attaché of every feudal community.

The high training of these armorers in manipulating tempered metals into delicate forms and joinings, and their skill in chasing and inlaying defensive armor, found opportunity also to display its talent in the grilles, gates, locks and hinges of the feudal castle

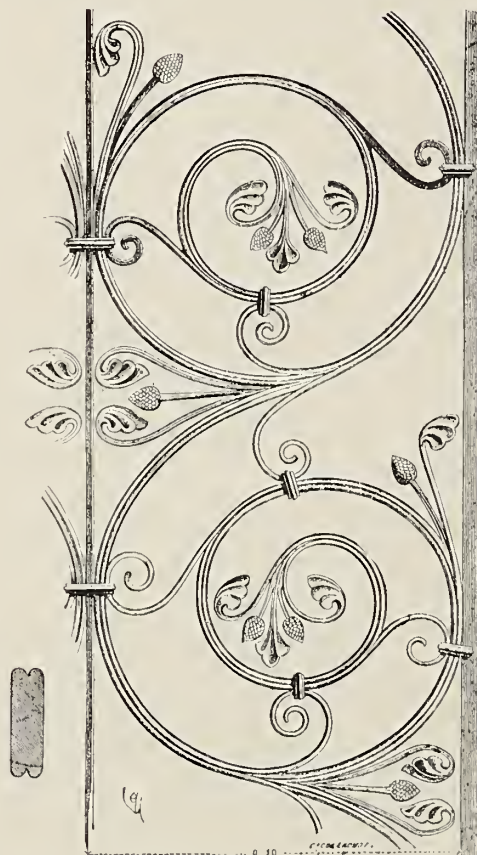


FRENCH, XII. CENTURY

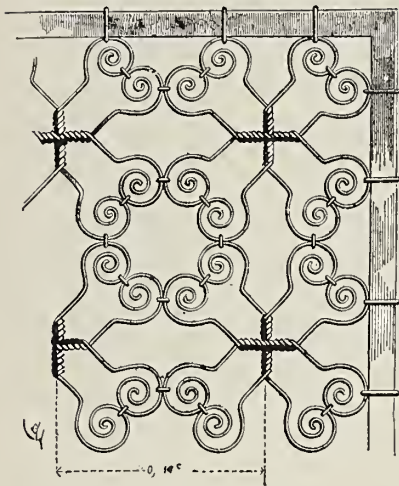
itself. The Church as well, always in rivalry of wealth and pride with kings and barons, demanded skilled design and workmanship in this direction. As early as the tenth century, we have an account of a beautiful wrought iron rood-screen constructed for



FRENCH, XII. CENTURY



FRENCH, XIII. CENTURY



FRENCH, XIV. CENTURY

the Cathedral of Auxerre in France, described by the monkish chroniclers as being of "marvelous delicate workmanship;" and so it is to France that we must look for the earliest achievements in large schemes of decorative wrought iron.

The craft soon became general all over civilized Europe, each country stamping upon it the impress of its own national character. The south German Gothic, the Italian Classic, and the French passing through several phases culminating in the graceful rococo of the Louis XV. epoch. After a time these independent styles became greatly modified by the Renaissance and by each other. The German had carried the scheme of interlaced wrought iron bars in peculiar concentric forms varied by scrolls, to an extreme of exaggerated and intricate pattern, an intemperance of design which later became greatly subdued and modified by French and Italian influences, the latter having little appreciation of the Gothic or of conventionalized acanthus and other leaf forms, confining itself chiefly to the trefoil, quatrefoil and cinquefoil patterns.

In the Netherlands the Teutonic was the prevailing style, but little of it now remains to us excepting some fragments at Bruges and Brussels and especially the work at Antwerp of the Matsys family of Louvain. During the Spanish occupation much wrought iron work was removed to the Peninsula and may still be found in Spain and Portugal.

France, during the close of

the seventeenth and commencement of the eighteenth century, being the premier nation both in wealth and social refinement, gave the greatest opportunity to the smith to display his art on a large scale with suitable surroundings. The best examples under

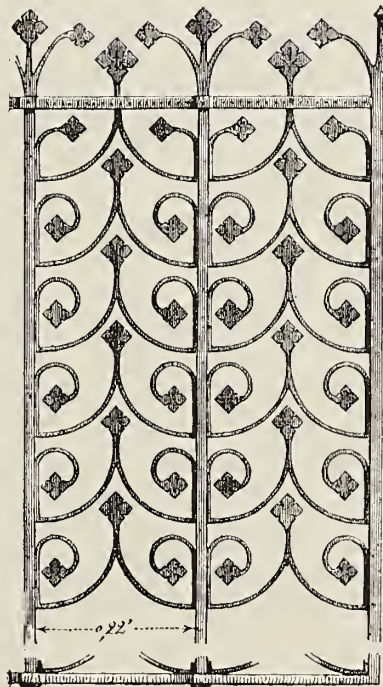


FRENCH, XVI. CENTURY

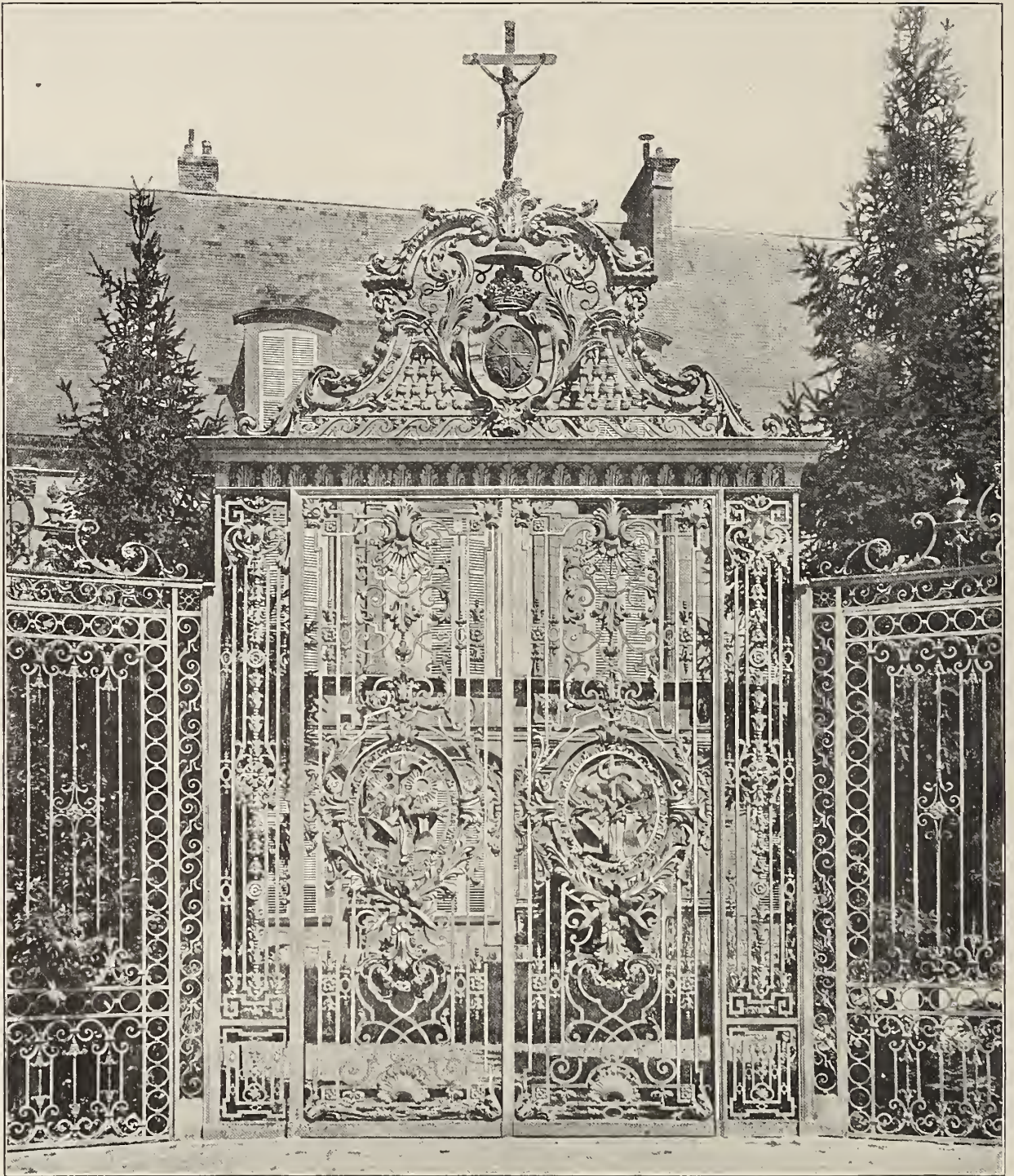
such conditions are the great screens and gates in the Place Royal at Nancy, constructed by Jean Lamour to the order of Stanislas of Poland and Lorraine. In the decoration of this square with gates and grilles a certain grandeur of dimension was necessary, for which at that time there was little precedent. Lamour, however, met the problem admirably, combining in his work such grace of design and just appreciation of architectural proportion that they are at the same time highly ornamental in the mass and exquisite in detail. This work, with some in the

Church of the Primate of Lorraine, may rank as the highest achievement in French rococo. Almost contemporaneous with him were Fordrin—another exponent of the rococo style and responsible for the graceful grille at the Palais de Justice, Paris—and de Cuvillés. These three designers greatly influenced work of the period executed in Germany and England.

Turning to the latter we find that the most important work executed in Great Britain was due to a Frenchman, Jean Titjou, probably introduced into England by Sir Christopher Wren. Titjou was the designer of the well-known gates and panels of Hampton Court, now at South Kensington. These



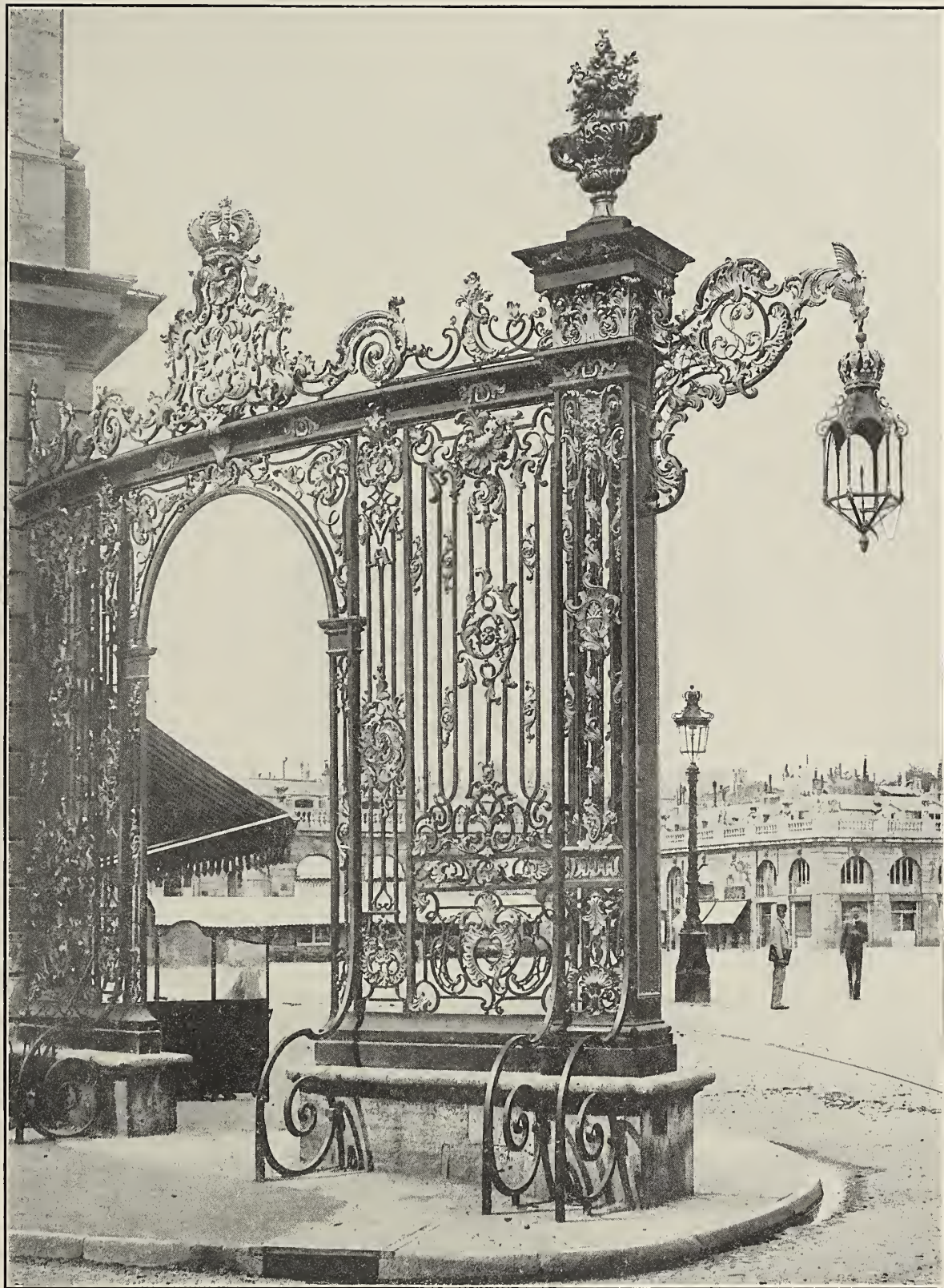
FRENCH, XIV. CENTURY



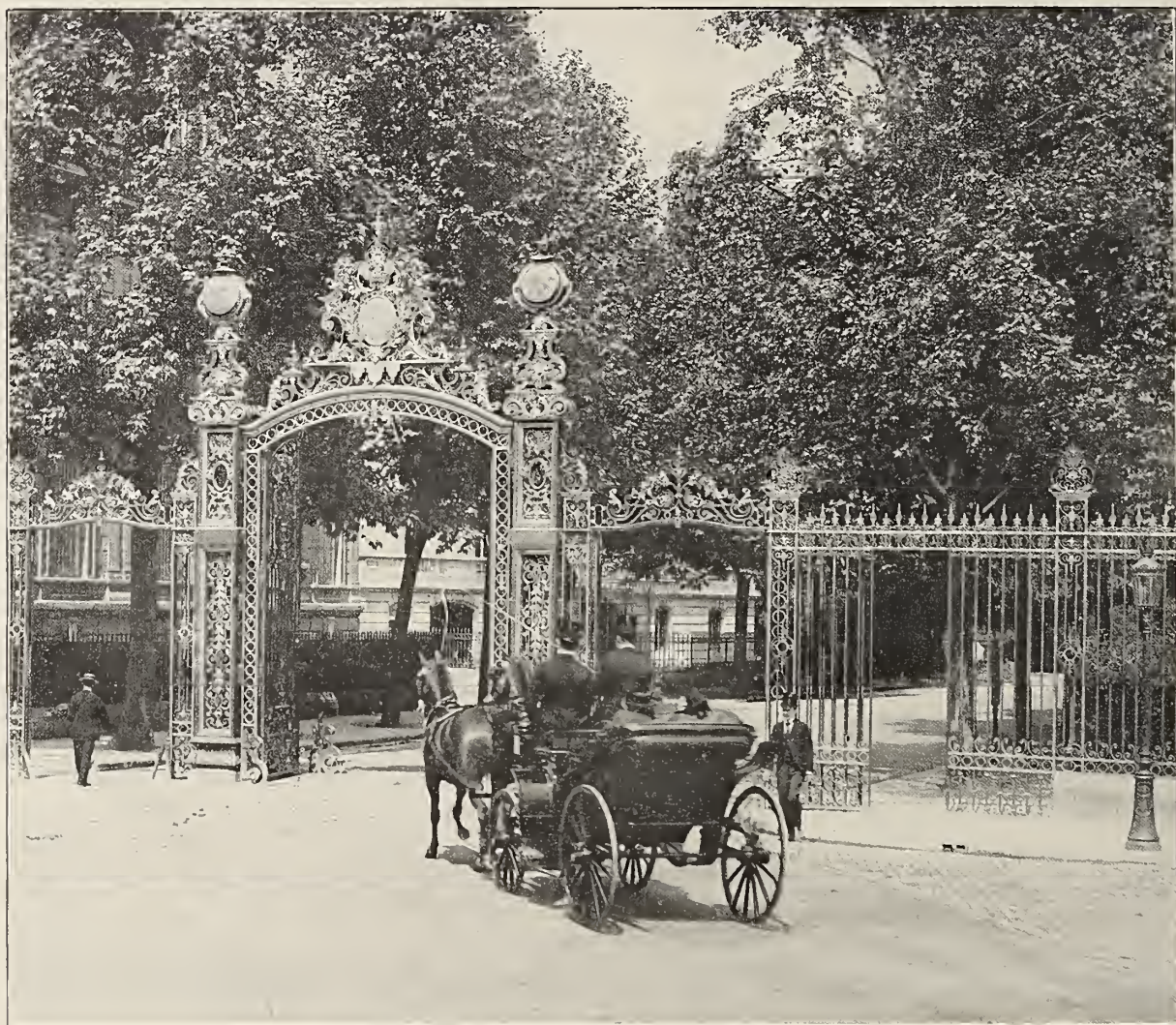
GATEWAY TO THE ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE—SENS

twelve panels placed at intervals in a park fence at Hampton Court, were actually executed by an English iron-worker, Huntingdon Shaw, whose real share in the work Titjou was never inclined to acknowledge. Titjou's work is not highly thought of at the present day. It is heavy, crowded and

lacks graceful proportion, except in some cases where Wren himself corrected and simplified the scheme before its actual accomplishment. These examples were in the already antiquated style of Louis XIV., in contrast to Fordrin's rococo work of the contemporary period in France.



GRILLE BY LAMOUR—PLACE STANISLAS, NANCY



AN ENTRANCE TO THE PARK MONCEAU, PARIS

Germany has always had a sympathy for and great productiveness in ornamental iron work, and was the birthplace of the Gothic and kindred styles, principally swaged work of bar iron interlaced and mortised; the now almost universal use of rivets coming at a later era. This work claims our admiration from the exuberance of invention displayed in its design and the gracefulness and lightness of detail. In spite of the improvements in tools and mechanical methods we see no way to-day of reproducing such work except by infinitely slow, careful hand-work. Labor was cheap and time a minor consideration in those days. Later, as we see in the extraordinarily rich examples at Nuremberg, the tendency grew to greater elaboration, becoming again simplified and subdued under the influence of the French eighteenth cen-

tury style. The German Renaissance, moving along somewhat similar lines, culminated in the rather florid baroque and rococo work of which good specimens are seen at Würzburg. At the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, German iron work became rather heavy and ignoble in design as was the general Teutonic architectural tendency at that period. Berlin, Munich and Dresden are full of such examples.

The close of the nineteenth century in Europe was signalized by a remarkable change of motive. For sometime the iron work executed had been mere tame copies, lacking all the inspiration of the originals and exaggerating their defects. By a natural reflex a new school has sprung up whose eager strivings after originality at times degenerates to the grotesque.

This "New Art" movement is centred principally in Vienna, Munich, Paris and in what is somewhat loosely described as the "Glasgow School" in Great Britain. Its ideals are still somewhat crude and embryonic, but when not merely eccentric its tendency towards purely decorative lines is capable of high development. This style has hitherto found little favor in America.

To all this varied achievement and experiment of centuries we are the natural heirs; but there is little likelihood that we shall remain mere adaptors of foreign accomplishments. Our native designers, perhaps to a greater extent than those of any other country, have a field for infinite progress and development open to them. There is a growing demand for expensive, high-class work in elevator enclosures, stair railings, large grilles in banking and other office buildings, and in the gateways, balconies, window guards, lamps and fences of domestic and public edifices. How admirably this demand was formerly met may be seen from the accompanying illustrations of foreign design and workmanship, and it is certain that the inventive, progressive instinct of our race will successfully avail



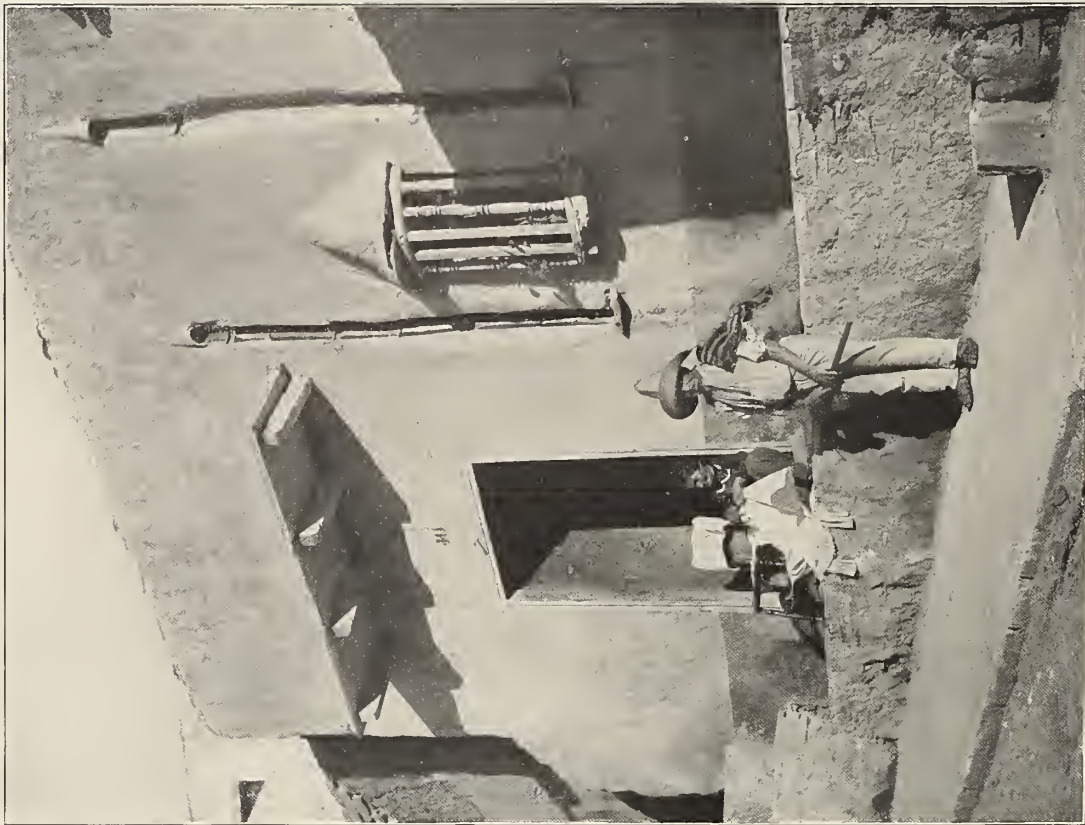
XVI. CENTURY SCREEN IN THE PALAZZO
BAGATTI-VALSECCHI, MILAN

itself of its opportunities for still higher development. At one time, during the Colonial period, a distinctive style was evolved of which particularly good examples are, or were to be seen in the old Independence Hall at Philadelphia and the Old State House at Boston. It was simple and graceful in motive and is now being widely revived. Rococo only influences our designers in minor interior work, not being suited to our exterior architecture and, in its highest form, its great delicacy rendering it liable to corrosion in our climate.

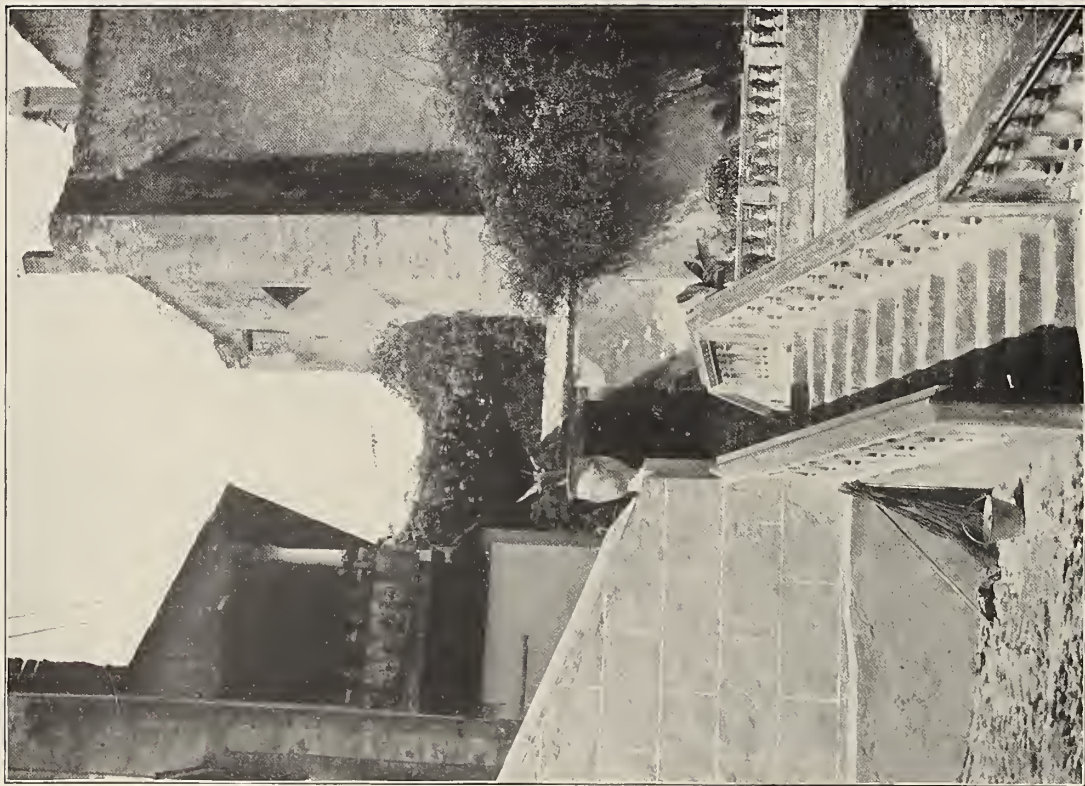
The purely Gothic never has enjoyed large popularity here, and the French Renaissance is falling into some disfavor with the more original of our iron-workers. But whatever style or national school grows out of the present transitional period, it cannot but tend to a higher artistic culture, bringing the æsthetic into the most humble and commonplace uses of daily life. It is as hard for wrought iron even in primitive forms to be coarse and ignoble, as it is difficult for cast iron to be otherwise, though even in the latter there is a healthy tendency towards improvement and an adapting of decoration to the enlarging architectural ideas of the age.



English, XVII. Century



A BYWAY IN GUANAJUATO

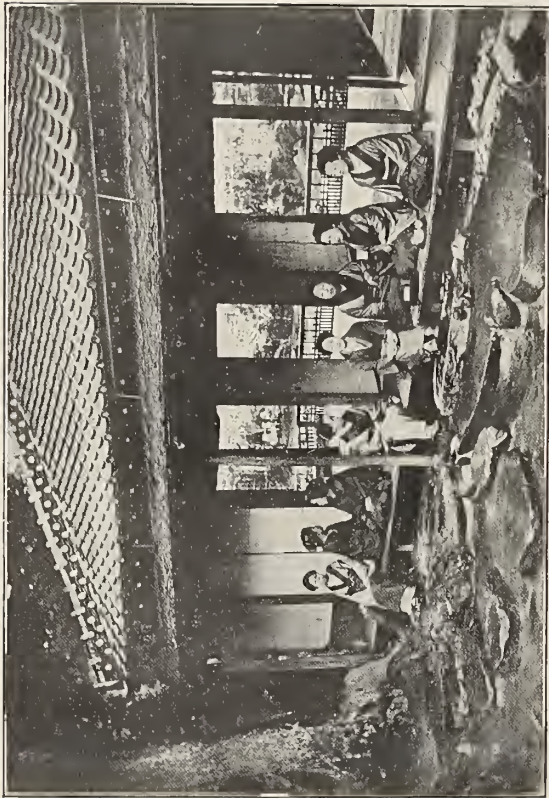


THE BISHOP'S GARDEN—CUERNAVACA

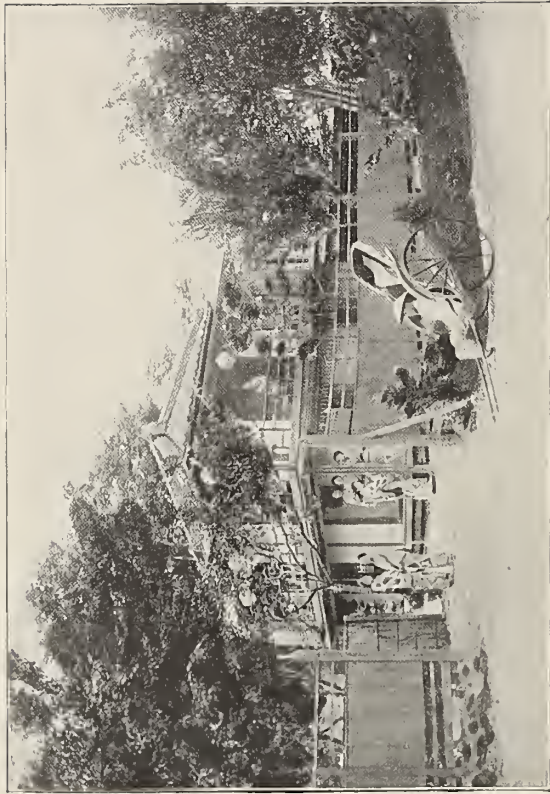
(Photographs by Mr. Wilson Eyre)



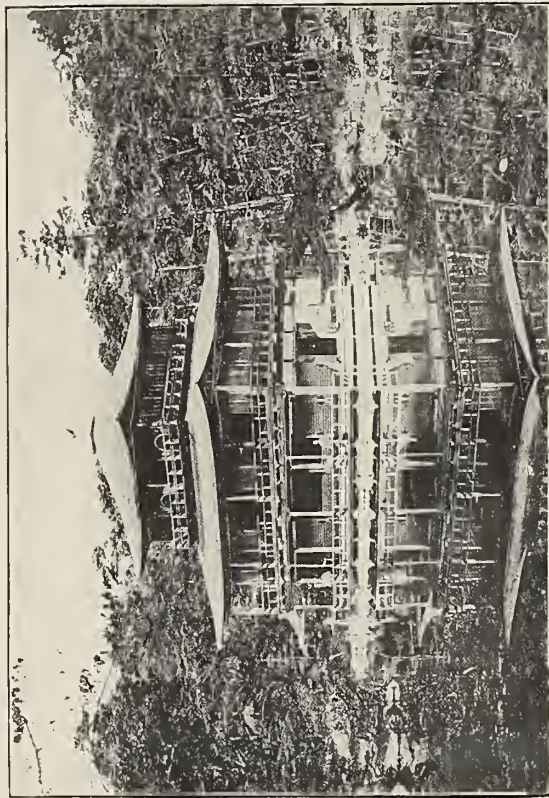
A WOOD DRIVE ALONG THE NORTH SHORE



Tea-House Girls



Yokohama



Kin Kakiji Garden—Kyoto



A Japanese Tea-Party

JAPANESE TEA-HOUSES



A Thatched Summer-House of Stone

AMERICAN AND JAPANESE SUMMER-HOUSES

BY PHEBE WESTCOTT HUMPHREYS

IT seems remarkable that Rein should make the statement after his early travels in Japan that the Japanese garden contains no summer-house. He must surely have traveled in very remote districts, for it is rare to see a Japanese garden of any magnitude without some sort of garden shelter, tea-house or resting place. And, in fact, much of the growing popularity of the summer-house in this country, as well as many of the quaint designs encountered, are due in a large majority of instances to our increasing interest in the Japanese point of view.

Both in Japan and here it is the simpler unpretentious type that makes the strongest appeal to the garden builder, and there are but a few examples in the imperial gardens which are at all complicated in their design. The usual Japanese

garden shelter is very simply constructed with a seat and an earth floor, though sometimes a boarded or matted floor is substituted. These houses are sometimes open on all sides, having a square or circular thatched roof supported by four corner posts, while others have either one or two sides closed by permanent partitions in which an ornamental opening or window usually occurs.

In describing his recent travels through Japan, Doctor Edward S. Morse is particularly interested in the summer-house. One example especially attracted his enthusiastic admiration. Three sides of this summer-house were closed by a plaster covering, tinted a rich brown, with a widely projecting thatched roof throwing its dark shade on the matted floor. Immediately opposite the entrance there was a



A LATTICE-WORK HOUSE



A JAPANESE TYPE

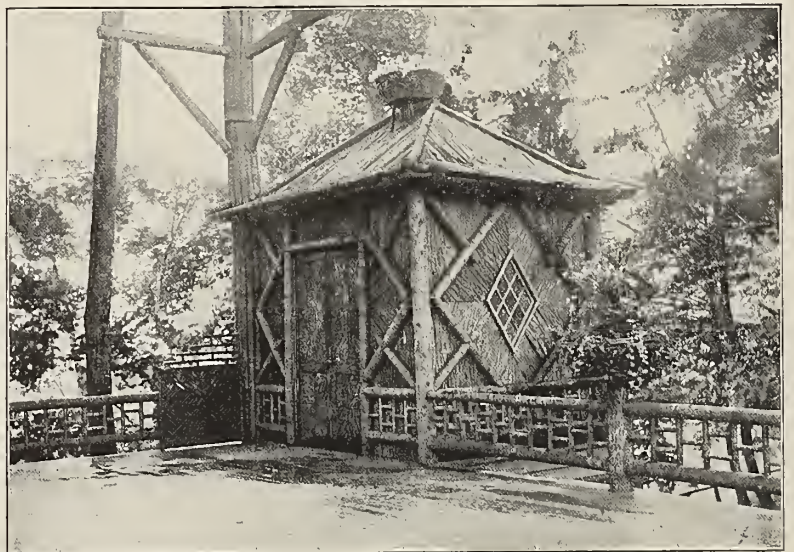
On the Country Place of Hon. John Wanamaker

circular window five feet in diameter, without any enclosing molding or frame work, simply the plaster finished squarely at the border. Dark brown bamboos of various thicknesses, secured across this opening horizontally, form the frame work. Running vertically, and secured to the bamboo was a cross-grating of brown rushes. This window being on the sunny side of the house was protected outside by a carefully trained vine with rich green leaves, so that the window was always more or less shaded by it. "The effect of the sunlight falling upon the vine," says Doctor Morse, "was singularly beautiful. When two or three leaves were interposed between the sun's rays, the color was a rich dark green; where here and there over the whole mass a single leaf only interrupted the light, there were bright green flashes like emeralds; while at other points the dazzling sunlight glittered like sparks. In a few places the vine and leaves had been coaxed through the grating of rushes, and these were consequently in deep shadow. The beautiful contrast of color, the browns and greens, was greatly heightened as the

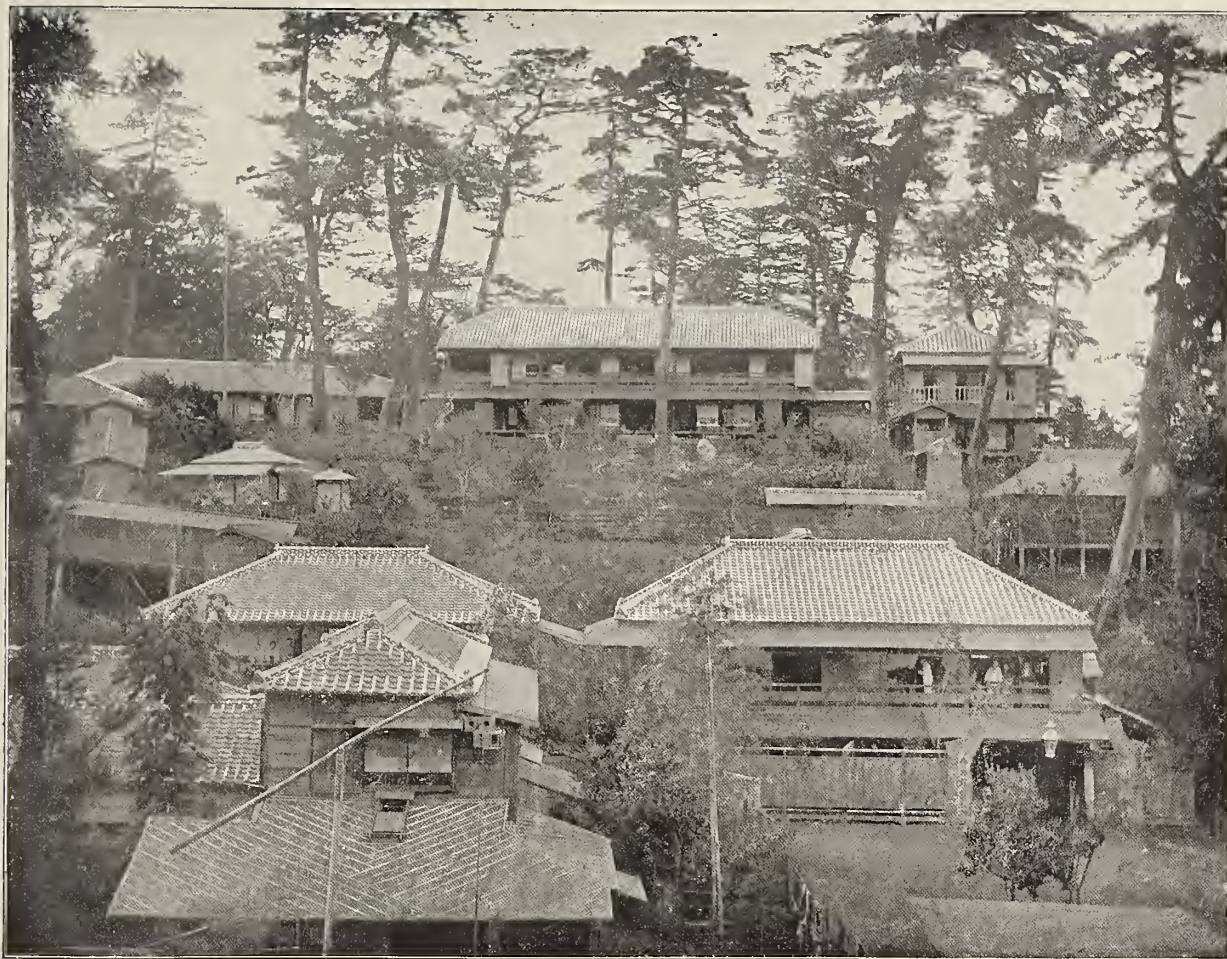
wind tremulously shifted the leafy screen without. My attention was first attracted to it by noticing a number of Japanese peering at it through an open fence and admiring in rapt delight this charming conception."

There is a summer-house in a private garden in Tokyo which is of a type now becoming popular in this country. Rough posts and a few cross-pieces form the frame. It has a raised floor and is closed on two sides only; in one of these sides is cut a circular window, and in the other there is a long narrow opening near the eaves. Crowning

the whole is a heavily-thatched roof, whose peak is capped by an inverted vase whose warm red color makes a pleasing harmony with the gray thatch of the roof. In the majority of Japanese summer-houses, the plan is either square or rectangular, but the six or eight sided form is occasionally seen, and for these a thatched roof is an invariable accompaniment. The American practice confines thatch to the simple circular or square plans, reserving for the more complex forms of house rough bark, shingles, or rough logs of uniform size. Japanese window



TEA ROOM AT RIVERTON, MAINE



TEA GARDEN, IKEGAMI

openings often assume very quaint outlines. Some, for example, are seen in the form of mountains, others in the form of gourds with the frame of the window representing a grape vine.

Outdoor tea-rooms are popular for ceremonial tea-parties. So highly do the Japanese regard this ceremony that these little isolated houses are very carefully arranged with a *ro* or fireplace in the floor and a quaint recess or *tokonoma* in which a picture may hang at the time of the party, to be replaced at a certain period of the ceremony by a hanging basket of flowers. The *ro*, or hearth, is in a depressed area of the floor deep enough

to hold a considerable amount of ashes and the tripod on which the kettle rests.

These summer-house tea-rooms are frequently enclosed by rough bark or log walls in the elaborate rustic effect, and their construction has been closely followed in many of the summer-houses in our own country. The log cabin type is effective when used with small octagon or circular windows. One of our illustrations shows a summer-house at Riverton, Maine, with rough bark walls and rough trimmings of rustic logs and diamond-shaped windows. The other types shown are coming into common use and are obviously modeled after the Japanese idea.

A TYPICAL GARDEN OF THE PELOPONNESUS

BY FRANK W. JACKSON

THE writer has been asked for a brief sketch of a few of the architectural gardens of northern Peloponnesus. Practically all the gardens in this part of Greece are architectural in a sense, that is to say, they have all had at one time a plan more or less accurately adhered to; but the older gardens have been altered from time to time, either by new owners or to suit the new fancies of the old possessors, while in every case nature has been allowed a good deal of freedom, so that in the end the gardens have invariably exchanged some of their architectural designs for real nature effects. Probably an impartial judge would pronounce the results attained effective, although an analysis of the methods by which these effects have been reached leaves one in doubt whether to call them nature's gardens after the fancies of men, or man's gardens done over by nature.

An hour's drive from the city of Patras to the southward across the broad, rich plain which stretches from the Corinthian

gulf brings one to the foothills of the high Panachaicon range; and upon the crest of one of these half-grown mountain peaks overshadowed by the towering giant Panachaicon itself, lies the *fabrique* of the Achaia Wine Company, Weingüt or Gütland. By virtue of its position, overlooking the plain from the Gulf of Lepanto to Cape Pappas, the city and Gulf of Patras, and the hilly confines of Ætolia to the northward, it is one of the picturesque view-points of the Peloponnesus, while its pleasant villas and inviting gardens make it one of the delightful spots in Greece. Though considerably elevated above the level of the sea, its ascent is gradual, almost imperceptible, and the roadway, lined on either side by a close array of *moureaï*, the mulberry tree, from the commencement of the ascent to the entrance, is a model of the road maker's art.

One enters Gütland from the rear by reason of the contour of the place, following the approach which winds around the base of



GÜTLAND FROM MT. OMBRO

the hill between the long row of cliff-buildings to the left, and a spur of Panachaicon, Mt. Ombro, rising precipitately on the right. Passing between two tower-like structures which might be the guardians of a castle of Venetian days, if they were not mere tenement houses, one finds himself within a large, business-like, circular court flanked on the west by a row of vine-clad storage rooms, and on the east, opening into various avenues which penetrate the limits of the little wine city. At the extremity of the court, looking northward, is seen the inviting rear of the Villa Gütland, its vine-covered porte-cochère and its hedge-bound garden to the right breaking upon the view with pleasing irregularity.

Entering the grounds through the small wicker gate which leads to the villa front, one is greeted with a view as artistic and picturesque as imagination may easily conceive. On the left stands the spacious villa, a mass of ivy-covered walls, wide windows, and an inviting entrance shielded on every side by a vine-covered trellis; on the immediate right is a hedge row, as it were, of exquisite



A GARDENLESS HOUSE

roses which bloom nine out of twelve months, and during the three hot months of summer, give place to flowers of a more heat-hardy nature; while in front is a large, open court, with a fountain in the centre and a back-ground of palms and the famous black laurel, *mavrodaphne*, under whose spreading branches are placed *meubles de rustique* for morning coffees and afternoon teas. The view is most inviting. The allotted space is not large, for it must be kept in mind that this is a business establishment and not a

horticultural garden, but the general arrangement is good, giving anything but a cramped impression, while the panorama of a great plain everywhere giving abundant signs of life, the bay dotted with butterfly-winged sailing boats, the vigorous northern mainland, and the islands to the northwest, is unobstructed and probably unsurpassed in Greece. This garden is, in a way, sacred to royalty. Here close by the fountain is a marble slab to the memory of Elisabeth, Empress of Austria, who visited the spot in 1885. Here, too, is a tablet in honor of a visit which Queen Olga

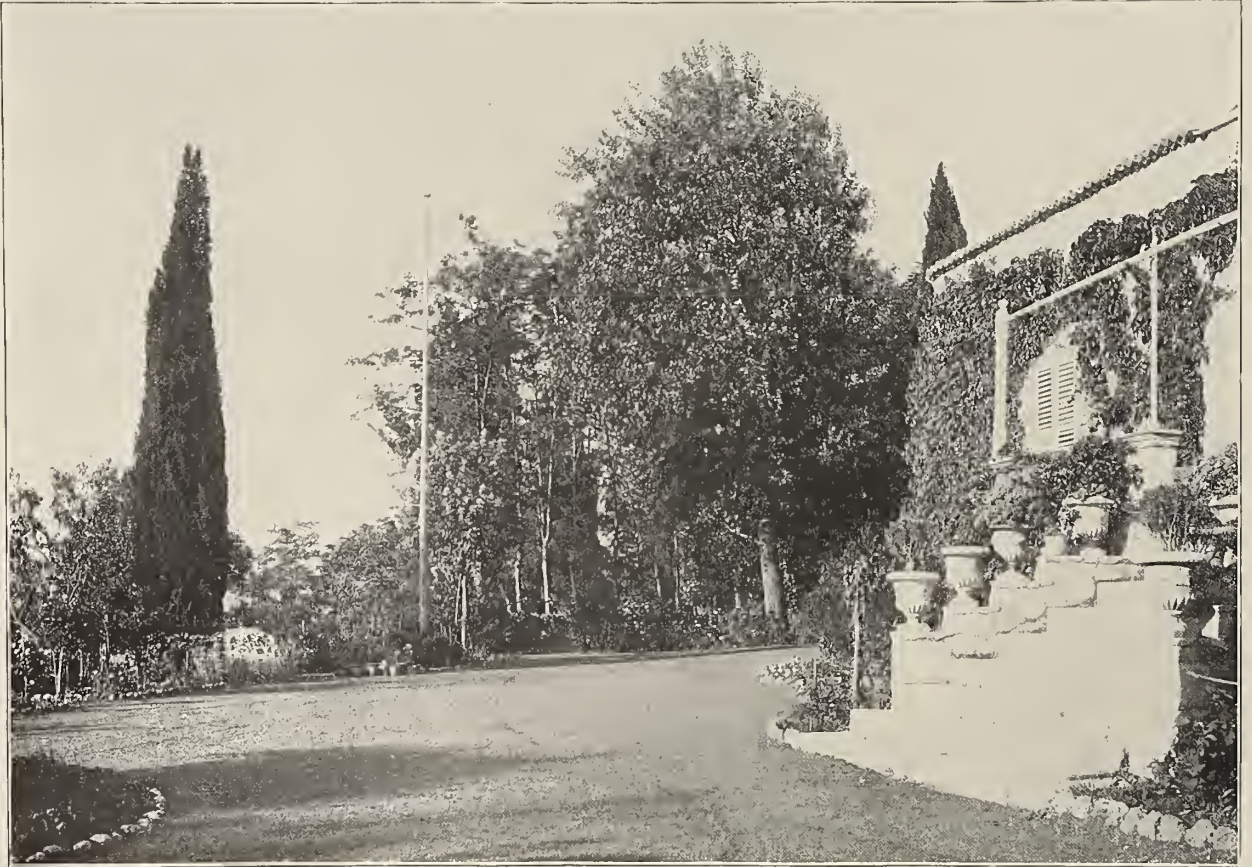


PALM TREE AND WISTARIA

paid in company with the then Princess of Wales, now England's Queen, and other members of royalty.

To the east of the villa, as the only available spot, is a small but well arranged garden surrounding an open court, the entrance of which is shaded by a huge fir tree, and the exit guarded by a towering ash, while numerous smaller trees cluster around the border all reared with a view of affording a cool retreat from the searching rays of the relentless

tall trees giving it the appearance of a woodland park. The southern boundary is a dense hedge overtopped at intervals by great clusters of marguerites, while the cliff boundary is a low stone wall hidden in a mass of ivy. These hedge walls on the sea side serve the double purpose of protection to the hillside, and to those who might wander too near the precipice; at the same time they add greatly to the apparent dimensions of the gardens, giving the impression of ample



VILLA GÜTLAND

Greek sun. Small, shady avenues radiate from the court and lead among beds of geraniums, pansies, lilies and what not, their box-borders fresh from the closely cropped hedge of the fragrant levantino. A large, throne-like chair evenly and completely covered by the *bosso*, at the south edge of the court, and a splendid date palm standing, with its octopus-like arms, at the northeast corner of the garden, are conspicuous points of interest to all visitors. The general effect is natural rather than artificial, the numerous

size to a plot which otherwise might be too cramped for symmetry.

Jutting out still nearer the precipitous slope of the hillside and directly east of the Villa Gütland, is the Villa Hamburger, and southeast of it the Villa Riedl. One usually reaches these villas by returning to the large open court at the entrance and following one of the numerous avenues which open upon it. The villas, however, are also joined by numerous terraced paths, which skirt the hillside, lined with rows of tall shade trees

and bordered by hedges and vines. The latter on the south side have been allowed to carpet the space between the terraced walks, while at intervals and in unexpected places are to be found artificial springs whose vine-hidden conduits make them bubble naturally from the depths of the hill. Nature, so to speak, has been turned loose on these terraced slopes; her propensities have been directed but not frustrated; so that the whole effect is one of inviting, rustic simplicity.

The Villa Hamburger continues these rustic effects on a larger scale, partly in conformity with its surroundings, but chiefly out of a lack of space for formal gardens. The terraced paths which connect it with the Villa Gütland have been developed into wide, pleasant avenues bordered on the north side by roses and other flowers, and on the hillside by potted plants, cacti and shrubs. A diminutive tea garden canopied with the matchless wistaria which is seen at its best in this section, and a sun-dial which has outlived its days of usefulness, are two points of



VILLA HAMBURGER

especial interest to visitors. The villa itself, which thrusts its head high above all its surroundings, is attractively situated almost on the brow of the mountain, and enjoys a comprehensive view along three cardinal points.

The Villa Riedl, situated still farther to the east, lays claim to more pretensions as a residence than either of the other villas referred to, but to less of a horticultural display than the Villa Gütland. Like the Villa Hamburger, it is located near the edge of the mountain, but enjoys the additional advantages of a small, carefully designed space to the west. The villa fronts upon a narrow drive hedged with levantino and a row of pepper trees. The garden to the west side of the villa, rising a few feet above the level of the drive and protected by a substantial wall capped by a balustrade of ornamental tile, is carefully laid out around a splendid specimen of the pepper tree which stands in the centre. In the north-west corner, shielded from the morning sun by the villa itself, and from the afternoon rays by its own vines, stands



IN THE GARDEN OF MR. PETRALIA

an inviting little pergola fitted with all the accessories for afternoon teas. The entrance to the villa is from the side, and is approached through the garden from the west, and also from the driveway, the north entrance being guarded by a stately *mavrodaphne* tree.

One of the chief difficulties confronted by those who would have gardens in this country is the inability of the soil to grow and sustain lawn grass, or, in fact, good grass of any kind. The long hot summers, during which little or no rain falls in certain parts, prove too much for vegetation not fed by long, wide-spreading roots. Of the many who have battled to have green lawns instead of bald pebbles, few indeed have succeeded even in part, and this half success has driven the majority to abandon the attempt altogether. It is this lack of grass and the hopelessness of the endeavor to alter conditions, which go a long way in accounting for the natural effects so many times met with in Greek gardens. The coolness both in appearance and in reality which velvety lawns give to garden spots must be reached here through other channels, especially through foliage; hence, the number of vine-covered walks, the towering shade trees, and the rustic fountains half hidden among the ferns and shrubs.

Let us glance at the "Ravine"—through which flows, the year round, a cool, clear stream of water not unlike the matchless mountain streams of Pennsylvania. This is merely a nature study—but such nature as one may look for only in the land of Homer.

Every condition referred to in the second book of the Iliad is here fulfilled. Here the plane tree flourishes as does the mighty oak of the American forest, its uneven trunk and wide-spreading branches gnarled and twisted into a numberless variety of fantastic shapes. Above is the matchless Greek sky, on either side towering mountain peaks, in the distance the clear blue arm of the Mediterranean, while at one's feet, as if from beneath the very trees' roots, flows the crystal water, the *aglaon budor*, mirroring in its shallows the lights and shadows with every breeze that blows. Given yet the rough altar, the blood-red serpent, and the frantic sparrow fluttering wildly about her brood of helpless young, and the Homeric likeness to that day thirty centuries back, when the fleet of the Achæans rode at anchor in the harbor of Aulis eager for that historic sally against the stronghold of Priam, is complete—it becomes as "yesterday or the day before." It would be folly to tamper with anything so consummately ordered. The only aid to nature is a curtailing of her propensities, the clearing away of the undergrowth, the construction of a rough pathway in and out among the tree trunks, and the natural appropriation of a few of the twisted trunks and of the many grottoes for the introduction of rustic seats and tables. In its simple grandeur a visit to the ravine is a fitting climax for a visit to Gütland, and one leaves with that last taste of nature, mother of art and foster mother of artists, which lends an added relish to all there is to see and feel there.



On the Road to Gütland





